

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
IN THE  
NATIONAL CAPITAL

*By*

ALLEN C. CLARK



CLARK, ALLEN C

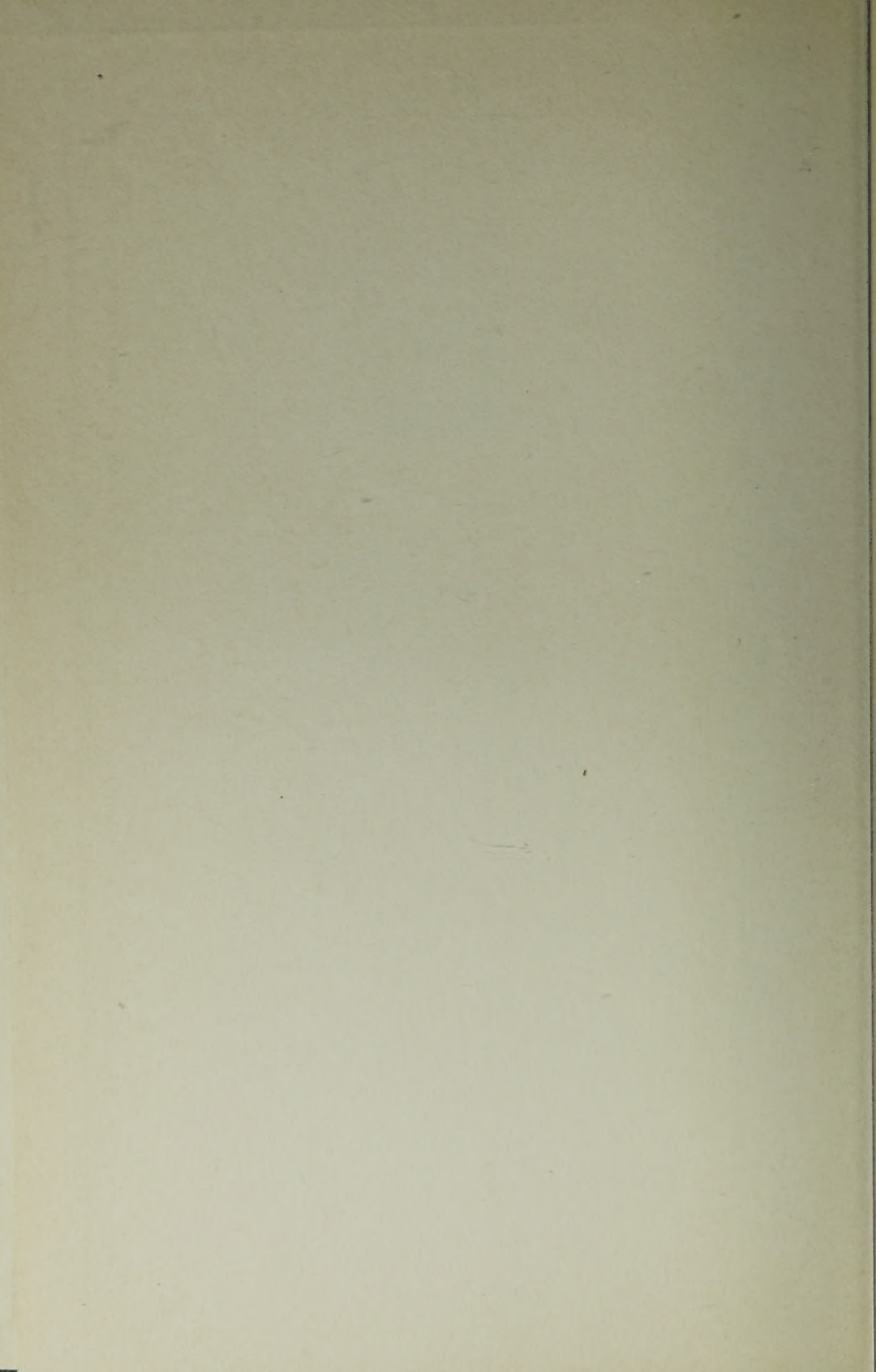
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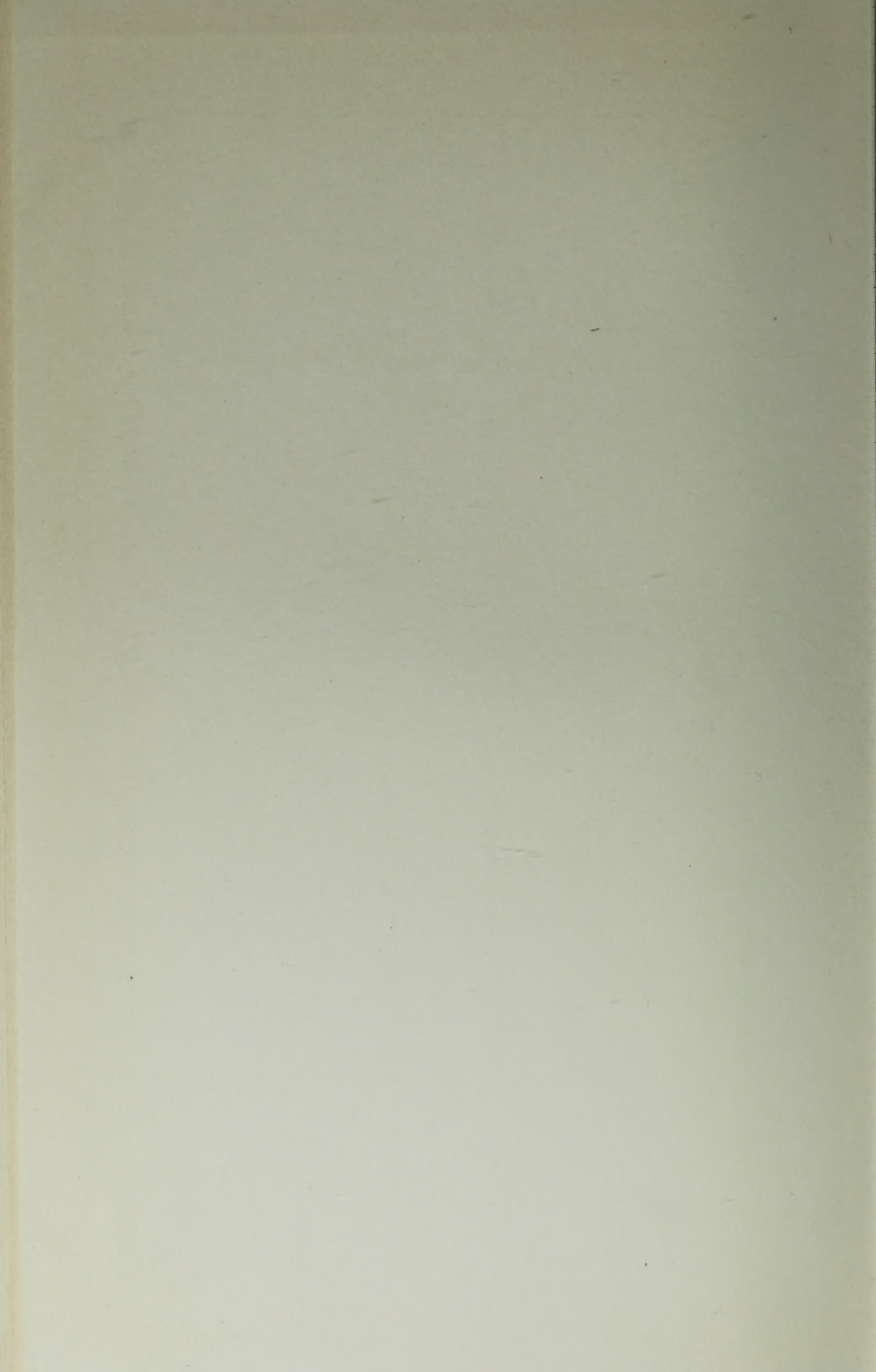
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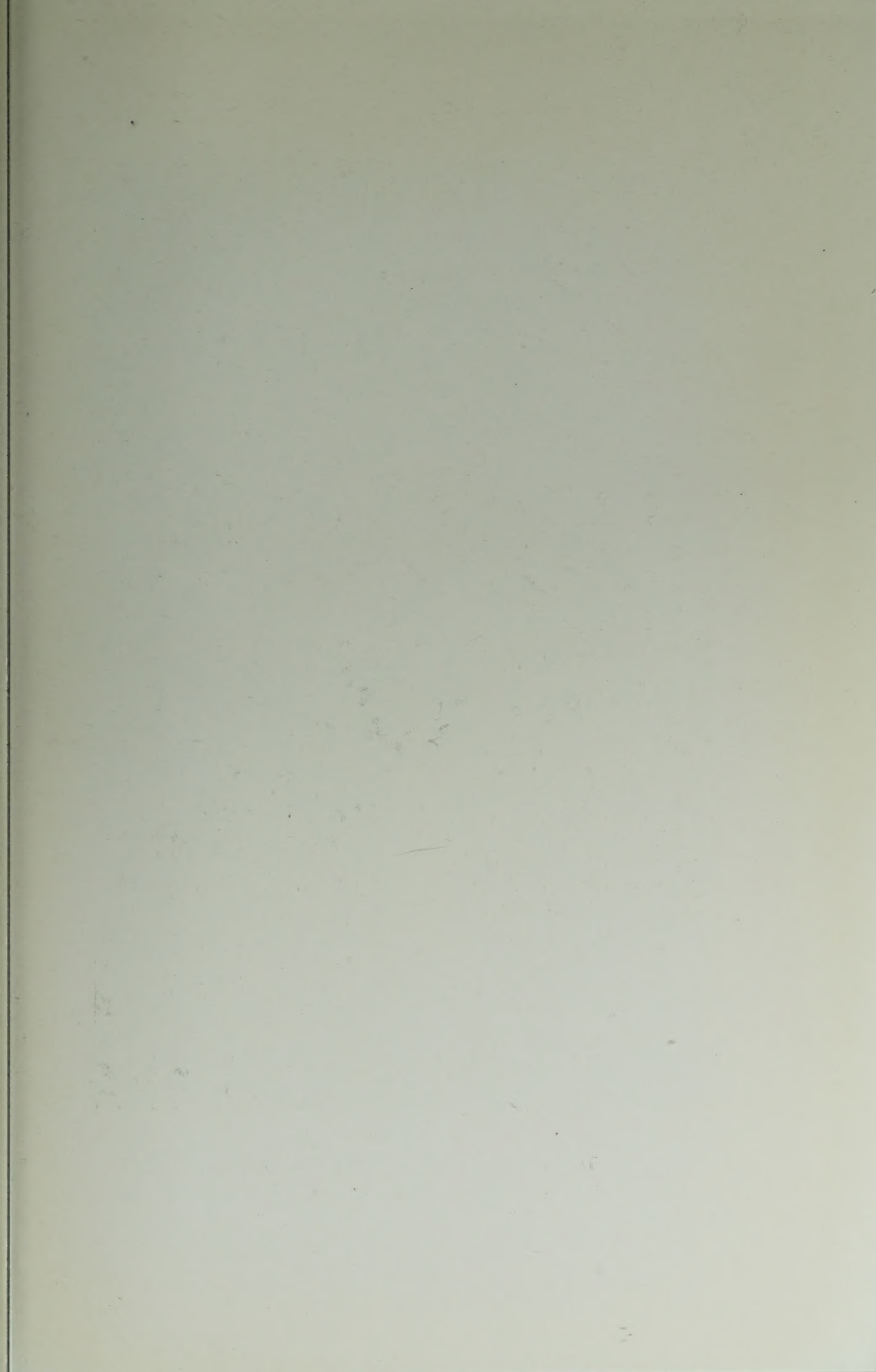


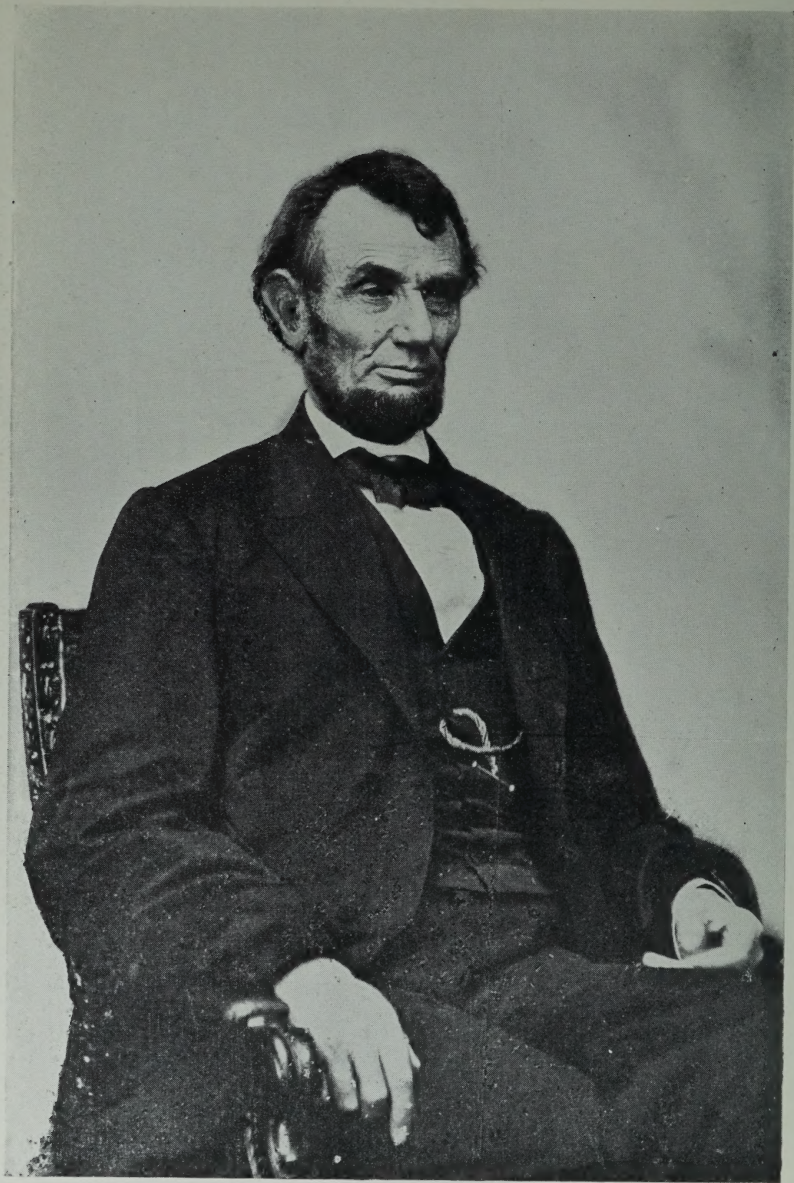












MR. LINCOLN  
TAKEN EARLY IN 1864 FOR SECRETARY SEWARD  
(Collection of L. C. Handy)



*For the Lincoln National Life  
Foundation Allen C. Clark  
July 29, 1942.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IN THE

NATIONAL CAPITAL

by

ALLEN C. CLARK

8

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1925

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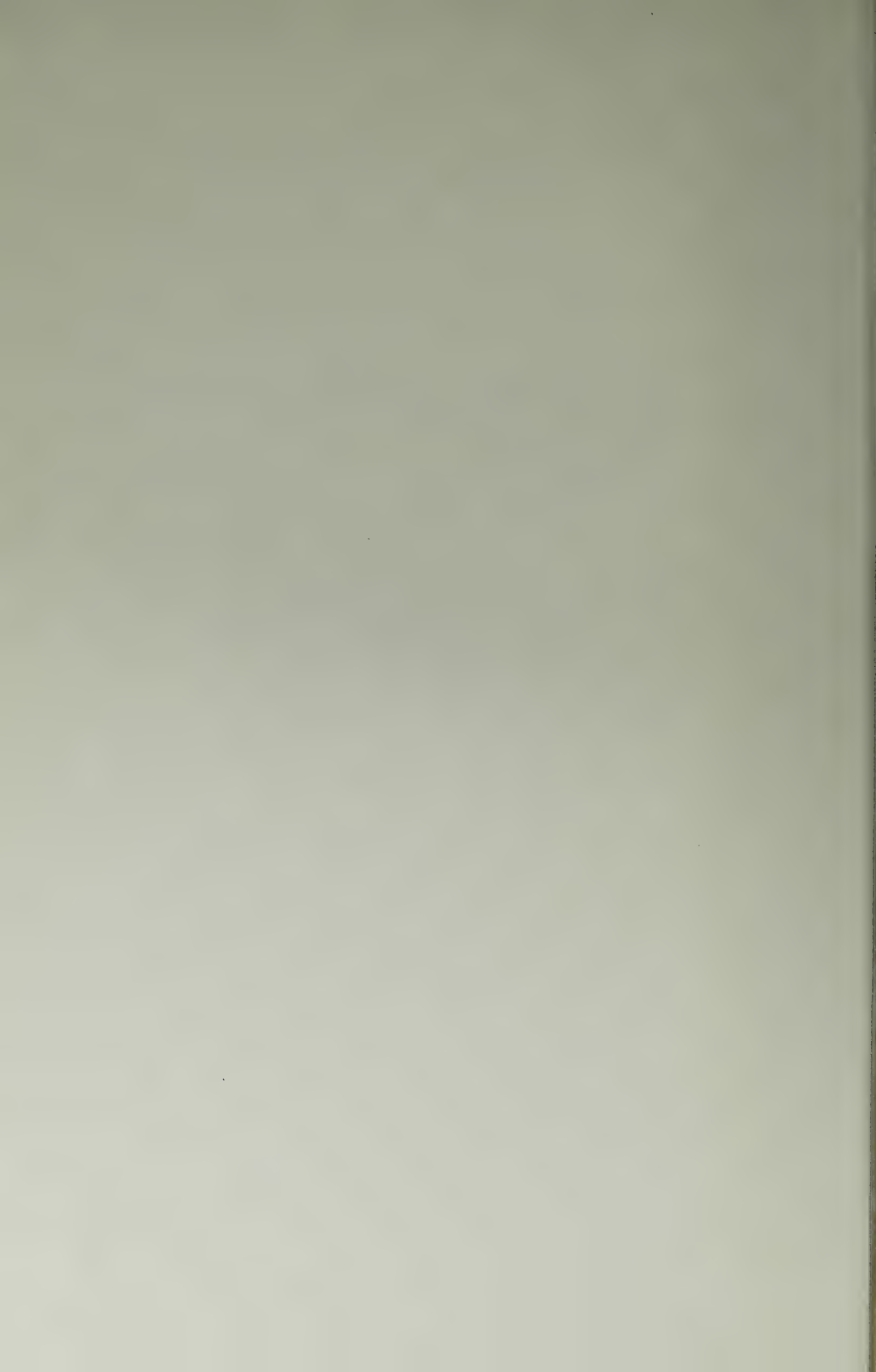
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THOUGH HUNDREDS of portraits have been made, by painters and photographers (many to pass on, by copies, to future times), I have never seen one yet that in my opinion deserved to be called a perfectly *good likeness*; nor do I believe there is really such a one in existence. May I not say too, that as there is no entirely competent and emblematic likeness of Abraham Lincoln in picture or statue, there is not—perhaps cannot be—any fully appropriate literary statement or summing-up of him yet in existence?

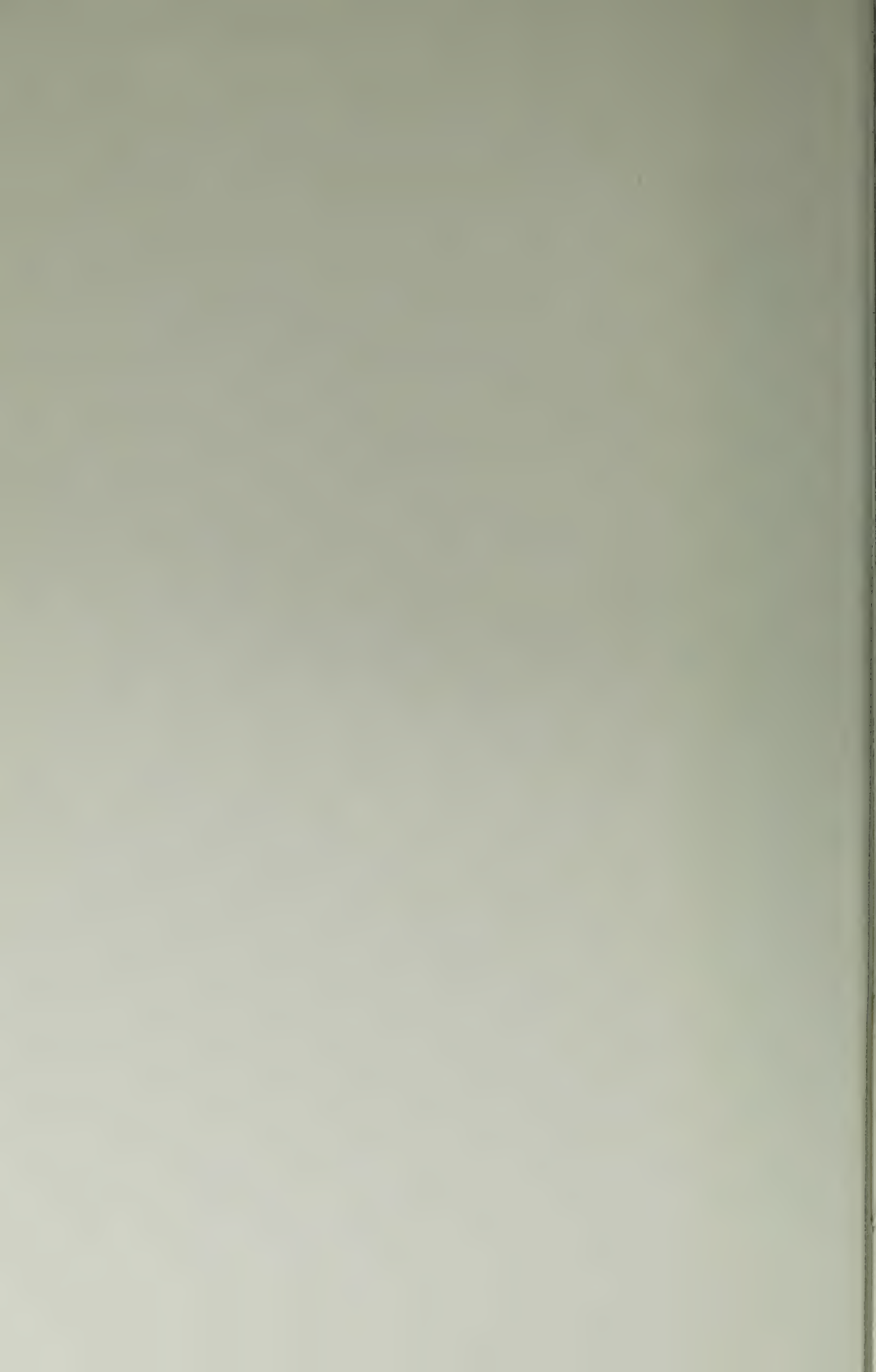
WALT WHITMAN.





## CHAPTERS

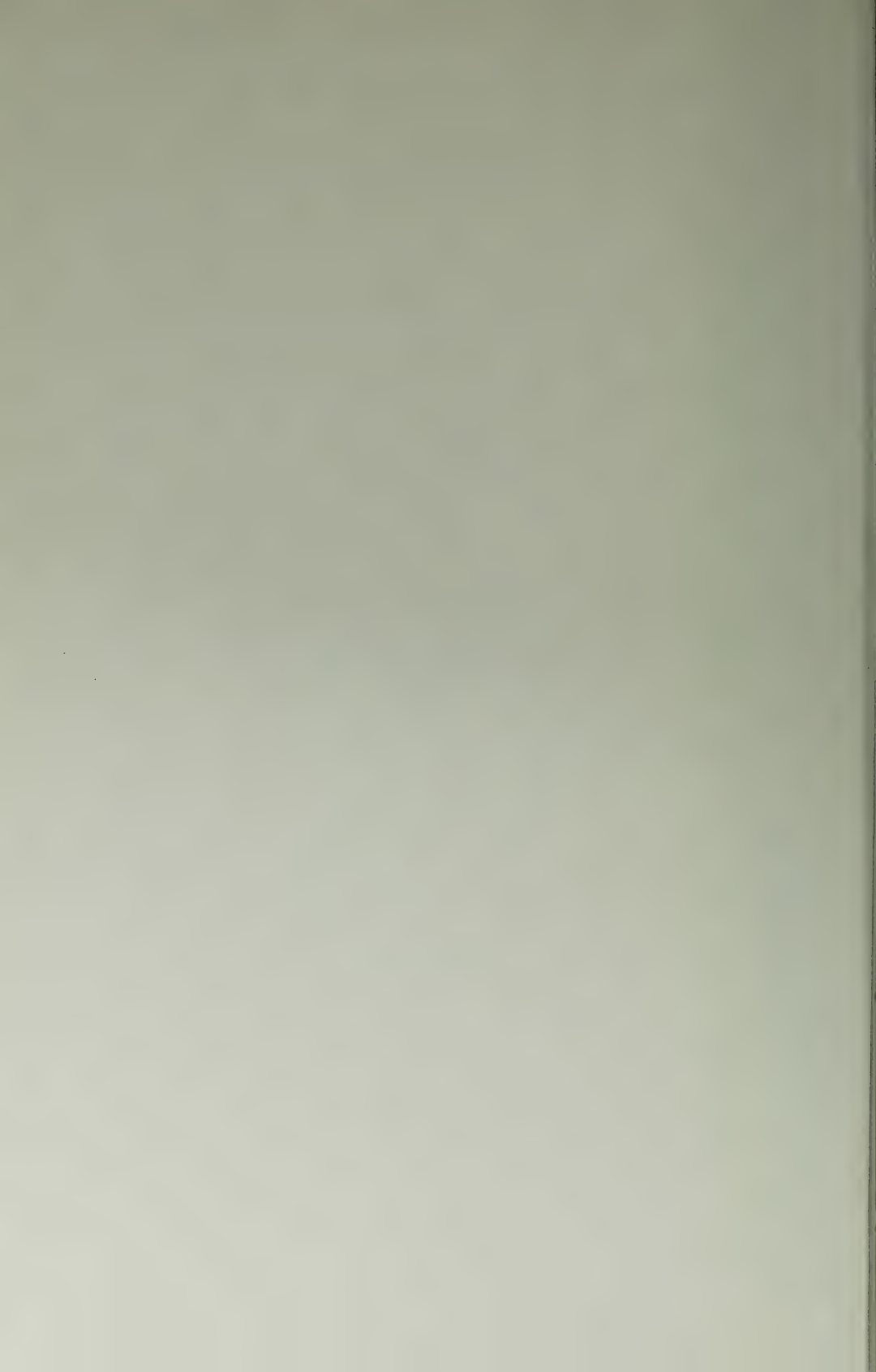
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*London Times*.





## I. AUTOBIOGRAPHIC

For Charles Lanman's Dictionary of Congress, 1858.

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky.  
Education defective.

Profession, a lawyer.

Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black  
Hawk war.

Postmaster at a very small office.

Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.

And was a member of the lower house of Congress.

Yours, etc.,

A. Lincoln.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.'

"It seems as if the question whether my first name is 'Abraham' or 'Abram' will never be settled. It is 'Abraham' and if the letter of acceptance is not yet in print, you may, if you think fit, have my signature thereto printed 'Abraham Lincoln'." <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> 1860.

<sup>2</sup> To Hon. George Ashmun, Springfield, Ill., June 4, 1860.







Executive Mansion,

Washington, May 31, 1864.

Mrs Field

Mr. Seaguirck informs  
me that you desire an autograph  
of mine, to finish ~~your~~<sup>a</sup> collection  
for the Sanitary Fair. It gives  
me great pleasure to comply  
with your request.

Yours truly  
A. Lincoln

## II. CONGRESSMAN

Mr. Lincoln was elected as a whig to the Thirtieth Congress March 4, 1847 to March 3, 1849. He was the only Whig in the delegation from Illinois.

Mr. Lincoln registered at Brown's or The Indian Queen Hotel, December 2, 1847.<sup>1</sup> He had been in Congress a full month when he engaged in correspondence relative to reelection. For reelection with Mr. Lincoln it was "Barkis is willin'," however, his constituents required more ardent wooing. The writers say Mr. Lincoln in Congress was inactive and drew little notice. Their statements are the reverse of the fact.

Mr. Lincoln took quarters with Mrs. Ann G. Spriggs, widow of Benjamin. The house was in Carroll Row on First street between A and East Capitol streets; of the six, the fourth from A.<sup>2</sup> At Mrs. Spriggs' were quartered a number of Congressmen of the same political principle. Of these was Joshua R. Giddings, the father of the abolitionists. Conferences there were held in furtherance of the cessation of slavery. At one, Mr. Lincoln presented a plan of emancipation in the District of Columbia by purchase from the slaveholders.<sup>3</sup> Of Mr. Lincoln's acquaintances, citizens of Washington, were Benjamin B. French and Nathan Sargent.

Dr. Samuel C. Busey used his talent, which measured with the scriptural five talents, in writing local history in reminiscent form. To him, almost exclusively, is an

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<sup>1</sup> Information by Frederick L. Fishback.

<sup>2</sup> Now covered by the Library of Congress.

<sup>3</sup> January 16, 1849.

account of Mr. Lincoln's life in Washington when a Congressman.

Dr. Busey, at the dining table, sat nearly opposite Mr. Lincoln. The Doctor says that Mr. Lincoln, although as radical as any, had a conciliatory way that disarmed discord at that troublous time. When the argument threatened to be acrimonious he interposed with an anecdote that restored good nature. The Doctor further says:

"I soon learned to know and admire him for his simple and unostentatious manners, kindheartedness, and amusing jokes, anecdotes, and witticisms. When about to tell an anecdote during a meal he would lay down his knife and fork, place his elbows upon the table, rest his face between his hands, and begin with the words 'that reminds me', and proceed. Everybody prepared for the explosions sure to follow. I recall with vivid pleasure the scene of merriment at the dinner after his first speech in the House of Representatives, occasioned by the descriptions, by himself and others of the Congressional mess, of the uproar in the House during its delivery."

The speech which the Doctor calls 'the first' is likely that called by Mr. Lincoln 'Old Horses and Military Coat-tails,' delivered July 27, 1848.<sup>1</sup>

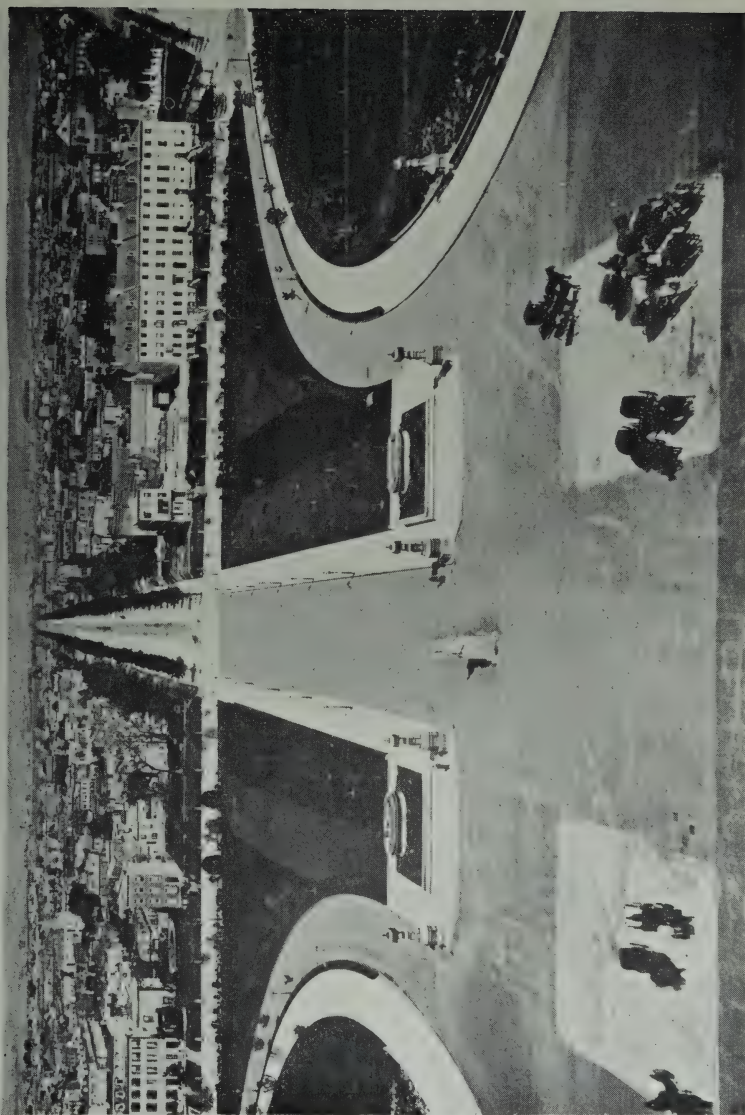
Mr. Lincoln was very fond of bowling. With members of Congress he had match games on the alley of James Casparis' hotel, known as the Congress Hall Refectory, on Capitol Square, the corner immediately east and opposite the House of Representatives, now a part of the Capitol grounds.<sup>2</sup> He played the game

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<sup>1</sup> "But, in my hurry, I was very near closing on the subject of military tails, before I was done with it. There is one entire article of the sort I have not discussed yet; I mean the military tail you Democrats are now engaged in dovetailing on to the great Michigander. Yes, sir, all his biographers (and they are legion) have him in hand, tying him to a military tail, like so many mischievous boys tying a dog to a bladder of beans."

<sup>2</sup> William Sanderson, proprietor, when taken by the United States. *The Evening Star*, May 6, 1923.





CARROLL ROW



with great gusto. Whether he won or lost it was all the same to him. His gaunt figure added to the bystanders' entertainment. When he played a crowd gathered especially to hear his jokes; some of which were reduced to the appreciation of a mere man.

Dr. Busey says: "Congressman Lincoln was always neatly but very plainly dressed, very simple and approachable in manner and unpretentious \* \* \* During that session Mrs. Lincoln with the eldest son, was at the house for a time, but was so retiring that she was rarely seen except at the meals. Robert was a bright boy, about four years old, and seemed to have his own way."

Mr. Lincoln was a heart-and-soul supporter of General Taylor for President. He perceived the trend to his liking and humorously communicated his perception to his friend:

To Archibald Williams.

"Washington, June 12, 1848.

"Dear Williams:

On my return from Philadelphia, where I have been attending the nomination of 'Old Rough' \* \* \* One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us—Barnburners, Native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office seeking Locofocos, and the Lord knows what."

Mr. Lincoln made several out-of-town trips to promote the Taylor cause. He spoke at Worcester, Mass., September 12, 1848. On the 15th of the same month in Boston at the Washingtonian hall on Broomfield street he addressed the Young Men's Whig Club. The weather was sultry and Mr. Lincoln wore an alpaca coat. *The Boston Atlas* had in the next day's issue, "a speech for an hour and a half which for sound reasoning, cogent argument and satire, we have seldom heard equalled"; and, "as soon as he had concluded, three rousing cheers

were given for Taylor and Fillmore, and three more for Mr. Lincoln, the Lone Star of Illinois”.

The municipal commission of Boston on marking historical sites provided a tablet. The dedication ceremonies were held, August 10, 1924, during the G. A. R. national encampment.

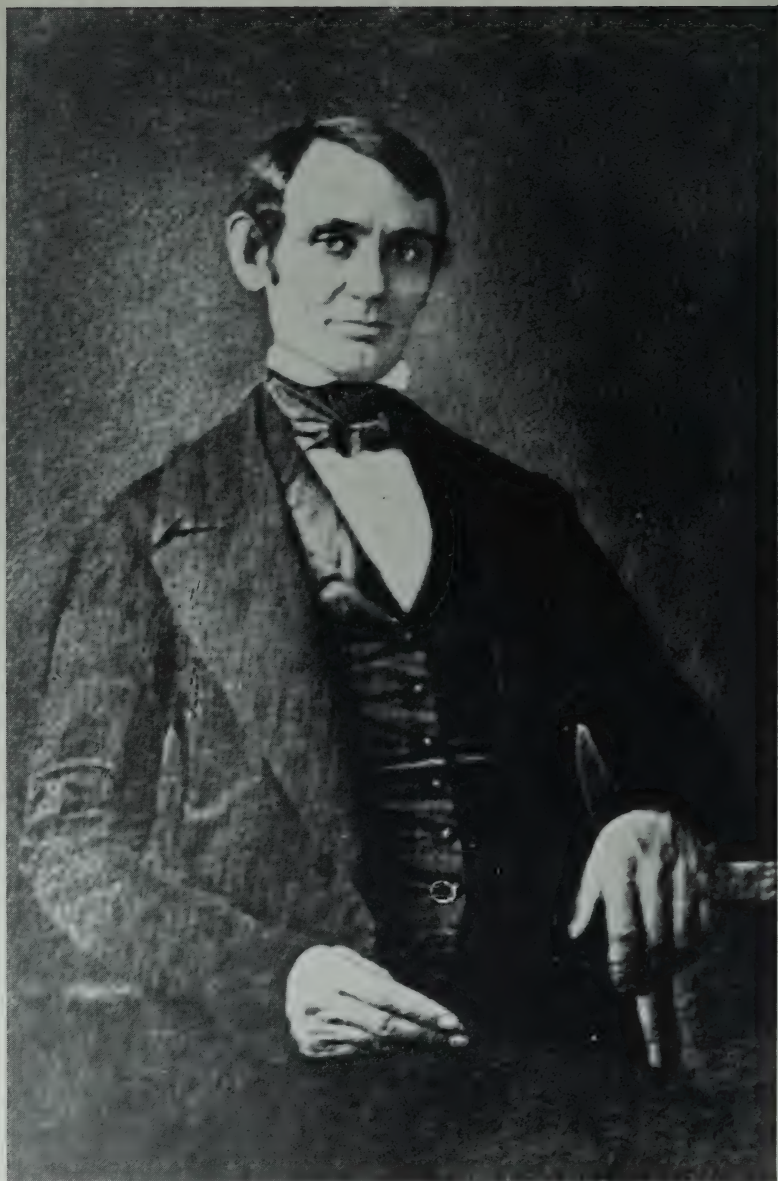
William Pinkney Whyte, Governor Whyte of Maryland, “the grand old man of the Senate” had a high pitched voice, with the sweet sound of silvery bells and with that appealing effect that he made twenty murderers appear to the juries guiltless and even made the murderers doubtful of their guilt.

Gov. Whyte and myself were interested in the hearing of a cause at Upper Marlborough. The hearing ended and passing at noon the ancient hotel I suggested we enter. The Governor refused. At a secluded spot he brought out two turkey sandwiches, each of the thickness, width, and circumference of a new minted silver dollar. He divided; and then to this purport proceeded; I refused to go into the hotel and to offset the refusal I will tell you a reminiscence connected with it. When Mr. Lincoln was a Congressman he and I campaigned in Maryland. Coming from Charlotte Hall, at night, we were fatigued and the horses fagged. We put up at that hotel. Our room faced the rear. In the morning I arose first and assuming a woe begone tone I said, Abe, you should see your horse, Mr. Lincoln jumped out of bed, and as he jumped, exclaimed “My Lord, he isn’t dead is he?” The horse was in fact frisking like a colt as if he had indulged in some equine elixir. Gov. Whyte explained that Mr. Lincoln was very poor.

Mr. Taylor, who located in Washington, was an intimate acquaintance of my early days. It was not until the preparation of this paper that I learned of







MR. LINCOLN, AGE 37  
FIRST PORTRAIT TAKEN UPON ENTRY INTO POLITICAL LIFE

Mr. Taylor's close connection with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Taylor at the time of the letter was Mayor of Keokuk, Iowa.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 6, 1859.

"Hawkins Taylor, Esq.

"My dear Sir:

\* \* \* It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and meat if I neglect my business this year as last."

Elihu B. Washburne gives the reminiscence. Mr. Lincoln when a Congressman borrowed of the Librarian of the Supreme Court some law books. He piled them on a table wrapped them with a bandana handkerchief and through a knot in the handkerchief he ran a stick which he brought for the purpose. He shouldered the bundle. In a few days he returned the books by the same method.

Many a true word is spoken in jest. Once a jest was the medium of prophecy. It was Mr. Lincoln's reference to himself as a candidate for President. It was in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, July 27, 1848.

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career, reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near to it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it is more than I did, but I had a good many bloody

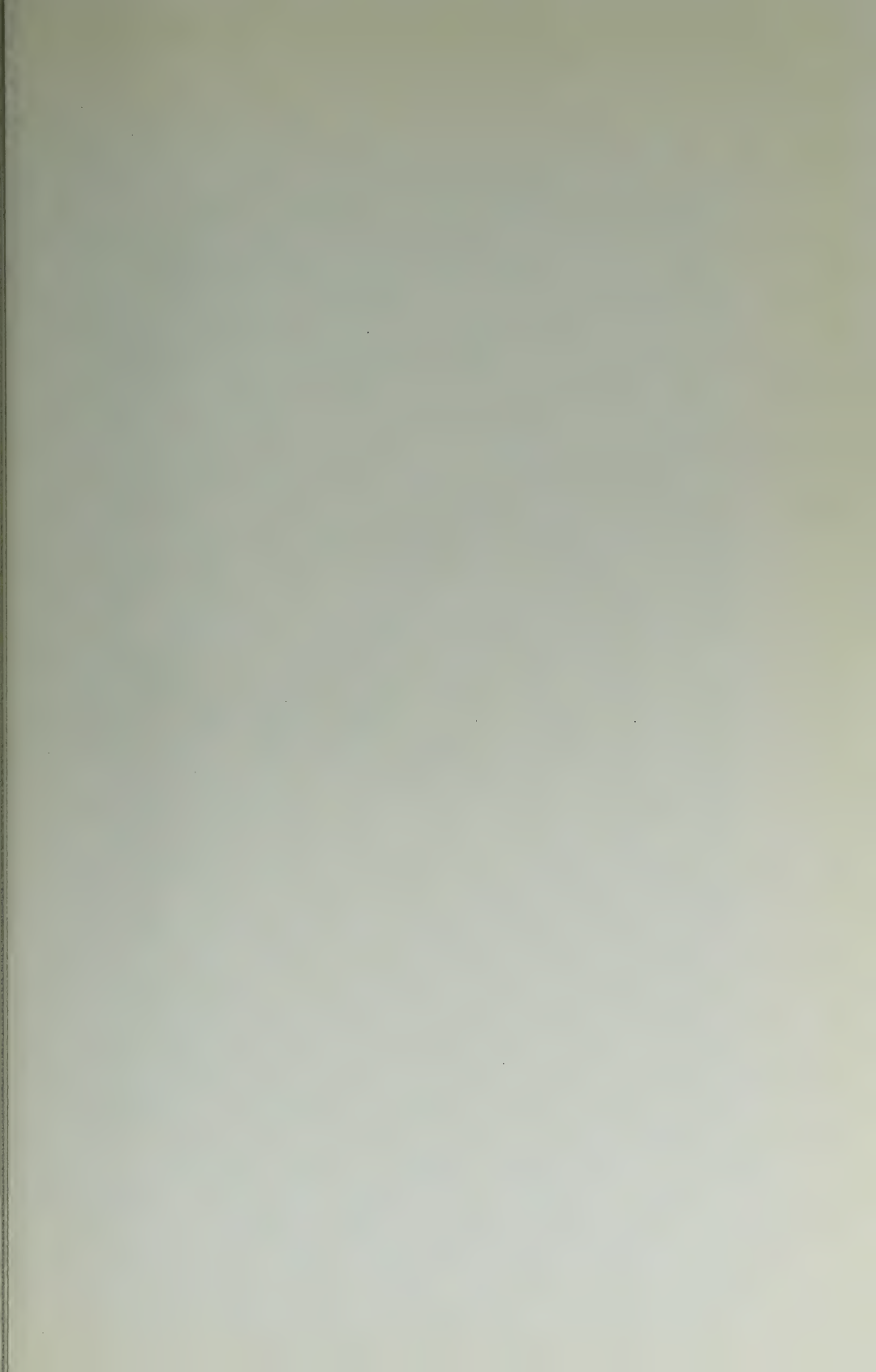
struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I have never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry.

"Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever, our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and, thereupon, they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

The inaugural ball at the induction of Zachary Taylor into the Presidency was held Monday, March 5, 1849. The structure for it was at the west of the City Hall. It to that time was the most brilliant. Mr. Lincoln with Elihu B. Washburne and a few others made a party. It to Mr. Lincoln was a scene of novelty and of splendor. Towards three or four o'clock the party went to the cloak room. Mr. Lincoln found his cloak but after an hour's search not his hat. Mr. Washburne says: "Taking his cloak on his arm, he walked into Judiciary Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his short cloak thrown over his shoulders, starting for his long walk home on Capitol Hill at four o'clock in the morning without any hat on."

Twelve years later in the same square, Lincoln attended another inaugural ball.







MRS. LINCOLN  
INAUGURAL BALL GOWN

### III. PRESIDENT

Mr. Lincoln arrived Saturday, February 23, 1861, quite early, and quartered at the Willard. He came in a strategic way to circumvent attack. Mrs. Lincoln arrived the same day in the evening with the three sons. The Lincoln retinue makes a long list. The first personal reference to Mrs. Lincoln is: "The peep afforded at Mrs. Lincoln in passing from the carriage to the hotel presented a comely, matronly, lady-like face, bearing an unmistakable air of goodness, strikingly the opposite of the ill-natured portraits of her by the pens of some of the sensation writers."<sup>1</sup>

That first day Mr. Lincoln had an indication of the labors that lie before. At eleven he with Mr. Seward called on President Buchanan, who after a chat, introduced them to the Cabinet. The Illinois delegation under the direction of Stephen A. Douglas called at two-thirty. Interviews there were with General Winfield Scott, Francis P. Blair, Sr. and Montgomery Blair. At seven he dined with Mr. Seward who lived at 1325 F street, present numbering. At nine at the hotel came the Peace Commission with Ex-President Tyler and Governor Chase of Ohio at the head. Followed a reception to the citizens; and to that, receiving the respects of the ladies who had assembled in the parlors. At ten came Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet to make a reciprocal call.

On Sunday, Mr. Lincoln, with Mr. Seward attended service at St. John's Church. Mr. Lincoln came unheralded and his presence was known only to a few.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star.*

They sat in pew number one, right in front of the chancel. The rector, Rev. Smith Pyne, without intimation of the distinguished addition to the congregation preached and selected with special appropriateness. "Mr. Lincoln was dressed in plain black clothes, with black whiskers and hair well trimmed, and was pronounced by such as recognized him as a different man entirely from the hard-looking pictorial representations seen of him. Some of the ladies say he is almost good looking."<sup>1</sup>

The Mayor, James G. Berret, and the Boards of Aldermen and Common Council made a welcome to the President-elect, February 27.

The Mayor:

"Mr. Lincoln: As the President elect, under the Constitution of the United States, you are soon to stand in the august presence of a great nation of freemen, and to enter upon the discharge of the duties of the highest trust known to our form of government, and under circumstances menacing the peace and permanency of the Republic, which have no parallel in the history of our country. It is our earnest wish that you may be able, as we have no doubt that you will, to perform the duties in such a manner as shall restore power and harmony to our now distracted country, and finally bring the old ship into a harbor of safety and prosperity, thereby deservedly securing the universal plaudits of the whole world. I avail myself, sir, of this occasion to say that the citizens of Washington, true to the instincts of constitutional liberty, will ever be found faithful to all the obligations of patriotism, and as their chief magistrate, and in accordance with the honored usage, I bid you welcome to the seat of government."

Mr. Lincoln:

"Mr. Mayor: I thank you, and through you the municipal authorities of this city who accompany you, for this welcome. And as it is the first time in my life,

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<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star.*



since the present phase of politics has presented itself in this country, that I have said anything publicly within a region of the country where the institution of slavery exists, I will take this occasion to say that I think very much of the ill feeling that existed and still exists between the people in the section from whence I came and the people here is dependent upon a misunderstanding of one another. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to assure you, Mr. Mayor, and all the gentlemen present, that I have not now, and never have had, any disposition to treat you in any respect otherwise than as my own neighbors. I have not now any purpose to withhold from you any of the benefits of the Constitution, under any circumstances, that I would not feel myself constrained to withhold from my own neighbors; and I hope, in a word that when we shall become better acquainted—and I say it with great confidence—we shall like each other better. I thank you for the kindness of this reception.”

Talk of assassination was rife and on the day preceding the inauguration Mr. Lincoln said: “Don’t let your wife come to my inauguration. It is best for our women to remain indoors on that day, as the bullets may be flying.” The advice was given to John R. Briggs, the husband of the famous authoress, Susan Edson Briggs, “Olivia.”

The reporter of the *Star* had a comprehensive vision and saw closely and distantly and a great deal more than the other reporters; and like the merry Yorick was “a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.” He saw the crowd, each of which, waiting for a chance to let the guest of parlor number six see his writings which advised his availability and ability to serve the government behind a desk. The sight of the hungry ought to have stirred the sympathies of the reporter yet it did not;

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<sup>1</sup> *Washington Times*, February 9, 1902.

he only took advantage of the sight to display his humorous style. He noticed that the applicants with dejected countenances jerked their testimonials into their pockets when told it is too late today and in words equivalent to those of this slangful day, to take the air. It is a fact that Mr. Lincoln in this pre-inauguration time was warded from the office seekers very successfully.

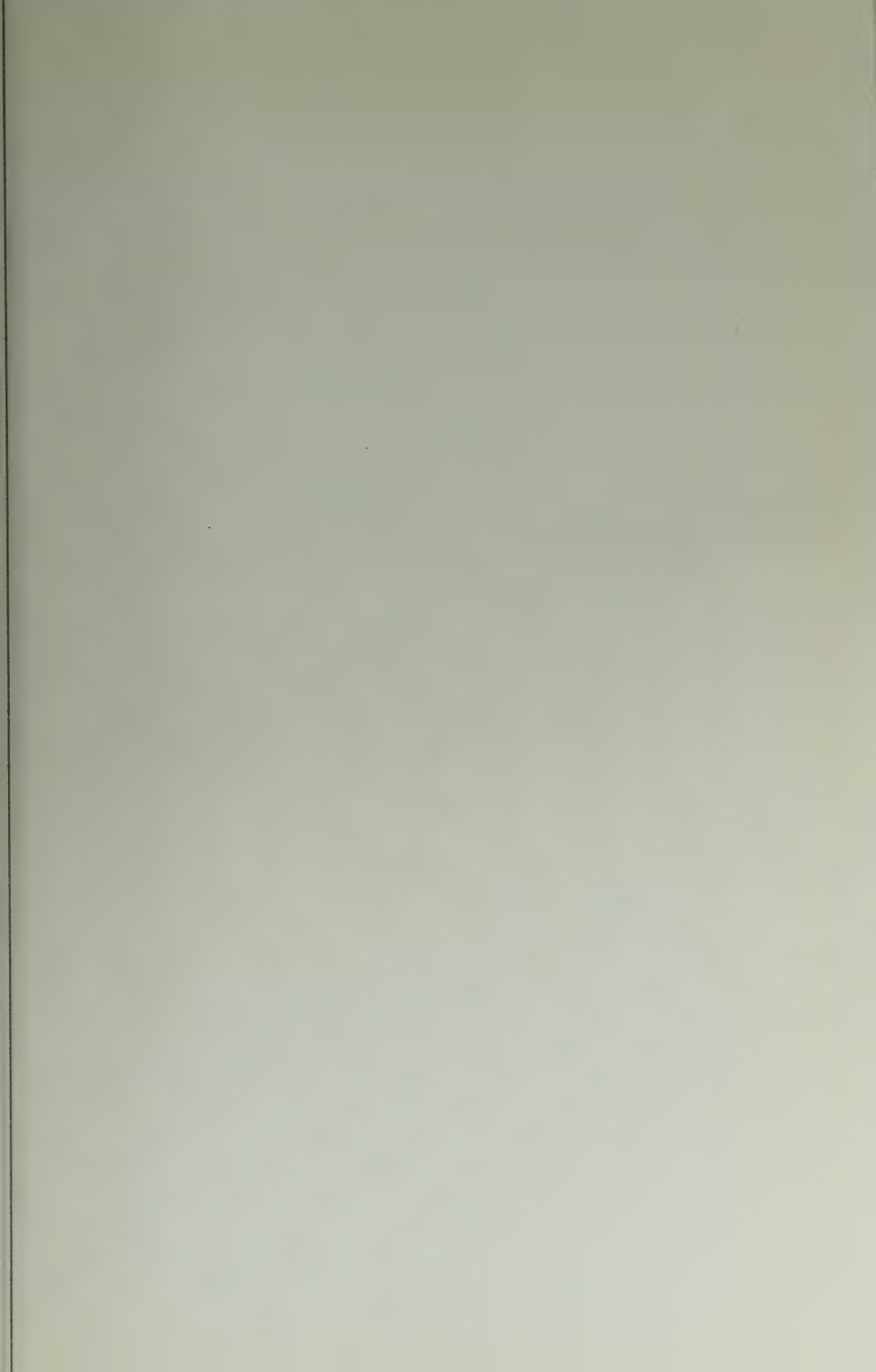
The reporter says not only the usual but an unusual number of crazy people came to the Lincoln inauguration. Not every one cares to read of the misfortunes of those whose machinery in the head is broken; and to the few who may, only one case is recorded and that in the reporter's own words:

"The 'Other' Inaugural Address. About half an hour before the procession reached the Capitol yesterday, a little man in large red whiskers and dressed in travel-stained attire, who had been lounging about the edges of the crowd for some time, mounted into one of the tall trees in front of the east portico, and selecting a strong and convenient branch, he perched himself upon it, and drawing a package of manuscript from his pocket, began with many oratorical flourishes to deliver an address to the crowd below. His eccentric and somewhat perilous gyrations attracted the attention of the several thousand spectators there assembled, all of whom awaited to see him tumble headlong. What his speech amounted to no one could tell, beyond the fact that it appeared to be a discursive homily upon the vices of the times."<sup>1</sup>

The reporter saw Mr. Buchanan's private carriage, a closed one, draw up to the hotel entrance. From the movements, he guessed there was a parley; that Mr. Lincoln made known his preference for an open carriage

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas B. Durkin in the *Evening Star*, April 16, 1921, gives his recollection of the orator in the tree.





SCENE AT CAPITOL—MARCH 4, 1861



in which all could see him. Such a carriage was substituted. With the President-retiring and the President-elect sat Senators Baker and Pearce. Benjamin B. French was the Marshal-in-chief.

The body guard of Mr. Lincoln was the 8th Battalion, D. C. Volunteers. The battalion consisted of three companies under the command of Major Arthur Balbach. It marched before, behind and at the sides of the carriage. From the battalion were stationed along the route at overlooking positions, sharpshooters. The battalion was composed entirely from the German citizens of Washington. It was organized early in 1861 and first marched in connection with the exercises at the unveiling of the Washington statue at Washington Circle, February 22.<sup>1</sup>

Chief Justice Taney administered the oath.

The President's address had the conclusion:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and heartstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In the inaugural parade was the car, or float, "Constitution". It carried little girls, each dressed in white and adorned with a laurel wreath. Two stood for the Goddess of Liberty; each of the others, thirty-five, bore

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<sup>1</sup> *Washington Journal (German)*—August 8, 1924.

a coat of arms of a State or Territory. The car was drawn by six white horses with white covers on which was inscribed in red letters "Union". A little while after Mr. Lincoln arrived at the White House so did the car and its charming contents. The little Misses climbed down and the crowd of them called on Mr. Lincoln. Each he picked up and kissed. A curl of one caught in his buttonhole and a bystander slyly remarked that he was trying to take possession of it.

Perhaps somewhere in the United States lives or perhaps yet abides in the Capital City, a lady with hair touch that indicates three score and ten who was one of the thirty-seven; and who smiles sweetly as she calls to mind her pleasant part in the episode.<sup>1</sup>

"The platform for the ceremony of taking the oath, and the tribute for the inaugural address, had been erected in front of the Senate wing of the Capitol.

"After the oath had been administered, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to the tribune. He carried his hat in his right hand and a roll of papers in his left. As he looked about for some place to put his hat, he turned this way and that, when Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, who had been one of his competitors for the Presidency and had polled a very large popular vote, although he had received only the electoral vote of Missouri, courteously reached out his hand—as he was on Mr. Lincoln's right and a little behind him—took the embarrassing hat and held it during the address.

"Mr. Lincoln unrolled the paper, which seemed to be

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<sup>1</sup> Virginia Jacobs, Martha Raley, Hannah Williams, Harriet S. Gordon, Mary S. Gordon, Jane S. Gordon, Ellen Grimes, Martha E. Milstead, Mary E. Milstead, Elizabeth Ann Marshall, Caroline Fishman, Margaret Goodwin, Emma Fishman, Emilie Fishman, Mary Herrity, Belle Garcia, Emma Slade, Maria Newman, Anna Newman, Lizzie Childress, Sarah Brown, Isabella Childress, Sarah Cronin, Margaret Cronin, Lucy A. Miller, Jane Miles, Mary Cassidy, Rosanna King, Alice Avery, Cora V. Crampsey, Mary Noon, Anna Noon, Lucy V. Blanchard, Willie Plant, Florence Kelly, Minana Hodges, and Elizabeth R. Crampsey.

in the form of galley proof, placed it upon the desk or lectern and put a cane across the top to prevent its rolling up, and to keep it in place. Although the portico and the projecting steps were well filled, they were not crowded. There was no great number of people on the open ground immediately in front of the President and it was easy to move up close to him. All who were anxious to hear could get within earshot. Whether it was due to fear or to some other cause, the majority of those in front of the President were evidently disposed to keep at a respectful distance. Captain Reynolds and I stood directly in front of Mr. Lincoln, not over twelve or fifteen feet off, and had plenty of room to move around. We saw above us an honest, kindly but careworn face, shadowed into almost preternatural seriousness."<sup>1</sup>

Joseph Howard, Junior, at the time the correspondent of *The New York Times*, says:

"There had always been a feeling of friendship existing between Mr. Lincoln and Judge Douglas; and the manner in which the latter acted just prior to the Inauguration, and the gallant part he sustained at that time, as well as afterwards, served to increase their mutual regard and esteem. It was my good fortune to stand by Mr. Douglas during the reading of the Inaugural of President Lincoln. Rumors had been current that there would be trouble at that time, and much anxiety was felt by the authorities and the friends of Mr. Lincoln as to the result. 'I shall be there,' said Douglas, 'and if any man attacks Lincoln, he attacks me, too.' As Mr. Lincoln proceeded with his address, Judge Douglas repeatedly remarked, 'Good!' 'That's fair!' 'No backing out there!' 'That's a good point!' etc., indicating his approval of its tone, as subsequently he congratulated the reader and endorsed the document."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. George Williamson Smith. *A Critical Moment for Washington. Records of the Columbia Historical Society.* Vol. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Reminiscences of Stephen A. Douglas.* *Atlantic Monthly.* Vol. VIII, p. 211.

The inaugural ball room was parallel to the north wall of the City Hall. It was entered through the center by a covered stairway. The promenade hall and the supper room, south and north respectively of equal length, adjoined.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Lincoln arrived with Mr. Berret, the Mayor, his escort; and Mrs. Lincoln with Judge Douglas, her escort. It had been rumored that the people of Washington did not intend to patronize the affair. Judge Douglas gave an effectual snub to this hostility which won him friends among his political opposites.<sup>1</sup> Gautier, caterer of local celebrity, built a wonderful centerpiece, a pyramid, with thirty four flags, each stamped with the seal of a state.<sup>2</sup>

*The Evening Star* of the initial reception tells, March 9:

"But the downright serious hard work of the evening was performed by President Lincoln, who for more than two hours (i.e. from quarter past eight o'clock till half past ten) shook hands in right good earnest with all comers, at the rate of twenty-five per minute, (as timed by a gentleman in his vicinity) or one thousand five hundred per hour.

"The last scene of the levee was a tragic one. The mob of coats, hats and caps left in the hall had somehow got inextricably mixed up and misappropriated, and perhaps not one in ten of that large assemblage emerged with the same outer garments they wore on entering. Some thieves seem to have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a grand sweep, and a very good business they must have done. Some of the victims utterly refusing to don the greasy, kinky apologies for hats left on hand, tied up their heads in handkerchiefs and so wended their way sulkily homeward."

Mr. Mangan was cautious with reward for his cautiousness. *The Washington Post*, August 3, 1924:

<sup>1</sup> Atlantic Monthly. Vol. VIII, p. 211.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Gautier. 1217 '19 Pennsylvania Avenue.



"I went to Mr. Lincoln's first reception, and the doorman told me I would have to leave my overcoat outside. I told him pretty quick that it was the only heavy overcoat I had and that I didn't care to lose it, so I didn't go in. I heard from the doorkeeper afterward that there were nearly three hundred overcoats taken by mistake or otherwise that night."

With the title "First Visit of an Old Lady to Washington," *The Sunday Morning Chronicle*, April 14, 1861, is reference to the first levee:

"Well, I went to the levee. I was too curious to allow myself to be worried by the rush, and presently I got into a corner on a sofa and indulged myself at the scene. Mr. Lincoln did not seem much frightened because he was elected President, and I never thought it was exactly right to blame him because he was.

"Mrs. Lincoln reminded me very much of a very dear friend at home. She was graceful, modest and kind to everybody. I wondered whether she could keep her temper through all the troubles that are before her?"

*Isaac N. Arnold. The Life of Abraham Lincoln:*

"Returning home, (Charleston), she found a party of secessionists, and on entering the room she exclaimed:

"'I have seen him! I have seen him! \* \* \* That terrible monster, Lincoln, and I found him a gentleman, and I am going to his first levee after his inauguration.'

"At his first reception, this tall daughter of South Carolina, dressing herself in black velvet, with two long white plumes in her hair, repaired to the White House. She was nearly six feet high, with black eyes, and black hair, and in her velvet and white feathers she was a striking and majestic figure. As she approached, the President recognized her immediately."

Mrs. Briggs, of the levee many years subsequently, writes:

"At that time, as all Americans know, Lincoln was the most jovial of men and the contrast in his appearance when I saw him at the levee was startling. If you have

ever seen an oak tree, standing alone in a field, with its great gnarled trunk and branches stretching heavenward, the atmosphere about it charged with electricity, and the black, thundering clouds on the horizon threatening any moment a war of the elements, you will realize the impression made upon me by Abraham Lincoln as he stood there in perpetual fear of a dagger thrust or a bullet, and the warning notes of internecine strife sounding from the South.

"Every line in his face evidenced the kind, rugged character of the man, and every pose of his gigantic figure indicated democratic nobility."

In writing *Abraham Lincoln at the National Capital* I have intended to adhere to the personal and avoid the political. In the preparation books have been almost entirely ignored. The material is from the newspapers. The newspaper accounts must be accurate for they are concurrent. I have faith in the newspapers, an inherited faith. My granduncle was a Whig and he swore by *The Herald*, the Whig organ. What was in it he knew was right. My other granduncle was a Democrat and with equal loyalty swore by *The Globe*, the Democratic organ. He knew what was in it could not be wrong. That which in this paper is apparently digressive was, with slight exception, connected with Mr. Lincoln—it, at least, came under his eye. The newspapers from which I have compiled are the local *Intelligencer*, *Chronicle*, *National Republican*, and *The Star*. Mr. Lincoln read these splendid newspapers; once in hand he could not help so to do. It is a recorded fact that he did read them and let his secretaries read the out-of-town papers for him.

Ida M. Tarbell in *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*:

"He was a very early riser, being often at his desk

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<sup>1</sup> *Washington Times*. February 9, 1902.

at six o'clock in the morning, and sometimes even going out on errands at this early hour. A friend tells of passing the White House early one morning in the spring of 1861 and seeing Mr. Lincoln standing at the gate looking anxiously up and down the street. 'Good morning, good morning,' he said. 'I am looking for a newsboy. When you get to the corner, I wish you would send one up this way.'"

Here a poetic definition. *Sunday Morning Chronicle*, January 19, 1862.

*Papa, What is a Newspaper?*

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,  
To answer the taste of the day, my boy,  
Whatever it be,  
They hit on the key.  
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries, my boy,  
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,  
Mixed up with all sorts  
Of flying reports,  
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy,  
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,  
And logic so grand  
That few understand  
To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,  
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy  
And lengthy debate  
Upon matters of state,  
For wise-headed folk to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and are, my boy,  
     The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,  
         And every week,  
         A clever critique  
 Of some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,  
     The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,  
         The state of the crops  
         The style of the fops,  
 And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,  
     Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,  
         Till you ask in surprise  
         Why anybody dies,  
 Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who had got married, to whom, my boy,  
     Who were cut off in the bloom, my boy,  
         Who has had birth  
         On this sorrow-stained earth,  
 And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy.  
     Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,  
         But 'twould take me too long  
         To tell you in song,  
 A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

The transformation with the Civil War was distinct.  
 The Old Lady who made her first visit to Washington  
 says:

"The long hair, gold headed canes, and free and  
 easy bearing of our esteemed friends from the extreme  
 South, have given way to the solid, heavy stepping, sun-



burned, rough-handed yeomanry from the Northwest, the East, and the Middle States."

The crisis separated families, friends and business associates. With everyone it was either on one side of the fence or the other; none a-straddle. To illustrate. Some years since I stopped at a rather remote spot in West Virginia which in the Civil War was a border line. The proprietor of the Drummer's Rest was an Ex-Confederate Captain. Whether he named his home-like tavern for commercial effect or from war sentiment, it is a guess. At evening twilight on the portico, said the old Captain "Friend: the road in front was dangerous during the war. If a stranger appeared he was asked: 'Reb or Yank'. If the stranger answered 'Reb' he likely would be shot; if he answered 'Yank' he likely would be shot; and if he answered, 'neither', he surely would be shot."

Ex-President Tyler was a pacifist. That did not meet with the sterling requirement. As early as September (8), 1861, the portrait of the Ex-President in the office of the Assistant Secretary of State was transferred therefrom to the rubbish room in the garret.

The changed aspect—peace to war—between the citizens of our country so at variance with the citizens of the sky, some of whom built their nests in the White House cannon, suggested the title "The Nests at Washington," written by John James Piatt, Washington, D. C., June 1862.

"Before the White House portals,  
The careless eyes behold  
Three iron bombs uplifted,  
Adusk in summer gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Deep in the awful chambers  
Of the gigantic Death,  
The wrens their nests have builded  
And dwelt with loving breath.”

Soon, very soon, came to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln grief—grief that wrings the soul. Of the party which came with Mr. Lincoln was Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth.<sup>1</sup> He was close to the Lincoln household. Mr. Hay says that Colonel Ellsworth soon became indispensable in the Presidential travelling party. “No one could manage like him the assemblages of turbulent loyalty that crowded and jostled at every station.” At the levee it is reported that Colonel Ellsworth “was prominent in the throng, and seemed to be a universal favorite, particularly with the ladies.” Colonel Ellsworth organized the New York Zouaves and took the command. In Alexandria, Va. Friday morning, May 23, 1861, Colonel Ellsworth was killed. He was twenty-four years of age. Visitors found Mr. Lincoln in tears. “I will make no apology gentlemen, for my weakness, but I knew poor Ellsworth well, and held him in great regard. Just as you entered the room Captain Fox left me, after giving me the painful details of Ellsworth’s unfortunate death. The event was so unexpected, and the recital so touching, that it quite unmanned me.”<sup>2</sup> At the Navy Yard, where the remains were brought, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were moved to tears. The funeral services the next day, Saturday, were held in the Executive Mansion. In the line which

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lincoln and two children, Robert T. Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, Lockwood Todd, Dr. W. S. Wallace, John G. Nicolay, John M. Hay, Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. David Davis, Col. E. E. Ellsworth, L. M. Burgess, G. C. Latham, B. Forbes, W. H. Forbes, D. P. Wood, Col. E. N. Sumner, Capt. G. W. Hazzard and Capt. J. C. Robinson.—*National Republican*, Feb. 25, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> *National Republican*, March 9, 1861.

<sup>3</sup> *The Evening Star*, May 27, 1861.

moved to the depot were the President and Mrs. Lincoln.

Stephen A. Douglas died June 3, 1861. He lived a little beyond his forty-eighth birthday anniversary. Notwithstanding the political antagonism, the duels of discussion, the frequent association must have created a kind relationship. Mr. Douglas married the beautiful Addie Cutts, the niece of Dolly Madison. She accompanied her husband in the memorable tours of debate. In the agonizing approach of death, Mrs. Douglas leaned over her husband and asked "Dearest, have you any message for the boys, Roby and Stevy."<sup>1</sup> To which the dying statesman replied "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."<sup>2</sup> In after years she told of Mr. Lincoln's companionship while travelling, and of her respect and regard.

General Edward Dickinson Baker, very prominent politically, at the outbreak of the war quickly went to the field. In Springfield, Mr. Lincoln and he were intimate friends. General Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861. The funeral services were held the 24th. The President and Mrs. Lincoln were attendants. During the delivery of the eulogies on General Baker at the Capitol, President Lincoln occupied a seat beside Vice President Hamlin. For a quarter of a century, at least, a President had not, at the Capitol, been seated with the presiding officer.

*National Republican*, November 4, 1861.

"Little Willie Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, has sent us the following verses, which are quite creditable, as a first effort for one so young. We insert them with pleasure, and hope that Willie's desire, as expressed in

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<sup>1</sup> Robert M. and Stephen A. Douglas.

<sup>2</sup> Quotation from the eloquent sermon of Rev. John C. Smith, Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church—*Daily National Republican*, June 10, 1861. Rose Adele Cutts subsequently married General Robert Williams.

the last verse, will meet with a ready response by the whole country. It should not be forgotten that the rebels gave Mrs. Jackson<sup>1</sup> *one hundred thousand dollars*; Charleston alone giving twenty thousand."

"Washington, D. C., October 30, 1861.

"Dear Sir: I enclose you my first attempt at poetry.

"Yours truly,

William W. Lincoln.

"The Editor of the National Republican."

### *Lines*

On the death of Colonel Edward Baker.

There was no patriot like Baker,  
So noble and so true:  
He fell as a soldier on the field,  
His face to the sky of blue.

His voice is silent in the hall.  
Which oft his presence grac'd  
No more he'll hear the loud acclaim,  
Which rang from place to place.

No squeamish notions filled his breast,  
*The Union* was his theme,  
*"No surrender and no compromise,"*  
His day thought and nights' dream.

His country has *her* part to play,  
To'rds those he left behind,  
His widow and his children all,—  
She must always keep in mind.

Young Lincoln at the time of the poetic offering was eleven years of age. He was of genial nature and gentle manners. He was wondrously precocious. And "so systematic was he, that he was accustomed of his own accord, of a morning, to arrange a programme of his

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<sup>1</sup> The widow of the Jackson who shot Ellsworth.



duties for the day giving each its appropriate time, and manifesting much thoughtfulness and originality in their assignment.”<sup>1</sup>

Willie Lincoln died February 20, 1862. An announcement was made to the Senate and House of Representatives by the Cabinet, each Secretary signing, with the recommendation that the public and private illumination of the 22nd be omitted.

Nathaniel Parker Willis in the *Home Journal*:

“This little fellow had his acquaintances among his father’s friends and I chanced to be one of them. He never failed to seek me out in the crowd, shake hands and make some pleasant remark: and this, in a boy of about ten years of age, was to say the least, endearing to a stranger. But he had more than mere affectionateness. His self possession—aplomb, as the French call it—was extraordinary. I was one day passing the White House, when he was outside with a playfellow on the sidewalk. Mr. Seward drove in, with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite in the carriage; and in a mock heroic way—terms of amusing intimacy evidently existing between the boy and the Secretary—the official gentleman took off his hat, and the Napoleon party did the same, all making the young prince President a ceremonious salute. Not a bit staggered with the homage Willie drew himself up to his full height, took off his little cap with graceful self-possession, and bowed down formally to the ground, like a little ambassador. They drove past, and he went on unconcerned with his play; the impromptu readiness and good judgment being clearly a part of his nature. His genial and open expression of countenance was none the less ingenuous and fearless for a certain tincture of fun; and it was in this mingling of qualities that he so faithfully resembled his father.”

Mr. Lincoln’s characteristic readiness in saying much in a few words and by some passing circumstance to catch

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<sup>1</sup> *Daily National Republican*, December 14, 1861.

the medium for a happy and witty remark, was exhibited in the patriotically local and national events—the flag raisings. At the raising of the Post Office flag, May 22, 1861:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: I had not thought to say a word, but it has occurred to me that a few weeks since, the Stars and Stripes hung rather languidly about the staff all over the nation. So, too was it with the raising of this flag. At first it hung rather languidly, but the glorious breeze soon came and caused it to float as it should and we hope that that same breeze is swelling the glorious ensign throught the whole nation.”

At the flag raising before the south front of the U. S. Treasury, the Fourth of July, 1861:

“The part assigned me is to raise the flag, which, if there be no fault in the machinery, I will do, and when up, it will be for the people to keep it up.”

Alva Johnston in *The New York Herald* writes that Theodore Roosevelt said to him that the Lincoln letter, which is quoted, is the greatest thing in the Morgan Collection of Manuscripts. The suggestion of the natural partiality of the recommender is quaint and short.

Executive Mansion.

“November 13, 1861.

“Hon. Secretary of War.

“My dear Sir:

“Please have the Adjutant-General ascertain whether 2nd. Lieut. . . . of Co. . . . infantry, is not entitled to promotion. His wife thinks he is. Please have this looked into.

“A. Lincoln”

When one cannot for himself earn glory, it is excusable in him that he point to the glories achieved by his kin.

“The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
Gay in the morning, as to the summer’s sport.”

John Home

When Mr. Lincoln read of the arrival of the Eleventh Massachusetts, of their preparedness in military tactics, in camp paraphernalia and in travelling facilities—preparedness even to press agents to acquaint the world of brave action and splendid success—he must have felt the elation of assured fortune in the impending impact.

*The Evening Star*, July 2, 1861.

"The Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment arrived here 12 M. to-day. They came from Boston, and on their arrival in New York were met with a handsome reception at the hands of the sons of the Old Bay State residing there.

"Speeches were made and the regiment dined in the city barracks. Previous to leaving Boston they were encamped at Camp Cameron. The regiment has been organized since April last, and is consequently in a good state of military preparedness, and well drilled. In this regiment there is quite a number of members of the press of Boston, including the Major George F. Tilton, who has long been an assistant editor of the *Boston Herald*. Colonel Clark was formerly commander of the Boston Light Guard, the best drilled corps in the city of Boston, and many of his line officers were formerly members of that company. They are armed with Springfield muskets. So far as their outfit is concerned, no regiment that has come hither has come better prepared for the campaign. They have the best camp equipage, twenty-five baggage wagons, and eighty horses, and in all details are so well provided that nothing is left to be provided by the general Government save ammunition and provisions."

The regiment numbered 950; and was accompanied by the celebrated Gilmore's band of Salem. It camped on Pennsylvania Avenue and was visited by President Lincoln.

When the Eleventh Massachusetts stacked arms, not so long after, along the murmurless waters that glide

around the peaceful village of Bladensburg (Md.) to rest from its away-movement from Bull Run, the Shakespeare-versed had chance to call to mind the sentiment from Mr. Lincoln's favorite tragedy, *Richard III.*,

"Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,"  
and to decide it did not apply.<sup>1</sup>

Ralph Waldo Emerson made a visit to Washington, January 31, February 1, 2, and 3, 1862. He called on the prominent and the President. The part in his journal relative to the President on this visit is: "The President impressed me more favourably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described, but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Days show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark, he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth and laughs."

The Lincoln administration period was the golden era

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<sup>1</sup> Col. George Clark, Junior, was the uncle of the writer. Another nephew, Appleton P. C. Griffin, of the Library of Congress, says that while the Colonel was drilling the regiment on the Boston Commons immediately preceding the departure for the front, he broke from his mother in the crowd of onlookers and took a stand beside him.

Col. Clark was high in military affairs in Massachusetts. He was the Captain of the Boston Light Guards and in command when it came to the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington Monument.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he was in poor health. Notwithstanding his labors in enlisting and equipping the first men who left and the raising and disciplining his own regiment added to his physical disability, he did not yield to the advice of friends that it would be injudicious to take the field.

The 11th Mass. was of the first six regiments to serve as U. S. Volunteers. Col. Clark was mustered in June 13, 1861, he resigned October 14th, the same year. After his resignation he instructed in military tactics officers who came from various parts of New England.



of American poetry. Masterpieces then were born of the most gifted poets, familiar to all anywise literary.

William Cullen Bryant:

"To him who in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her invisible forms, she speaks  
A various language."

John T. Trowbridge:

"We are two travelers, Roger and I,  
Roger's my dog.—'Come here you scamp!'"

Thomas Buchanan Read:

"Up from the South at break of day  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
\* \* \* \* \*

And Sheridan twenty miles away."

Julia Ward Howe:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord."

John Greenleaf Whittier:

"Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag,' she said."

And by a single poem is Ethel Lynn Beers entitled to ceaseless fame:

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then  
Will not count in the news of the battle;  
Not an officer lost—only one of the men.  
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

Early in the Civil War, less than three months from the fall of Fort Sumter appeared in the *Intelligencer*, July 3, 1861, under the head "Patriotic Poetry"—"Our

readers will readily understand that we are almost daily receiving poetical contributions, but for which we are unable to find room, and the number of which even forbids us to give them all a careful reading." The colleague newspapers welcomed contributions in verse.

Editorial, *Sunday Morning Chronicle*. May 25, 1863.

"The Literature of the War is one of the most interesting features of a great struggle. Apart from the newspapers, which have been the abstract and constant chronicles of the times, thousands of volunteer pens have taken part in the discussion of the questions involved. The lawyers have devoted themselves to the law of the case—the poets have sung their songs of victory, of sorrow, and of exhortation—the historians have taken notes and printed them—the romancers have written their stories—and the playwrights have wrought at their plays. In this wondrous rivalry of intellect, Woman has played a conspicuous part. Some of the finest productions have been the productions of ladies. Their talents have been most successfully exerted on the side of their country. If all that they have published could be collated for the press it would fill many volumes, and would startle the stronger heads and more experienced minds of the masculines. All this genius has been profitable to the country and to the laborers in the patriotic field. The country has realized great results from awakened public spirit, and the participants in this noble emulation have reaped rich rewards from their industry."

*The Chronicle*, *The National Republican*, and *The Star* were the channels for the floods of verse. Some of the contributaries were spasmodic, some were steady. A transient in the camp would contribute his single inspiration. He who served in a department had more attacks of inspiration and contributed more than once. The poets of the stern and the gentle sex were in equal numerical strength. The poems collected in volumes would require much printers' ink and paper. It was the hope, or

rather the expectation, of the authors that their rhyming thought would in books pass along the generations. Contrariwise their thought rests in oblivion. Indeed of the versifiers, themselves, in some instances is no other identification than their names. Versifiers is not used disparagingly for in my opinion the talent ran high.

Of all, stands in my mind, foremost, Mary E. Nealy. An allusion in a poem indicates she hailed from Ohio. She was a correspondent and sat in the Congressional press gallery. John B. McCarthy, himself a reporter, recalls her distinctly. From the very many and very beautiful poems to make a selection is embarrassing.

#### CAMP FIRES

"Afar on a distant hillside  
I see a thousand lights;  
They flicker and dance like fireflies  
In the sobbing, rainy nights.  
They seem in the gloomy distance,  
Like living breathing things;  
Like beautiful, flaming angels  
That would fly, if they had wings."

Francis de Haes Janvier was a cultured man and in the government service. His productions have had in part book preservation. He wrote "God Save Our President." To music set by George Felix Benkert, played by the Marine Band it was part of the ceremonial immediately at the conclusion of Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural address.

"All hail! unfurl the stripes and stars!  
The banner of the free!  
Ten times ten thousand patriots greet  
The shrine of liberty!  
Come with one heart, one hope, one aim,  
An undivided band,  
To elevate, with solemn rites,  
The ruler of our land!"

Under the pseudonym, "Howard Glyndon," Laura Catherine Redden wrote poetry and prose, fact and fiction. She was a writer of news for papers and periodicals. She changed her name to Searing, with Mrs. before it. She intended to publish "Poems of the Rebellion;" perhaps she did.

George G. W. Morgan appears also frequently and always with editorial praise. His "Old Oscar and His Boys", in which the father imparts diverse wisdom, is commended "as among the finest productions of the age; it will be a household favorite and referred to long after the author shall have gone to render an account of the talents entrusted to him." Of Mr. Morgan, who was employed in a government department located on the border of Eastern Branch of the Potomac, I cannot find a trace.

Of the poets of frequent appearance were H. Clay Preuss and William Marsh. Infrequent poets are William Henry Donoho, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, Thomas Fitman, John A. Fowle, Benjamin B. French, William M'Nair, Rev. John Pierpont, Ben: Perley Poore, Dr. William L. Shoemaker, Edmund C. Stedman, George Alfred Townsend, Henry R. Tracy, Harry E. Woodbury,<sup>1</sup> Richard Wright, and Mrs. Alfred Hunter.

The remarkable poem in which blends humor and pathos "I Fights Mit Sigel." was written by Grant P. Robinson,<sup>2</sup> September 26, 1862.

For the *National Republican*.

"I Fights Mit Sigel."

I met him again, he was trudging along,  
His knapsack with chickens was swelling,

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<sup>1</sup> Assistant Editor, *National Republican*.

<sup>2</sup> *The New York Times*, January 11, 1925.



He'd "Blenkered" these dainties, and thought it no  
wrong,

From some absent secessionist's dwelling.  
"What regiment's yours, and under whose flag  
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder.  
Turning slowly around, he smilingly said,  
For the thought made him stronger and bolder:  
"I fights mit Sigel."

The next time I saw him, his knapsack was gone,  
His cap and his canteen were missing;  
Shell, shrapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle ball,  
Around him and o'er him were hissing.  
"How are you my friend, and where have you been,  
And for what and for whom are you fighting?"  
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun  
Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting."  
"I fights mit Sigel."

And once more I saw him, and knelt by his side,  
His life blood was rapidly flowing;  
I whispered of home, wife, children, and friends—  
The 'wee one, the father, or mother!

"Yaw! Yaw!" said he, "tell them, oh! tell them, I  
fights—"  
Poor fellow, he thought of no other—  
"I fights mit Sigel."

We scooped out a grave, and he dreamlessly sleeps  
On the bank of the Shenandoah river,  
His home or his kindred alike are unknown,  
His reward in the hands of the Giver.  
We placed a rough board at the head of his grave,  
"And left him alone in his glory;"  
But on it we marked, ere we turned from the spot,  
The little we know of his story—  
"I fights mit Sigel."

G. P. R.

(In Camp) Pontoon Corps,  
Georgetown, September 22, 1862.

"Blenkered" a term quite common just now, in the army, for anything stolen. It came into use soon after General Blenker's division passed down the Shenandoah Valley.<sup>1</sup>

Appeared in the *National Republican*, Jan. 24, 1864, subscribed "John Hay, Executive Mansion, Washington," the poem:

"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME"

"There's a happy time coming  
       When the boys come home  
 There's a glorious day coming  
       When the boys come home.  
 We will end the dreadful story  
       Of this treason dark and gory  
 In a sunburst of glory  
       When the boys come home.

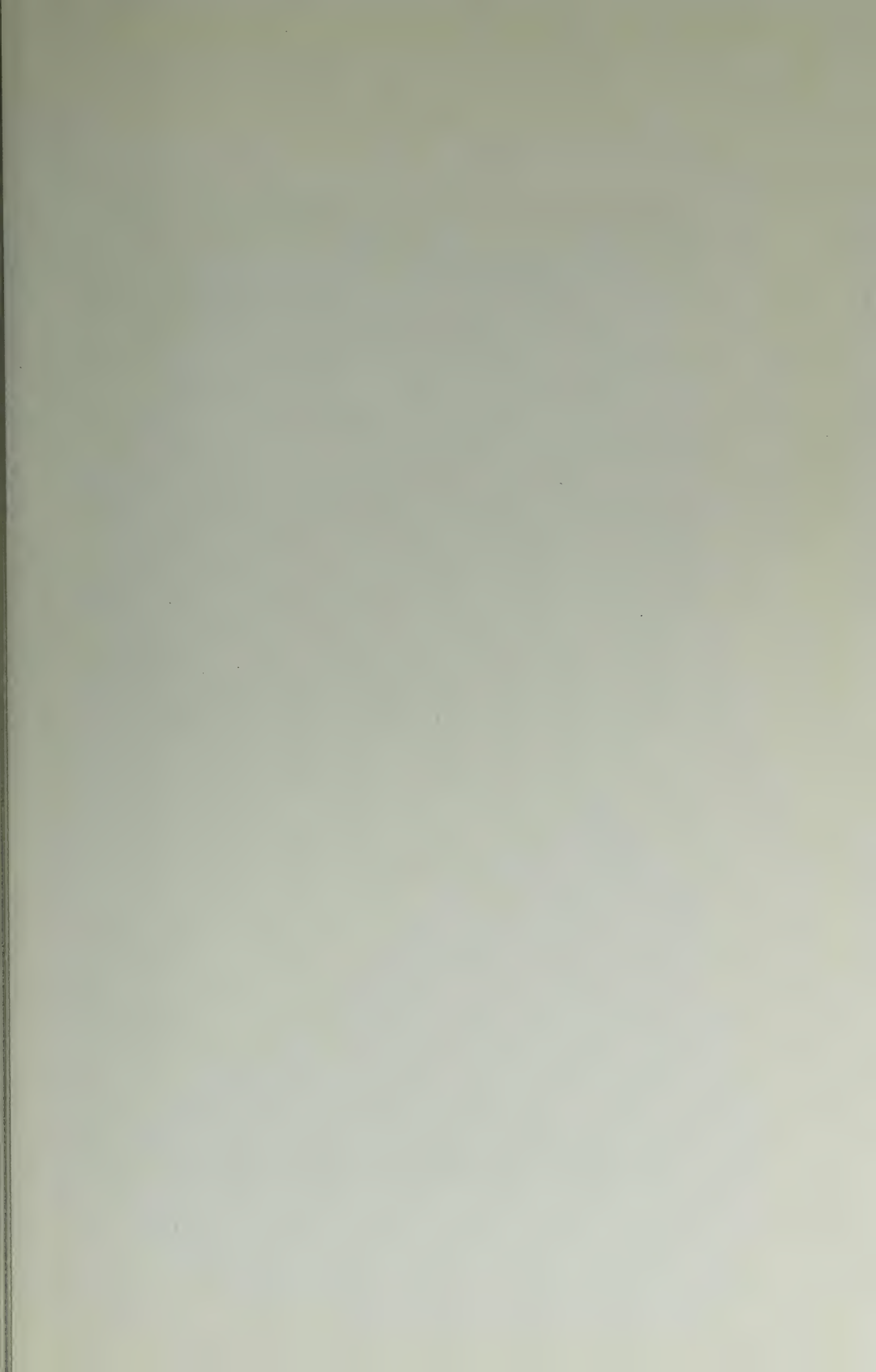
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"Their bayonets may be rusty  
       When the boys come home.  
 And their uniforms dusty  
       When the boys come home.  
 But all shall see the traces  
       Of battle's royal graces  
 In the brown and bearded faces  
       When the boys come home.

"Our love shall go to meet them  
       When the boys come home  
 To bless them and to greet them  
       When the boys come home.  
 And the fame of their endeavor  
       Time and change shall not dis sever  
 From the nation's heart forever  
       When the boys come home."

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<sup>1</sup> General Louis Blenker. He was Colonel of the 8th N. Y. Regiment. He had command of the German Division of the Army of the Potomac. He was stationed at all times not far from the City of Washington. He was relieved of command in 1862; mustered out March, 1863. His death in the *Intelligencer* is mentioned, November 5, 1863.





SUMMER RESIDENCE—SOLDIERS' HOME



The first summer and all the summers the President lived at the Soldiers' Home.

A California lady says that with the President in a carriage passing through the tree-arcaded approach to the mansion another lady caught a bit of green from an intruding branch. The lady who caught it claimed it to be cedar; another lady claimed it to be spruce. Said Mr. Lincoln:

"Let me discourse on a theme I understand. I know all about trees in right of being a backwoodsman. I'll show you the difference between spruce, pine and cedar, and this shred of green which is neither one nor the other, but a kind of illegitimate cypress."

I cannot improve by paraphrasing and I will quote exactly from Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days*, August 12, 1863.

"I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live<sup>1</sup> where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location some three miles north of the city, the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning about 8½ coming in to business, riding on Vermont Avenue, near L Street. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn and held upright over their shoulders. They say this guard was against his personal wishes, but he let his counselors have their way. The party makes no great show in uniforms or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c. as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the one they must wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements

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<sup>1</sup> *San Francisco Bulletin*.

<sup>2</sup> 1407 K Street N.W.

clank, and the entirely unornamental cortège as it trots toward Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly ABRAHAM LINCOLN's dark brown face, with deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep, latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. Sometimes the President goes and comes in a barouche. The cavalry always accompany him, with drawn sabres. Often I notice as he goes out evenings—and sometimes in the morning, when he returns early—he turns off and halts at the large and handsome residence of the Secretary of War, on K Street,<sup>1</sup> and holds conference there. If in his barouche, I can see from my window he does not alight, but sits in the vehicle, and Mr. Stanton comes out to attend him. Sometimes one of his sons, a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony. In the summer I occasionally saw the President and his wife, toward the latter part of the afternoons, out in a barouche, on a pleasure ride through the city. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in complete black, with a long crape veil. The equipage is of the plainest kind, only two horses, and they nothing extra. They passed me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happened to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled but far beneath his smile, I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle or indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

When in front of Secretary Stanton's, Mr. Lincoln now and then saw a large crowd—and enthusiastic—arranged in a circle in Franklin Square. Great shouts rended the air. Mr. Lincoln knew the all but daily occurrence was not a raising on a mighty staff the national

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<sup>1</sup> 1325 K Street N.W.



MR. STANTON'S WASHINGTON HOME, 1861-1869  
THE HOUSE WHERE HE DIED





colors. The shouts came when a brilliant play was made or a clout over a fielder's head in the national game. Very likely he was close to the "amusing and exciting scene" in June, 1862, when the Jefferson<sup>1</sup> and the Monitor Base Ball Clubs contended with the close and exceedingly small score of 44 to 43.

Laurance Mangan at the time this is being written, August, 1924, is living in the city of Washington. His likeness in the reported interview proves his intellectual integrity. Mr. Lincoln's coachman was Mr. Mangan's brother and the brother being ill for a week and for that week he substituted.

"President Lincoln was a grand man. Quiet and gentle in every respect, he was always thoughtful of those who served him, and although I was but a youngster in those days and not very long over from Ireland, Mr. Lincoln treated me with the same consideration he always bestowed on his regular men.

"President Lincoln was spending the summer at what is now the Soldiers' Home grounds, occupying the house of the governor of the Home as was then the custom, and it was there I reported to him. I drove him down to the offices that first morning and that evening when we returned the President asked me to have the horses around again after supper, as he wanted to go out and look at the stars through that big new telescope they had installed at the naval observatory. I drove him out there that night and was also permitted to look through the telescope.

"The trip to the observatory was about the only long one on which I drove the President. It sounds funny, I know, to talk about that as a long trip this day and time but it was a fairly long distance in those days.

"Mr. Lincoln was very regular about his habits. He called for his carriage every morning about the same

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<sup>1</sup> Jefferson Club organized May, 1859; the National and the Potomac a little over a year prior to April 27, 1862.

hour, and while I was with him at least, he left for his home every night about the same time. He was greatly interested in his children and they used to come to meet him and ride up to the house with him."

Mr. Lincoln was accessible to all within the limits of the reasonable. However, he had not been the President full three months when he announced that positively he would see no one before nine o'clock in the morning. The announcement suggests the mental query how soon after the dawn the tormenting visitors began to ascend the White House steps. The demands upon Mr. Lincoln by place seekers, advice givers and all other sorts of nuisances broke down at time his patience although Job-like. The *Intelligencer*, June 15, 1863, has "It is one of the tribulations which must greatly add to the fatigues of office at this juncture, that our amiable President has to give so much of his time and attention to persons who apparently having no business of their own, expend a large degree of their surplus energy in benevolently minding the business of the President."

At a distracted time, Mr. Lincoln was called upon while at his country residence by an officer with a request; the officer received instead of the grant thereof a severe reprimand. Next the President came to the Colonel, and with tears in his eyes, to him said:

"I treated you brutally last night, I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, badgered to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild-cat by Saturday night, drained dry of the milk of human kindness. I must have seemed to you the very gorilla, the rebels paint me. I was sorry for it when you were gone. I could not sleep a moment last night, so I thought I'd drive into town in the cool of the morning and make it all right."

The incident indicates the simplicity of Lincoln's

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<sup>1</sup> *The Washington Post*, August 3, 1924.

character, the strength, too. To do what seems weakness in the eyes of the world is to be strong.

Mr. Lincoln from democratic inclination, or the habit of doing for himself and not having others do for him, or the anxiety to know at once, did the calling. He called on General McClellan at his headquarters<sup>1</sup> and was informed that the young and popular officer was at luncheon. Mr. Lincoln did not tarry. The young General was not to be disturbed when engaged in anything important. The President knew that for it was in the newspaper that when the citizens came to serenade General McClellan and the gentlemen with him impromptu that he respond by at least showing himself at the window, he replied "I have my duty to do and cannot lose time to acknowledge this compliment, if all the bands and all the people in Washington are in the street."<sup>2</sup>

I was a newsboy and my route covered nearly all the hospitals and all in the northwest between North Capitol and Seventh Streets. Douglas Hospital was in the Minnesota Row on I street. It was specially a surgeon's hospital. I forget not the ghastly sights.

Preceding Christmas 1862, was given the "Military Hospital Federal Notice.—The hospitals which have not been duly notified, can obtain their ample quota of Christmas provisions intended for them by Mrs. Lincoln, by the presentation of a certificate of the superintendent of each hospital at the Executive mansion on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, December 23rd and 24th."

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln visited many of the hospitals, "Mr. Lincoln's manner was full of the geniality and kind-

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<sup>1</sup> N.E. corner of Pennsylvania Ave. and Madison Place. Private Quarters. 1607 H St. W. B. Bryan, *A History of the National Capital*.

<sup>2</sup> Friday night, August 30, 1861, *Daily National Republican*.

ness of his nature. Wherever he saw a soldier who looked sad and 'down-hearted,' he would take him by the hand and speak words of encouragement and hope. The poor fellows' faces would lighten up with pleasure when he addressed them, and he scattered blessings and improved cheerfulness wherever he went."

#### *Douglas Hospital*

To give dates and other dry stuff kills interest; notwithstanding I shall give the statistics of Mrs. Lincoln's donations to this hospital: "9 turkeys, 20 chickens, 1 bushel of green apples, 15 pounds of butter, and one peck of cranberries."

#### *Judiciary Square Hospital*

The President and Mrs. Lincoln appeared in the dining hall at half past three. They shook hands with the well and he "walked around the tables, and had a pleasant word for each of the patients."

#### *Thirteenth Street Baptist Church Hospital*

The dinner was furnished by Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Smith, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior. In the account is "It is unnecessary for us to say more as regards the dinner, knowing, as every citizen of Washington does, the abundance of fine poultry, and rich delicacies which have been for many months dispensed by these distinguished ladies to our sick and wounded heroes."

The distribution of premiums for the First District of the Public Schools was at the Smithsonian, July 24, 1862. While the exercises were in progress the President of the United States entered accompanied by Nathan Sargent.

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<sup>1</sup> *Daily Chronicle*, December, 1862.



As soon as the President was fairly on the platform was greeting loud and long. A boy proposed "Three cheers for Abraham Lincoln." The arches were almost jarred.

The Mayor, Richard Wallach, gracefully requested the President to continue the presentation. The medal scholar next in order was Joseph H. Plant. The President stepped forward, asked the boy his name, congratulated him and placed the prize upon him as the audience applauded. He repeated with each recipient. He let the Mayor do the honors for the girls. He did not hurry away and he heard, in repay, sung "Carrie Lee."

The day before the appearance of the emancipation proclamation Zenas C. Robbins and the Rev. Byron Sunderland visited the President with the purpose of strengthening him that he might not waver. Mr. Robbins was an early acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln. It was he, as the patent attorney, secured for Mr. Lincoln the patent for a boat that might pass shallow waters.

Said Dr. Sunderland. "We are full of faith and prayer that you will make clean sweep for the Right."

"Mr. Lincoln's face resolved into its half shrewd, half sad expression. He took a chair, and leaning toward the clergyman said:

"Doctor, it's very hard sometimes to know what is right! You pray often and honestly, but so do those across the lines. They pray and all their preachers pray honestly. You and I don't think them justified in praying for their objects, but they pray earnestly, no doubt! If you and I had our own way, Doctor, we will settle this war without bloodshed, but Providence permits blood to be shed. It's hard to tell what Providence wants of us. Sometimes, we, ourselves, are more humane than the Divine Mercy seems to us to be."

The procession of the Sons of Temperance on the Twenty-first Anniversary halted at the Executive Man-

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<sup>1</sup> Geo. Alfred Townsend. *Washington Outside and Inside*.

sion. In the newspapers of the present by communications is a controversy whether Mr. Lincoln favored prohibition or did not; and in support of the affirmative is a large published volume. From the impromptu remarks of Mr. Lincoln the disputants may arrive at his attitude, however, it will require violent exercise of their mentality.

"As a matter of course, it will not be possible for me to make a response co-extensive with the address which you have presented to me. If I were better known than I am, you would not need to be told that in the advocacy of the cause of temperance you have a friend and sympathizer in me. (Applause) When I was a young man, long ago, before the Sons of Temperance, as an organization, had an existence, I, in a humble way, made temperance speeches, (Applause) and I think may say that to this day, I have never, by my example, belied what I then said. (Loud Applause)

"In regard to the suggestion which you make for the purpose of the advancement of the cause of temperance in the army, I cannot make particular responses to them at this time. To prevent intemperance in the army is even a part of the Articles of War. It is a part of the law of the land—and was so, I presume long ago—to dismiss officers for drunkenness. I am not sure that, consistently with public service, more can be done than has been done. All, therefore, that I can promise you is, (if you will be pleased to furnish me with a copy of your address,) to have it considered whether it contains any suggestions which will improve the cause of temperance and repress the cause of drunkenness in the army any better than it is already done. I can promise no more than that.

"I think that the reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of all evils, amongst mankind. That is not a matter of dispute, I believe. That the disease exists, and that it is a very great one, is agreed upon by all.

"The mode of cure is one about which there may be differences of opinion. You have suggested that in an army—our army—drunkenness is a great evil, and one which, while it exists to a very great extent, we cannot expect to overcome so entirely as to leave such successes in our aims as we might have without it. This, undoubtedly, is true, and while it is, perhaps, rather a bad source to derive comfort from, nevertheless, in a hard struggle, I do not know but what it is some consolation to be aware that there is some intemperance on the other side, too. (Laughter and Applause)

"And that they have no right to beat us in a physical combat on that ground. (Applause) But I have already said more than I expected to be able to say when I began, and if you please to hand me a copy of your address it shall be considered. I thank you very heartily, gentlemen, for this call, and for bringing with you these very many pretty ladies."

As a conclusion to the temperance affair, to the gratification of the President, E. W. Dunbar, the author of the music, sang the poem, published anonymously, written by James Sloane Gibbons.

"THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE"

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred  
thousand more,  
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New  
England's shore  
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and  
children dear,  
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent  
tear;  
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before,  
We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred  
thousand more!

\* \* \* \*

"Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone  
before;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"<sup>1</sup>

In the *Evening Star*, October 26, 1863, is the report of the President's visit to the U. S. Government Printing Office.

The work on the machines was suspended. Miss Ella Lashhorn advanced with two handsome bouquets. She presented them with the sentiments:

"Mr. President: Permit me, on behalf of my associates, to present to you these flowers.

"May the blessings of heaven attend you, sir, and richly reward your efforts for the restoration of unity and peace in our beloved land."

The President accepted the flowers; expressed his thanks, and wished the fair donor might get a good husband.

Charles S. Lashhorn, a plate printer, informs me that Miss Ella Lashhorn was his aunt. She married Brook Edmonston. A daughter, Algenia Spanier, Turtle Creek, Pa., and a son survive. It can be added from good report that the fair donor did get a good husband.

William H. Tisdale was the orderly of President Lincoln from September, 1862 to October, 1864. His reminiscences appeared in the *Sunday Star* of recent date. By one incident is proven Mr. Lincoln's friendliness towards the Southern people. That his support of the war was for the furtherance of principle and that alone. Mr. Lincoln joined his children on the south grounds of the White House. He took a garden seat to watch them. He watched with a pleasant expression. As a regiment passed its band struck up "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree!" Mr. Lincoln's head dropped into his hands. The orderly thought him stricken with illness.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star*, September, 25, 1863.



He was plunged in grief. He arose and with emotion said:

"It's wrong to play such things. We must win this war, but we want to be their friends, and we want the south to be our friend."

The files have not been consulted to get the exact phrasing in the customary stilted style of diplomatic correspondence on the part of the King of Siam offering to present the President of the United States with a few brood elephants and on the part of the President respectfully declining—for the reason unexpressed in the correspondence but expressed in the newspaper—"having a very large elephant, on hand just now, which occupies all his attention, and which the assembled wisdom of the nation don't know what to do with!"

The President by message to Congress, February 26, 1862, transmitted the copy of two letters, dated February 14, 1861, from his Majesty the Major King of Siam and the President's reply thereto with the request that be considered, a proper place of deposit of the gifts received with the royal letters referred to. The message went to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

It must be accepted that the Federals and Confederates were equally sanguine in the justice of their respective causes. The humane Lincoln in his second inaugural address touches sympathetically on this. "Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other." Consistent and natural is the letter of a Confederate soldier to a Confederate newspaper: 'Our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is 'a bit of a wag,' or a very careless fellow, or 'an Abolition traitor' is now the subject of discussion with us. At the meet-

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<sup>1</sup> *Daily National Republican*, February 28, 1862.

ing on Fast Day he gave out Dr. Watts' hymn, commencing:

'And are we wretches yet alive,  
And do we yet rebel,  
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace  
That we are out of hell.' ”<sup>1</sup>

Howell Cobb with Mr. Lincoln were members of the same Congress. Mr. Cobb, the spokesman for the Southern delegation, with Mr. Lincoln, the new light from the West, were diametrically opposed on slavery. Mr. Cobb distinguished himself as a Statesman, Gen. Cobb, the sketch writer says, did not distinguish himself in the field; which I take to signify, he relied on others' bravery. Mr. Lincoln surely smiled at the reportorial comment on Gen. Cobb's exhortation:

Howell Cobb at Macon, Ga:

“There is but one enemy that I fear, and that is a lurking in the hearts of some men not to do their duty. The farther removed from danger the more timid some men become. Go to our army and you see no timidity there. The sight of ten thousand banners causes no alarm but rather excites courage. But go back into the interior, and you see men who are guarding their property and their gold, and there you find cowardice.

“Should all other means fail to win our independence—should the men refuse to fight longer our battles—I will, as a last resort, assemble the women of our land and march them forth for duty in the field.”

\*(Comment) We have a fancy that the Southern women, except the very ugly ones, would soon be vanquished and yield to the invincible arms of our Yankee soldiers.”<sup>2</sup>

In running through the newspapers I have found instances of Samaritan service, really affecting, by the enemies on the field, but friends at heart when off.

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Chronicle*, October 20, 1863.

<sup>2</sup> *Weekly National Republican*, March 4, 1864.

When the armies rested on their arms not infrequently was fraternizing. A Confederate soldier, (John F. Donohoe)<sup>1</sup> before Fredericksburg told me of exchanges of tobacco for hardtack with the Unions. Bermuda Hundred is a short distance south of Richmond and on or near the James River.

"On Picket Near Bermuda Hundred  
July 14, 1864.

"Well Brother Yank I suppose you have had your Whiskey this morning. We Rebs can't get any our officers drink all, here is two plugs of Tobacco I hope some Gentlemen among you will be so kind as to throw over as an exchange for them two Pocket knives small ones worth as you may think, this Tobacco will sell for \$150c in our camp. You have the Tobacco you can do as you wish to be done by which will satisfy me as one who wishes you all well and hope we will meet the next time under more favorable Circumstances.

"Yours very respectfully

"Reb to Friend Yank,

"Wishing we may have a speedy peace.

"Direct to *Reb 57 Va. Infantry.*"

During Mr. Lincoln's administration and previous administrations Edward McManus was the doorkeeper of the Executive Mansion. He was a small sized man always seen in a black suit. He wore a cheering smile and had a pleasant word for all who appeared at the portal. He was a shrewd Irishman with a remarkable memory and insight into character and could "tell from a look the business and hopes of almost all callers." He was the President's buffer. He had the key to the President's audience and yet he turned it sometimes when he should not.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Of the City of Washington, D. C.

<sup>2</sup> From a series of like letters in the *Weekly National Republican*, August 3, 1864.

<sup>3</sup> *Daily Morning Chronicle*, November 15, 1862.

Office-seekers were the President's abhorrence. They could not but irritate him when his attention was due to urgent affairs and his soul was wrought up with anxiety. To avert a refusal of an office seeker, Mr. Lincoln resorted to stalling by story telling until an interruption should terminate the interview. Mr. Lincoln began; "Do you know I heard a good thing yesterday about the difference between an Amsterdam Dutchman and any other 'dam' Dutchman." And he continued until Secretary Seward came and insisted a private conference was imperative. Mr. Lincoln to the Office Seeker inquired "Mr. . . . can you call again?" And Mr. Office Seeker on the outside exclaimed "Bother his impudence, I say, to keep me listening to his jokes for two hours, and then ask me to call again!"<sup>1</sup>

*National Republican*, September 9, 1861:

"Private Wm. Scott, of company K, third volunteers, found guilty of sleeping on his post, has been sentenced to be shot. Gen. McClellan having confirmed the sentence, its execution will take place to-day.

P.S.—

*Reported*—At a late hour last night, we were informed by Major Ridenour, that he had just presented a petition to the President, numerously signed, praying for the pardon of the unfortunate young soldier above mentioned, and that the President informed him the execution would not take place to-day."

The *National Republican*, editorially, in a smooth way, censured the President, September 10, 1861.

"The pardon of President Lincoln, of the young soldier, who was to have been slain today, for sleeping upon his post, while performing the duty of sentinel

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<sup>1</sup> Ben: Perley Poore's *Reminiscences*.



is received with great favor by the citizens and soldiers. We are opposed to capital punishment, but if there is any offense for which a man should be put to death, we think young Scott committed it. A sentinel is placed upon his post to *watch* the enemy, and to sound the alarm upon the slightest approach of danger—he guards the sleeping hosts from all harm, and his vigilance may save a whole army, and the cause he serves, from destruction. Scott slept upon his post almost in view of the enemy, but as they happened to be unconscious of his want of fidelity, no disaster followed except to himself. This is the first offense of the kind, since the beginning of the rebellion and the President has very properly saved the life of the offender, but we hope he will save no more. The sentinel who, hereafter, sleeps upon his post, will have no excuse—he will deserve death, and we hope he will get his deserts.”

“Sweet mercy is nobility’s true badge.”

Shakespeare.

The reprieve by the President was an act of mercy, well advised. It did not result in dereliction of duty by others. If of any influence at all it was to create greater loyalty in recognition of so merciful a ruler. The kindness was not misplaced. The sentinel farther on in other military service proved his worth and paid the highest price of heroism. The episode is historic. It has been made a scene of pathetic thrill in the picture drama.

Mr. Lincoln had not long been the Nation’s Executive when he cooperated with the officers, legislature, court and citizens of the Nation’s City in a commission of clemency. John H. Murphy had been sentenced to imprisonment for manslaughter. The unconditional pardon was upon the recommendation of the jurors who convicted and the earnest solicitation of eighteen members of the City Councils, the Collector and the Register and one thousand citizens.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *National Republican*, October 1 and 2, 1861.

The whimsical would trespass on the serious with Mr. Lincoln. An Irishman, popular with his regiment, who had misbehaved grievously, was sentenced accordingly. A petition for clemency was forwarded to the President. Action thereon was delayed by routine and the minute for the execution was about come when the messenger rushed in with the telegram:

Washington, . . . . ., 186..

"Colonel Mulligan—If you haven't shot Barney D. . . yet—don't.

"A. Lincoln."

That in pleasantry can be deep seriousness was not fairly comprehended, at least, by one Quakeress. Two Quakeresses were discussing the result of the war and with this dialogue.

First: "I think that Jefferson will succeed."

Second "Why does thee think so?"

First: "Because Jefferson is a praying man."

Second: "And so is Abraham a praying man."

First: "Yes; but the Lord will think he is joking."

The Rev. Henry Fowler of Auburn, N. Y. minutely dissected Mr. Lincoln's traits and talents. Two items of this dissection are: "His grammar is self taught and partly forgotten, his style miscellaneous." For myself I am very proud to be like the great Lincoln in any particular. I am told my grammar is weird and solicitous friends have from kindness of heart volunteered to correct it and do it so thoroughly I cannot recognize my own composition. And I do not have to be told if I have any style at all it is mixed, that is, "miscellaneous".<sup>1</sup>

The Rev. Mr. Fowler was not the first to detect Mr. Lincoln's faulty grammar. Ex-President Tyler to Doctor

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<sup>1</sup> *Daily Chronicle*, December 23, 1863.



Four score and seven years ago our fathers  
brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, con-  
ceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition  
that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testi-  
fying whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived,  
and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met  
here on a great battlefield of that war. We ~~have~~<sup>have</sup>  
~~come~~<sup>come</sup> to dedicate a portion of it as <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ final rest-  
ing place <sup>for</sup> of those who here gave their lives that  
that nation might live. It is altogether fitting  
and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—  
we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this  
ground. The brave men, living and dead, who slug-  
gled here, have consecrated it far above our <sup>poor</sup> power  
to add or detract. The world will little note,  
nor long remember, what we say here, but  
can never forget what they did here. It is  
for us, the living, rather to be dedicated  
here to the unfinished <sup>work</sup>, which they have,  
thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather



for us to be here dedicated to this great  
task remaining before<sup>us</sup>— that from these  
honored dead we take increased devotion  
to ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> cause for which they here gave ~~gone~~  
the last full measure of devotion— that  
we here highly resolve that these dead  
shall not have died in vain; that this  
nation shall have a new birth of freedom;  
and that this government of the people, by  
the people, for the people, shall not perish  
from the earth.



Francis Lieber complained of Mr. Lincoln's grammar in the first inaugural address. The Doctor replied to the ex-President to the purport that secession is the issue and not grammar.<sup>1</sup>

The Gettysburg address was delivered November 19, 1863. It was polished into perfection. In the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress are two drafts and the completed. It is thought that an original draft is missing. The oration of Mr. Everett was followed by a rendition of the Baltimore Union Glee Club. Then a poem "inspired and written upon the battle field" by Benjamin B. French.

Second Verse

"Here let them rest—  
And summer's heat and winter's cold  
Shall glow and freeze above this mould—  
A thousand years shall pass away—  
A Nation still shall mourn this clay."

Marshal Lamon introduced the President. His address with indication how it was received:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Applause). Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. (Applause) The world will little note nor long

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<sup>1</sup> Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*.

remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. (Applause)

"It is for us, the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. (Applause) It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain. (Applause) That the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Long continued applause)"

The address here reported is that taken stenographically by Ben: Perley Poore. It was spoken from memory.

Ward H. Lamon in his reminiscences says that the address fell flat and that there was no voiced approval; there was no "applause" although so reported. That Mr. Everett, Mr. Seward and himself, immediately after the delivery of the address, among themselves, agreed it was a failure.

However, the journals throughout the States, at once, recognized and proclaimed the great merit.

I quote only the comment of the *Springfield Republican*: "Surpassingly fine as Mr. Everett's oration was in the Gettysburg consecration, the rhetorical honors of the occasion were won by President Lincoln. His little speech is a perfect gem; deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression, and tasteful and elegant in word and comma. Then it has the merit of unexpectedness in its verbal perfection and beauty.

"We had grown so accustomed to homely and imperfect phrases in his productions that we had come to think it was the law of his utterance. But this shows he can talk handsomely as well as act sensibly. Turn



back and read it over; it will repay study as a model speech. Strong feelings, and a large brain were its parents, a little painstaking its accoucher."

The anonymous author of *Dobb's Family in America* describes the avenue which almost daily was the way taken by the President—the avenue over which have passed for a century and a quarter of another the most triumphant parade and the most sad cortège. The work from which is the quotation was written the early part of the year, 1863 and by a correspondent of a London journal.

"Pennsylvania Avenue presents an unobstructed view from the Treasury building to the elevated site from which rises the imperial Capitol, with its lofty proportions outlined on the sky, grand and imposing. It is wider than Broadway of New York, and generally full of life and motion. In winter, when Congress is in session, it has its ebbs and flows like the main artery of Manhattan Island, the crowd tending downward until the after part of the day, and then returning. The Avenue begins to wear the marks of metropolitan life. There are soap-venders on the corners with patent soaps warranted to remove grease-spots the most tenacious, in an amazingly short space of time. The man with the artificial bugs, attached to elastic strings, swinging up and down in a fashion altogether inviting to the juvenile mind, seems to do a thriving business. The candy-men are present in goodly numbers, with their little stands, on which are displayed huge rocks of the variegated article, from which pieces are chipped off according to the demand. The *Lazaroni* seem to find themselves as much at home here in roasting their chestnuts, as if the operation were going on under an Italian sky. The men with the telescopes at so much a sight, and the proprietors of lung-testing machines, who ask you if you 'won't take a blow to see wot kind of a chist you've got,' have evidently become citizens of the place. The cosmopolitan organ-grinders are at the corners and up the bye-streets, play-

ing the old plaintive tunes as familiar to the inhabitants of the Old as the New World, peering down the areas in quest of the bounties of Bridget, a looking upward with that face which is always pensive, to the windows for the pennies which the little folk are wont to bestow. Prematurely sharp news-boys and boot-blacks are seen, and heard too, all along the Avenue, and it is worthy of remark that, although the majority of the boot-blacks are coloured boys, the white boys monopolize the selling of newspapers. Mounted guards are stationed at the street corners, who sit with drawn swords, motionless until some luckless wight attempts to ride faster than the regulation admits, when they make a Balaclava charge after the offender, and bring him up in a trice. Cars well filled with passengers pass at intervals of two or three minutes over the double track which extends from the Navy Yard to Georgetown, a distance of about six miles. \* \* \* The grand thoroughfare is well filled with vehicles of various kinds—government wagons, ambulances, private carriages with liveried coachmen and lackeys, but in greatest number hacks, driven chiefly by coloured men. The hack is in much request apparently, and a popular means of locomotion. The commerce and promenading seem to be confined pretty much to one side of the Avenue, the right in ascending, leaving the other side almost deserted. The buildings on the right are higher and more pretentious than on the left, where they are irregular in height and insignificant in appearance. There is the dark and bright side—sunshine, bustle, and pretty shops on the one, and shadow, dulness, and dinginess on the other. In the gala days of fine weather, the promenades are very numerous, considering the size of the city, and of every complexion, from the fairest blond to the sootiest black—a panorama of nationalities, where various countries have their representatives—blue-eyed, light-haired Saxons, swarthy, dreamy-eyed Creoles, vivacious, fine-featured sons of France and Italy; olive-tinted quadroons, and every shade of mulatto, ebony-black ‘Contrabands’, an occasional John Chinaman, and here and there a ‘lone’ Indian, who is making the customary visit to the capitol to persuade the Great Father not to

move him any farther back. The elegant costumes of fashionably attired ladies, the military uniforms of officers of the army, the showy gold-laced habits of the men of the sea, the fantastic rig of the Zouaves, and the general diversity of dress, imparts to the throng a mixture of extravagance and gaiety.”

The Appian Way of the Eternal City has for the American Capital its counterpart in the Pennsylvania Avenue. The Appian Way had its glory in architectural wonders which bordered it; the Pennsylvania Avenue its glory not on its borders but in its centre—the grand parades of civilians and soldiers.

The observations of a European journalist has been given; now is given that of an American journalist.

Benjamin F. Taylor, in Special Correspondence of the *Chicago Evening Journal*.

“Washington, June 16, 1864.

“Taking a street car you tinkle your way up from the depot and coast around the grounds of the Capitol, now rich with the leaves of June, and sweet with the breath of flowers and the song of birds; and unless the iron gates set hospitably wide shall tempt you in, you curve away into Pennsylvania Avenue, the grand artery of Washington.

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“The Avenue is a museum without a Barnum, every calling has its representative man. Pantaloon kick as you pass; hand-organs dolefully grind the day out; you can buy a satin slipper one minute, and a load of hay the next. Coffins stand up on end, empty and hungry, and petition you to get in and be composed; a transparency suggests that you be embalmed; a lantern persuades you to go to the ‘Varieties’. At the heels of a Secretary of a Department goes a shriveled itinerant with his loon-cry of ‘um-ber-ellas to mend!’ and little inky boot-blacks swarm at the crossings, and make

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\* The Dobbs Family in America.



a dive at your feet as you pass. Here a building delights in a classic portico; there a market-house with the architecture of an old rope-walk and a brood of rickety sheds in tow, is sneaking obliquely off the Avenue, as if to get out of sight.

"The sidewalks are edged with second-hand furniture; ice-cream vendors are camped beneath the trees; index fingers point out the whereabouts of the aspiring washer-woman and the perspiring cook; among pyramids of pine-apples, oranges, tomatoes through tangles of all colored humanity, from Congo to Christendom, meeting now the Beauty and now the Beast, you make your way. Oregon elbows Maine, and Great Britain and Brazil walk down the shady side in company.

"Such is a sketch at a gallop, of a scene or two on Pennsylvania avenue—a thoroughfare where at almost every step, Yesterday seems looking over the shoulder of Today, and Tomorrow peers smilingly between."

When Mr. Lincoln came to Washington to be President no street car ran and the dome of the Capitol was just begun. Early in his administration was a continental telegraph.

"Mayor's Office,  
Washington, Oct. 26, 1861.

"Hon. H. T. Teschmuer, Mayor of San Francisco,  
California:

"Washington receives with pleasure the gratulations of San Francisco and rejoices in the success of the enterprise connecting the Western and Eastern almost as much as she deprecates the attempt to sever the Southern portion of the Union.

"Richard Wallach.  
"Mayor of Washington."

At Cabin John's Bridge, December 5, 1863, the introduction of Potomac water was effected. Hon.

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<sup>1</sup> See also Walt Whitman. *Washington Street Scenes. Walking Down Pennsylvania Avenue.* April 7, 1864.



John P. Usher, the Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Wallach, the mayor, made addresses.

In July, 1862, the Washington and Georgetown Railroad had its line from the Capitol to Georgetown in running order to be soon crossed by the Seventh Street line from northern boundary to river.

The ceremony of crowning the Capitol with Crawford's colossal Statue of Freedom was on the noon of December 2, 1863.

*The National Republican*, January 20, 1864, reviews the improvements:

"The General Post Office has been finished; also the Patent Office, the Water Works have been completed; the extension of the wings of the Capitol have been continued and are fast approaching completion, at last, and the great Dome has risen gradually developing its magnificent proportions to a watchful and admiring people, until adorned by the beautifully designed Tholus, where the whole is surmounted by the colossal 'Statue of Freedom', which stands with its back to the rebellion and its face towards the loyal States, secured in its bright bronzed armor and lifting its flashing helmet to the sunlight! This gigantic and most difficult work of art (the dome) is completed—completed in the midst of the darkest hour of the nation's life. In order to accomplish the immense amount of difficult work so briefly alluded to, thousands of laborers have been constantly employed."

Having quoted Ralph Waldo Emerson from his journal, the entry of his visit to Washington early in 1862 and complimentary to Mr. Lincoln it is only square to quote the entry made the next year which offsets the compliment. Mr. Emerson likens Mr. Lincoln to a "clown"—may be because of coarse manners, or habitual jesting or circus stunts by sticking his head out of the car windows at the station. That the famous writer does

not mean "bad manners" there for he has that characterization separate. That Mr. Lincoln was not strong on dignity and hauteur notwithstanding he was the highest in station in all the land, can be accepted; the fact that he was simple and sympathetic and human is the capstone of his lovable character. It may be meant by the author that Mr. Lincoln was awkward and grotesque; that he was neither the reminiscence of Orderly Tisdale to be given proves. Mr. Lincoln in early life and all along is mentioned with special reference to his politeness—perhaps courtesy is the word—outward polish with inward prompting.

Emerson's Journal, 1863.

"You cannot refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon, or clear his judgment; he will not walk dignifiedly through the traditional part of the President of America, but will pop out his head at each railroad station and make a little speech, and get into an argument with Squire A. and Judge B. He will write letters to Horace Greeley, and any editor or reporter or saucy party committee that writes to him, and cheapen himself.

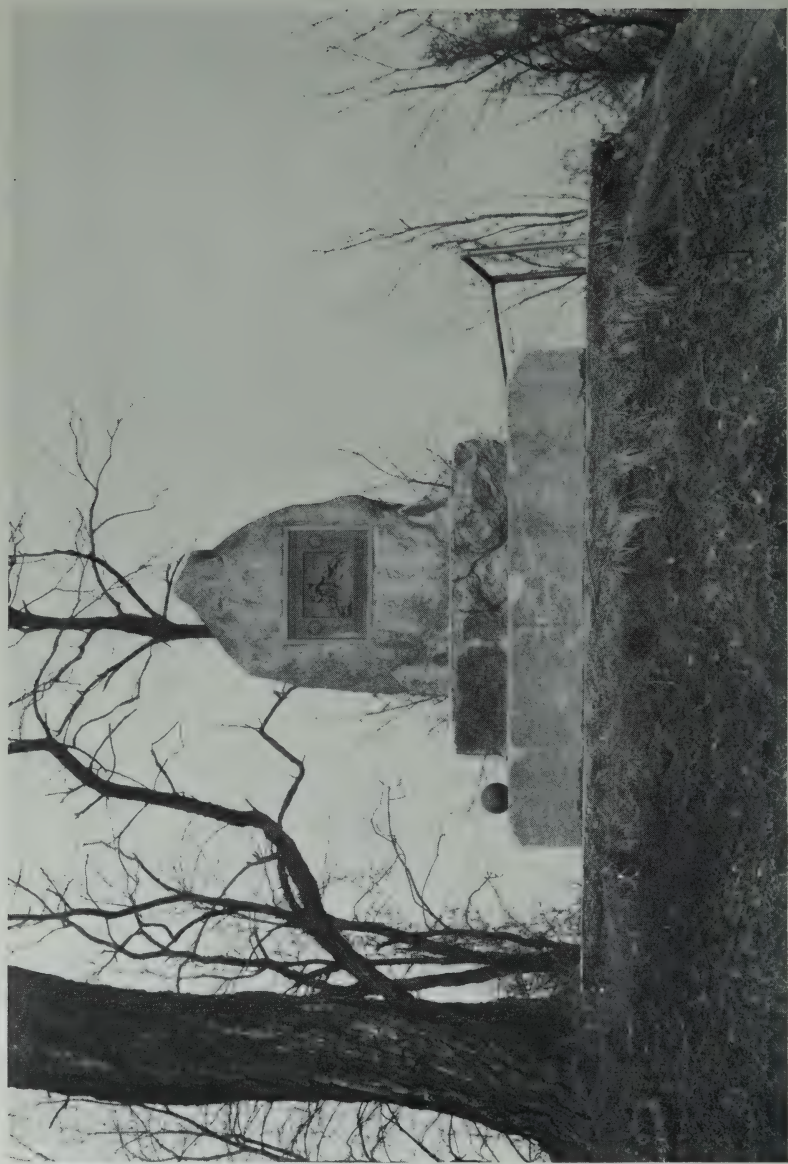
"But this we must be ready for, and let the clown appear, and hug ourselves that we are well off, if we have got good nature, honest meaning, and fidelity to public interest, with bad manners,—instead of an elegant *roue* and malignant self-seeker."

It was September 15, 1862 Orderly Tisdale was called to accompany the President to General Henry W. Halleck's residence on High Street in Georgetown. Mr. Tisdale says the messenger shook him and continues to relate:

"Please open yuh eyes, suh! Please wake up! The President says for you to saddle his hawse and youah own, and report at once by the big front dooh!

"It was a warm September night and he had on the





FORT STEVENS  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



Army slouch hat he often wore, although he has so frequently been pictured in a tall hat of the old-fashioned stovepipe kind that nowadays a good many people think he invariably wore such headgear.

"Strangely enough also, people seem to think he was awkward, ungainly, even clumsy. But he was not. And that night he swung up into the saddle with the ease and unconscious grace of a cavalryman.

"For a few moments I rode on behind Mr. Lincoln, as was proper; gazing at his tall form sitting so easily, so erect, and wondering whether any human being—even such a marvel of strength as he—could continue indefinitely to carry the terrible weight that was laid upon his shoulders.

"Here he was, perfectly calm after spending hours studying that stream of dispatches telling of the battle of Antietam. Yet so critical was the situation that he felt it necessary, late as it was, to hasten for a consultation with Halleck, general in command of all the armies of the United States."

That Mrs. Lincoln dressed in good taste and Mr. Lincoln was no discredit to any fashionable taste appears in the account of the President's Levee. The author of the account makes one of his party speak in the language of the beautiful France.

*"J'ai voulu vous dire tout simplement, que Madame Lincoln s'est bien habillé, selon mon goût, malgré ce que disent les gobe-mouches. Mais le mari voilà un homme endimanché."*

My attempt at translation into English is—I would like to tell plainly that Mrs. Lincoln was well dressed, according to my taste, in spite of what the simpletons say. But the husband—*there* is a man dressed up for Sunday.

The Confederates appeared on the northern outskirts

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<sup>1</sup> The Dobbs Family in America.

of the city, July 11, 1864. The encounter was more sanguinary than a skirmish as the markers in the nearby National Cemetery solemnly testify.

In a newspaper is an illustration, with the title, "Lincoln Under Rebel Fire", that has impressed the writer not in a serious way.<sup>1</sup> On the parapet of Fort Stevens stands the President unheeding the enemy's bursting shells and the efforts of a soldier who with both hands is tugging at his coat-tails. The illustrator has executed on paper General Wright's polite threat:

"Mr. President, you must really get down from this exposed position. I cannot allow you to remain here longer, and if you refuse I shall deem it my duty to have you removed under guard."

The President obeyed to the extent of taking a seat on an ammunition box from which he was constantly bobbing up to see what was going on.<sup>2</sup>

In a grove near the headquarters of General Early was found written on a fly-leaf:

"Near Washington, July 12, 1864.

"Now Uncle Abe, you had better be quiet the balance of your Administration, as we only came near your town this time just to show you what we could do; but if you go on in your mad career, we will come again soon, and then you had better stand from under.

"Yours respectfully, the worst rebel you ever saw.

"58th Virginia Infantry."

Mrs. Lincoln thought the Secretary of War had been lax in the Capital's protection. After the affair, a few weeks, and tranquility restored, Secretary Stanton visited Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at Soldier's Home and to the latter said:

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<sup>1</sup> *The Washington Post*, October 7, 1902.

<sup>2</sup> Maj. Gen. Horace G. Wright.





TOY SHOP  
1207 NEW YORK AVENUE



"Mrs. Lincoln, I intend to have a full length portrait of you painted, standing on the ramparts of Fort Stevens overlooking the fight."

Mrs. Lincoln, quickly added:

"That is very well and I can assure you of one thing, Mr. Secretary, if I had had a few *ladies* with me the rebels would not have been permitted to get away as they did."<sup>1</sup>

Joseph Stuntz was the proprietor of a fancy store and toy shop on New York avenue, present numbering, 1207. He died during the Civil War, and his widow, Appolonia, succeeded to the proprietorship. Mrs. Stuntz was tall and proportionately built. Her features were strong; and her expression was serious, or was when the writer saw her at the tax collector's office. Mr. Lincoln came to the modest emporium to buy toys for his son "Tad"—tin and wooden soldiers in bright colors with guns and the soldiers' captains with swords; and cannon and everything else to arrange in peaceful miniature in counterpart to the terrible things of savage war.

A soldier company of lads there was, the enrollment of which was forty strong. The boys were equipped with guns or imitation guns, and other imitation of military accoutrements or habiliments, or whatever the proper word may be; all carried guns, except the Captain; he carried a sword. The soldier company marched before the White House and were reviewed with due solemnity by the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. Of the soldiers was "Tad", the Commander-in-Chief's son. Master John Strider was the Captain and the brother of the Captain, Luke, was

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<sup>1</sup> Francis B. Carpenter—The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Thaddeus Lincoln.

privileged to march with the others, notwithstanding he was so much younger, because he was the Captain's brother!<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Lincoln sided with Tad in every boyish escapade. He took Tad with him when he went to the War Department to telegraph an important message. Tad wearied with waiting diverted himself with dipping his fingers in the inkwells and smearing the telegraphers' desk. An angered telegrapher picked up the boy and carried him to the Commander-in-Chief, who, was expected, when informed of the offence, to inflict the due punishment. Mr. Lincoln took the offender in his arms and said: "I don't think they are treating you right here, Tad; we had better go away." And with Tad in his arms, he walked away.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Lincoln's fondness for children, his appreciation of their ways, joys and sorrows and how to adapt himself to them is shown in the reminiscence of Henry J. Bradley, a newsboy at the time of the occurrence.

"I had the honor of knowing President Lincoln; was a playmate of Tad Lincoln, and once at the White House sat on the knee of the great war President, while Tad sat on the other, and listened to a short yarn. It took only about five minutes but the 'gold lace' had to wait until it was finished."<sup>3</sup>

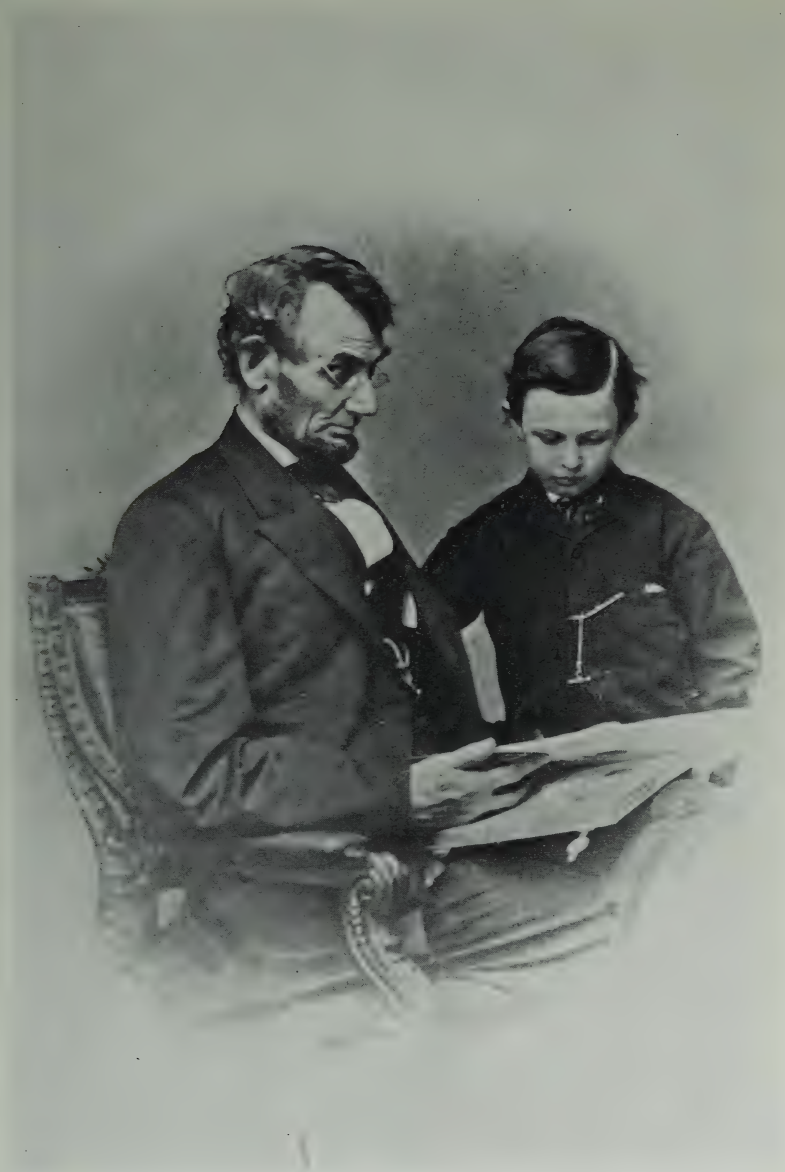
From "A Lady's First Day at the President's."

"Let us go up the steps and enter the open doors. Here is a mother plainly dressed, leading her little boy of ten, to whom she is telling the story of Abraham Lincoln's youth. In the vestibule a waiter stands motioning with his hand the way for visitors to go. The mother and child pass on; we follow. There is no crowd, nobody going in just now but us. Just inside

<sup>1</sup> Reminiscence of Judge Luke C. Strider. Time, early in Mr. Lincoln's administration.

<sup>2</sup> *The New York Times*, July 13, 1924.

<sup>3</sup> *The Evening Star*, March 3, 1924.



MR. LINCOLN AND "TAD"  
(Collection of L. C. Handy)





the door of the blue room stands the President between two young men, and a plump, round-faced, smiling man stands opposite him. Between these the mother leads her boy. The President takes her hand in one of his, places the other on the boy's brown curls, says some kindly words to both, and then passes on.

"The same hand takes mine, the eyes look down as kindly; he bows low and says, "How do you do?" in a tone that seems to demand a friendly reply. But no reply comes. My heart is on my lips, but there is no shape or sound of words. In one glance at the worn yet kindly face I read a history that crushes all power of speech and before I am fairly conscious that I have touched the hand and looked into the eyes of our honored Father Abraham find myself on the opposite side of the room."

That was in February, 1864, when the mother brought her boy of ten with brown curls. It was in March, 1865, right after the inauguration, that the mother and father brought their son of seven years, a boy with flaxen hair. This time the crowd was crushing. Nevertheless, the President halted the line sufficiently to take the little, timid fellow's hand and speak a few words. I cannot have any doubt that the flaxen locks have long since disappeared to be replaced by scattered remnants of ancient shade and I am equally without doubt that the recollection of the President's momentary attention will never disappear.<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the wife of D. P. Livermore, came in the Spring of 1865 to invite the President and Mrs. Lincoln to visit the Northwestern Fair. Mrs. Livermore did great work in the hospitals. Mr. Livermore was the editor of the *New Covenant*, published in Chicago.

With a Senator as escort, Mrs. Livermore called on

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<sup>1</sup> *Daily Morning Chronicle*, February 20, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> The Writer.

the President and stated the mission. The President gave a humorous account of his visit to the Philadelphia Fair. Mrs. Livermore said he must be prepared for a still greater crowd in Chicago, as the whole Northwest would come out to shake hands with him; that a petition for his attendance in circulation would be signed by ten thousand women.

"What do you suppose my wife will say, at ten thousand ladies coming after me in that style?" At the assurance that Mrs. Lincoln was included, he laughed heartily. "It would be wearisome, but it would gratify the people of the Northwest. I think by that time, circumstances will permit me undertaking a short tour West."

Mr. Livermore writes in the *New Covenant*:

"We remained for some time, watching the crowds that surged through the spacious apartments, and the President's reception of them. When they entered the room indifferently and gazed at him, as if he were a part of the furniture, or gave him simply a mechanical nod of the head, he allowed them to pass on, as they elected. But when he was met by a warm grasp of the hand, a look of genuine friendliness, the President's look and manner answered the expression entirely. To the lowly and humble he was especially kind; his worn face took on a look of exquisite tenderness, as he shook hands with soldiers who carried an empty coat sleeve, or swung themselves on crutches; and not a child was allowed to pass him by without a kind word from him. A bright boy, about the size and age of the son he had buried, was going directly by without appearing even to see the President. 'Stop, my little man', said Mr. Lincoln, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'aren't you going to speak to me?' And stooping down he took the child's hands in his own, and looked lovingly in his face, chatting with him for some moments."





BLAIR MANSION, SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND  
HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL EARLY



Francis P. Blair of Chicago, in *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* by Ida M. Tarbell:

"During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played 'town ball' on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight."

The marital incident to be narrated indicates Mr. Lincoln's interest in the human kind generally, the humble and the high, those he had seen or never would see again.

It is thought to be the only marriage in the Executive Mansion in Mr. Lincoln's presidency and the only marriage in the Mansion in all time where there was no kinship with the family. The time—1862.

James Henry Chandler and his sweetheart, Elizabeth, lived at Mount Sidney, Virginia. Their courtship was clandestine and their leave-taking, an elopement. To Harper's Ferry they went to have the marriage ceremony. There they found the conditions so turbulent it could not be effected. They continued on by stage to the City of Washington.

Mrs. Chandler, a widow, and over eighty years of age, a resident of Anderson, Indiana, 2819 East Lynn street in the *Sunday Star*, February 11, 1923, tells with particularity and vivacity, of the wedding and co-relevant items:

"We were just a couple of green Virginians from down in the hills, and didn't know any better than to go to the White House to get married. We asked a man who was coming out of the White House if we could get married there. He said that he didn't know, but he took us to the door where the colored man was standing, and this porter or butler or whatever you call 'em took us to the President."

"The President asked, 'Well, what do you children want?' He was told the circumstances.

"Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said, 'If I help you to be married, will you be willing to give your husband to fight for his country?' After I told him that I would, he motioned to the porter and then Henry and the colored fellow went away, leaving me there with Mr. Lincoln, but they soon came back, bringing a man with them who said he was a Baptist minister.

"Well, he (Mr. Lincoln) rang a bell and a number of people came in. Then he said that we were nice looking folks and he didn't understand why we had to run away to get married."

"After the wedding the minister informed the bride of a customary privilege.

"He had whiskers, but I thought that as I was there, I might as well go through with it all. Mr. Lincoln was standing by the minister when he kissed me, and looked for Mr. Lincoln to say that it was his time next, but he didn't.

"Mr. Lincoln gave the bride away and a Cabinet member was the best man.

"After the wedding they insisted that we stay there all night. A lady took me to a room and one of the men took Henry to another room. When we got to

the room the lady asked me if I had another dress with me, and she seemed to be astonished but pleased, when I said that I had. She told me that a number of people were coming to the White House to spend the evening, and that I had better get my clothes changed, for they would probably want us to come down and join the party when they heard of the wedding.

"Soon after I was ready, the women of the party came to my room and the men went to Henry's room, bringing all kinds of bells and making all kinds of noises. I never was so embarrassed in all my life. We had to go down with them and play games, and say, some of those young men actually sat in my lap. I didn't know what Henry thought about that.

"Later in the evening they gave a supper for us. I remember they served some kind of hot punch. It was nearly midnight when they had this supper and after the supper they began to dance. I pretended that I didn't know how to dance, but they made both of us get out on the floor anyway. I don't think they had as much fun as they expected to, though, for even if we were green about many other things we both knew how to dance.

"Yes, they were awful kind and all that, but Henry and I were not used to so much fuss being made over us, and we were anxious to get away. Finally the porter came to us and asked when we would like to go. Henry told him that we would like to go just as soon as we possibly could. At 4 o'clock he got our things for us and a cab took us to a place where we could start immediately on our journey home. I remember that we went part of the way home on the steamboat."

Mrs. Chandler gives some health rules: "I keep healthy and strong by walking and not worrying. I've gone through all sorts of experiences and lived here alone all these years, but I don't allow myself to worry about anything. What will be, will be any way; so why worry?"

The article has two photographs of Mrs. Chandler.



Mr. Chandler was of Company A, 1st New Jersey Cavalry.

Jennie Moore, in *The Evening Star*, February 8, 1925, gives an interesting account of a romance in which Mr. Lincoln had a prominent part. The account is reluctantly abbreviated.

Anna Carson, an attractive Miss of seventeen, skipped from the select school at Carbondale, Penna., to come to Washington to join her lover, John McGee, a patient in the Carver Hospital. The hospital was located where is now Thirteenth and Monroe streets. Miss Carson arrived at the scene and at the moment perplexed, was met by a youthful widow, Mrs. David McFaul. She, sympathetic, suggested that her cousin, Mrs. Mary Holmead, who had the farm across the road, might care for her as she did for others, mostly the relatives of the invalid soldiers. It was agreed to match the scruples of the landlady that Miss Carson should be Anna McGee, sister to John.

Mrs. Holmead was not so innocent as not to detect in the attentions something different than brotherly and sisterly. When her cousin and a uniformed soldier, the "brother" and "sister" drove off, she more than suspected it was a wedding drive. "After the good pastor at St. Peter's had made Anna into a true 'McGee', the little party returned home to find the farmhouse lighted from roof to cellar and filled with the neighbors round about."

Mrs. McGee decided to secure a furlough from the President. She with Mrs. McFaul called upon him. The call was in August, 1864. Mrs. Mary L. Kimmel, who was the Mrs. McFaul, narrates for herself:

"We waited just a few moments when we entered the



hallway, for we were told that Mr. Lincoln was busy. As I remember there were not a great many people waiting there to see him. Possibly the heat of the day had kept them away. I did not speculate upon that at the time, nor did my friend. Now that we had made the long drive and actually gotten near our goal, Mrs. McGee's nervousness had increased, and she was a little overawed by her own audacity. The attendant soon told us that the President was disengaged and would see us now.

"He showed us into the office where Mr. Lincoln was seated behind his desk. Rising as we came in at the door, the President came forward to shake hands with us. I had, of course, seen him before, for I had lived in Washington during most of the time he had been in the White House. But my friend had never, and I think his height overawed her—that and the fact he was President. He was so very plain, though you could approach him without any difficulty whatever. His face was dark and serious as he invited us to be seated, returned to his desk, then asked what he could do for us.

"Mrs. McGee was very nervous when she began her story of running away from school to see her John. But when she saw that little twinkle that came into the President's eye, she quickened her story, telling finally of the marriage and of the furlough from active campaigning which she desired for her husband.

"I saw the twinkle in the President's eyes deepening, and when she got to the story of how she and John were afraid of being separated if it was found out that they were not brother and sister and had therefore, determined to marry, Mr. Lincoln laughed out loud.

"He started to tease her, asking her if she thought it a nice thing to run away from people who were caring for her, and pretending to scold her for doing it. His attitude was so like that of any fatherly man that she was entirely at her ease and answered him quite pertly. And he, still smiling, said he supposed it was no more than could be expected of young people.

"Asking her husband's full name and the number of his regiment, he wrote them down upon a piece of paper on his desk and said he would see what could be done about the desired furlough.

"He asked if we would call again upon a certain day about a week later, and this, of course, we gladly agreed to do. He was a man of few words, not at all lavish in his talk but he smiled as he bade us 'good-day', and rose and walked with us to the door of the office. The heavy, serious look seemed to have lifted from his face, and he had proved to us that he could laugh and make a joke as well as the next.

"Anna and I were shaky with excitement when we came out into the late afternoon sunlight. It seemed a little cooler, and I think we both felt that we would get what we wanted now that we had told Mr. Lincoln about it.

"When we returned to keep our appointment a week later the President remembered us and was very courteous to us. He had the furlough ready, just as we had expected, and handed it to Anna in the kind way he had. She blushed and tried to tell him how happy he had made her. And it seems to me I can almost hear him say: 'I am very glad that it was in my power to make you happy.' I have often heard men use that phrase, but I never heard a man say it who seemed to mean it as much as Mr. Lincoln did that day."

From a letter in the *Portland Advertiser*:

"One morning early in January, 1864, I took up the *Washington Chronicle* and read: 'The sentence of death recently passed by court-martial upon the four deserters  
\* \* \* has been approved by the President and Friday, the 29th inst. has been fixed upon for the execution.'

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

"It was now Wednesday, and the next Friday was the fatal day. About ten o'clock a gentleman of my acquaintance came to my room saying there was a woman below whose husband was sentenced to be shot,

and couldn't I do something to help her? The woman was indeed there, and in great distress, for her husband was one of the doomed four. He had deserted, nor will I suppress the further fact that this was the second time he had attempted to regain his family, nor the further circumstance—a doubtful palliation—that he had done so while excited with drink."

\* \* \* \* \*

The writer of the letter tells of the woman's vain efforts to get influence by which an audience with the President could be had; and, of their going to the Executive Mansion and her failure to get an interview with the President by importuning the Secretary. Then continued:

"At length the Secretaries Chase, Seward, and Stanton came out, so that I know the Cabinet meeting is over, and now, is it possible?—the usher approaches us.

"Have you any letters for the President?

"I handed him one—the letter of a little child, the daughter of the condemned. It was the child's one thought, as she had written it without prompting or aid, and while the President is reading it you may do the same.

'To His Excellency the President of the United States:

'Most Honored and Excellent Sir—How shall a child like me attempt to write to you on such business as this concerning my father, J. W. C., who is sentenced—Oh! how can I write it—to be shot. Spare his poor life, I beseech you, and many thanks shall be given you. If his life is taken my mother cannot stand this heavy blow, and will soon go also. I am the oldest of five children. I have three sisters under eight years. Do not leave us fatherless, I beseech you. I could freely give my life to save his.

'Virginia C.'

"The usher soon returns, the door, that has seemed

of adamant opens before us, and with a bewildering feeling we enter. The President is sitting near a table, and nearly facing the door, and as he greets us politely, I notice traces of tears upon his face. His voice, too, betrays emotion.'

" 'Mr. President,' I said, with what steadiness I could command, 'the husband of this lady, J. W. C., 27th Regiment,—Volunteers, is sentenced to be shot, as you have learned from the letter, and we have come to ask you to spare his life. Men's lives are getting to be precious.'

" 'I know it but I must do something to keep those fellows, or half of them would run away.'

"He said at last:

" 'Now you women may go home comforted. I have telegraphed for them not to be executed until I send an order, and I don't intend to send the order.'

"The poor woman at my side could only weep her thanks, but I recalled saying more than once: 'We thank you a thousand times, Sir.'

"The President rose and dismissed us in a pleasant and cheerful way, but yet with such kindly sympathy in word and manner as I shall always gratefully and affectionately remember."

The morning of July 2, 1863, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Lincoln was in her carriage crossing the open lot near the Mount Pleasant Hospital. The coachman's seat became detached and he was precipitated to the ground. The spirited horses took fright and dashed away at fearful speed. Mrs. Lincoln, who was alone, seeing the imminent danger, with courage and presence of mind at the critical moment, sprang from the carriage as the horses flew. She was stunned. The bruises were painful yet not serious. The most severe, one on the back of the head from which the blood flowed freely. Surgeons from the hospital administered promptly. A







Feb 21<sup>st</sup> 63.

Executive Mansion

My Dear Mrs W. Mrs.

Allow me to thank  
you for your sympathetic  
& kindly remembrance of  
yesterday, when I felt so  
broken hearted. Only those  
who have passed through  
such bereavements, can  
realize how the heart bleeds

at the return, of these anni-  
-versaries, - I have never been  
able, to express to you, how  
I grieved over your troubles,  
our precious lambs, if we  
could only realise, how  
far happier they now are  
than when on earth! Heaven  
helps the sorrowing, and how  
full the land is, of such!  
Any morning, you may have  
leisure, I should like to see <sup>you</sup>, I  
would <sup>29463</sup> enjoy, a little conversation  
with you - Ever sincerely - Mary Lincoln





carriage was taken possession of and she was carried to the White House.<sup>1</sup>

In the *Chronicle*, November 29, 1862, is the item:

"Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington on Thursday evening, apparently much improved by her visit to the North. The sick and wounded soldiers in our hospitals will hail her return with joy."

All along—from the beginning to the close of the war—are items in the dailies about Mrs. Lincoln's visit to the camps and the hospitals.

From my youth have I heard derogatory remarks of Mrs. Lincoln, of her loyalty, of her temper, and of her mental balance. Of the last mentioned characteristic the range of derogation has been from queerness to insanity. Invention and addition to invention has been passed along. "Falsehood often told and well stuck is as good as the truth" surely as to Mrs. Lincoln has had verification. Nothing whatever appears concurrent with the administration to justify; on the contrary every item proves her steadfastness, her humanity, and her intellectuality and besides unusual refinement of taste.<sup>2</sup>

The writer was well acquainted with a lady who at the Executive Mansion with Mrs. Lincoln and others sewed for the soldiers. These ladies as they industriously plied their needles could have reminded of Hood's doleful song:

"Work, work, work  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work, work, work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

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<sup>1</sup>*The Evening Star*. The Mount Pleasant Hospital consisted of a two story frame structure and accommodated twelve hundred patients. It was about three hundred yards east of the old Columbia College.

<sup>2</sup>In this connection see Arnold's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*.

It might be supposed that the daughters of the lady with pride would recall the part in the work of sacrifice but not so—they only dwell on this—that Mrs. Lincoln borrowed their mother's thimble and to have one, had to buy another.

The writer's Sunday School teacher early in the seventies, six or seven years after the war, while yet fresh in mind, would leave the realm of the harps and region of fires to belittle Mrs. Lincoln.

A metaphysician, a philosopher of the mind, or a student of human nature or of impulses which move the masses has in Mrs. Lincoln's standing a problem for solution.

Letter to a Kentuckian:

“Executive Mansion, June 20, 1861.

My Dear Sir:

“It gives me very great pleasure to be the medium of transmission of these weapons, to be used in the defense of national sovereignty upon the soil of Kentucky.

“Though some years have passed since I left my native State, I have never ceased to contemplate her progress in happiness and prosperity with sentiments of fond and filial pride. In every effort of industrial energy, in every enterprise of honor and valor my heart has been with her. And I rejoice in the consciousness that, at this time, when the institutions to whose fostering care we owe all we have of happiness and glory are rudely assailed by ungrateful and paricidal hands, the State of Kentucky ever true and loyal, furnishes to the insulted flag of the Union a guard of her best and bravest sons. On every field the prowess of the Kentuckians has been manifested. In the holy cause of national defense they must be invincible.

“Please accept, sir, these weapons as a token of the love I shall never cease to cherish for my mother State, of the pride with which I have always regarded the

exploits of her sons, and the confidence which I feel in the ultimate loyalty of her people, who, while never forgetting the homage which their beloved State may justly claim, still remember the higher and grander allegiance due to our common country.

“Yours, very sincerely,  
“Mary Lincoln.”

“Col. John Fry.”

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln wrote letters for the Soldiers' Fair held in Springfield, Massachusetts, at the close of 1864. Mrs. Lincoln's was addressed to Miss Isabel Clary. It was raffled. *Springfield Republican*, Dec. 30, 1864.

“Executive Mansion, Dec. 24.

“Your letter of the 12th instant has been received, and as it always affords me much pleasure to forward so laudable an object as the one mentioned in your note, I hasten to comply with your flattering request. I most sincerely hope that your highest anticipations may be realized, giving you all that may be necessary to carry on plans which present not only a noble purpose, in the cause of our beloved and struggling country, but also a generous, humane, and great good in the comfort of the brave and noble hearts battling for our glorious Union. With heartfelt hope I pray God speed you and crown your efforts with success.

“Very truly, yours,  
“Mary Lincoln.”

When the President was held to his office, Mrs. Lincoln, sometimes, alone would visit the camps in the city and in the environs of the city. An instance is the visit in November, 1861, to the camp of Colonel John Cochrane's regiment of chasseurs near Glenwood Cemetery. Such were the assiduous ministrations to the sick and wounded in the Union hospitals of Mrs. Lincoln that she in the South was derisively styled, “The Yankee Nurse”.



*"Mrs. Lincoln"*

"Now for our own country, with its ordeal of fire and its baptism of blood. The Lady who presides as the wife of the Chief Magistrate brought with her from the West a reputation for refinement and love of the beautiful, that has been admirably realized. The stamp of her exquisite taste is left on the furnishing of the Presidential Mansion, that never looked so well as now; and though in deepest mourning, there is a delicacy displayed in the arrangement of her toilette that is unequaled in any country for her classic adaptation and elegance. She possesses that calm and conscious dignity that is unruffled by envy and unsullied by detraction, though malice hides itself in the tongues of the secessionists. She was celebrated for her conversational powers in the society in which she moved in St. Louis and at Chicago, and her kindness and cordiality has acted like oil poured on the troubled waters here. In youth she must have been very beautiful, and 'like light within a vase', her whole features illuminate with their joyous sparkle of a cultivated intellect. Well may Dr. Russell say, 'I never was more disappointed in any person than Mrs. Lincoln; her manners would adorn a court.' The atmosphere of elevated sentiments, such as seeks companionship with the diviner virtues of our nature, and never descends from its higher sphere, dwells and abides with her. Her voice is rich with the cadence of a pure, patriotic and womanly heart. In her mission of mercy to sick soldiers, she fears no disease, and having felt deep bereavement herself, she gently dries the tears of the widow and the orphan. Such is she, to whom God grant many long and sunny days on earth to do his good word and work."

L in the *Daily Morning Chronicle*,

"It is a general remark that Mrs. Lincoln, at her receptions and parties, is always dressed with the most perfect taste—always richly and elegantly, and never

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<sup>1</sup> W. H. Russell. Correspondent of *London Times*.

<sup>2</sup> *Daily Morning Chronicle*. March 11, 1863.



over-dressed. Today she was robed in purple velvet; she wears a postillion basque, waist, or body, of the same, made high at the throat, and relieved by an elegant point-lace collar, fastened by a knot of some dainty white material in the centre of which glistens a single diamond. The seams of the basque and skirt are corded with white and the skirt, basque and full open sleeves all richly trimmed with a heavy fringe of white chenille. The delicate head-dress is of purple and white, to match the dress. It is all very becoming, and she is looking exceedingly well, and receiving and dismissing her guests with much apparent ease and grace. Mrs. Lincoln is short in stature, plump and round favored, with a very pleasant countenance.”

Mrs. Lincoln with Mrs. Halleck, the wife of the General, sported in horseback riding; the latter was especially expert in horsemanship.

Mrs. Keckley:

“In 1863 the Confederates were flushed with victory, and sometimes it looked as if the proud flag of the Union, the glorious old Stars and Stripes, must yield half its nationality to the tri-barred flag that floated grandly over long columns of gray. These were sad anxious days to Mr. Lincoln and those who saw the man in privacy only, could tell how much he suffered. One day he came into the room where I was fitting a dress on Mrs. Lincoln. His step was slow and heavy, and his face sad. Like a tired child he threw himself upon a sofa, and shaded his eyes with his hands. He was a complete picture of dejection. Mrs. Lincoln, observing his troubled look, asked,

‘Where have you been father?’

‘To the War Department’ was the brief, almost sullen answer.

‘Any news?’

‘Yes, plenty of news, but no good news. It is dark, dark everywhere.’

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<sup>1</sup> February 20, 1864.

"He reached forth one of his long arms, and took a small Bible from the stand near the head of the sofa, opened the pages of the holy book, and soon was absorbed in reading them. A quarter of an hour passed, and on glancing at the sofa the face of the President seemed more cheerful. The dejected look was gone, and the countenance was lighted up with new resolution. \* \* \* Making the search for a missing article an excuse, I walked gently around the sofa and looking into the open book, I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was reading that divine comforter, Job."

Mrs. Keckley:

"Mr. Lincoln was generous by nature, and though his whole heart was in the war, he could not but respect the valor of those opposed to him. His soul was too great for the narrow, selfish views of partisanship. Brave by nature himself, he honored bravery in others, even his foes. Time and again I have heard him speak in highest terms of the soldierly qualities of such brave Confederate generals as Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnson. Jackson was his ideal soldier. 'He is a brave, honest Presbyterian soldier,' were his words; 'what a pity that we should have to fight such a gallant fellow.' If we only had such a man to lead the armies of the North, the country would not be appalled with so many disasters. \* \* \* The very morning of the day on which he was assassinated his son, Capt. Robert Lincoln came into the room with a portrait of General Lee in his hand. The President took the picture, laid it on a table before him, scanned the face thoughtfully, and said. 'It is a good face, it is the face of a noble, noble, brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last.'"

Elizabeth Keckley, formerly a slave was the modiste to Mrs. Jefferson Davis and immediately upon the coming of Mrs. Lincoln, for her, served in that most important capacity. She made Mrs. Lincoln's gown for the first reception and all the gowns throughout her

occupation of the Executive Mansion. She was frequently with the family and with Mr. Lincoln she was "Madam Elizabeth" and with Mrs. Lincoln 'Lizabeth'. After the death of Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Keckley accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Illinois and New York. Mrs. Keckley in her "Behind the Scenes" gives Mrs. Lincoln's character and conduct in detail together with numerous letters from Mrs. Lincoln to her.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Lincoln was partial to the opera and the drama. He was a Shakspearean student and could quote from the bard at length. A notable performance was the inauguration of the new Grover's Theatre (The National), October 6, 1863. Of the strong cast was E. L. Davenport, Othello; J. W. Wallack, Iago; Mrs. Farren, Emelia. The audience had difficulty in refraining from turning the affair into an ovation to Mr. Lincoln who came to see the play and for nothing else.

To James H. Hackett.

"Executive Mansion, August 17, 1863.

My Dear Sir:

"Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note; and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

"For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of *Falstaff* I ever saw was yours here, last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again.<sup>2</sup> Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear', 'Richard III', 'Henry VII', 'Hamlet', and especially 'Macbeth'. I think nothing equals 'Macbeth'. It is wonderful.

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Keckley lived at 1017 12 St., N.W. during the Civil War and for many years thereafter.

<sup>2</sup> Saw it at Ford's, December 13, 1863.

"Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet' commencing 'Oh, my offense is rank', surpasses that commencing 'To be or not to be'. But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III'. Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me have your personal acquaintance.

"Yours truly,  
"A. Lincoln."

"To James H. Hackett.  
(Private)

"Washington, D. C., November 2, 1863.

"My Dear Sir:

"My note to you I certainly did not expect to see in print: yet I have not been much shocked by the newspaper comments upon it. Those comments constitute a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it.

"Yours truly,  
"A. Lincoln."

Mr. Lincoln had been President less than two years when a citizen of Washington proposed a statue to be located in Northern Liberties Square, where is the Public Library. The proposal had consummation in the statue paid by popular contribution and placed in front of the Court House and unveiled April 15, 1868.

"Mr. Editor: Speaking about commemorating the great actions of some of our public men, I find that it is necessary for them to die, before that award comes. That was the case with Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and a host of others.

"Well, sir, why should we not break through this old custom and give this award to them who have done service to the country, before they die?"

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<sup>2</sup> Communication, December 31, 1862, *National Republican*.



On the walls of the Oxford University, England, is an engrossed copy of the letter of President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby, "as a specimen of the purest English and most elegant diction extant."

"Executive Mansion

"Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

"To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam.

"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

"A. Lincoln"

Of the four local newspapers, the *Intelligencer* alone espoused the cause of General McClellan for the Presidency. After the election, a few months, the proprietorship of that paper changed, and the policy changed back to agree with that of President Lincoln.

In 1864 a bolt was made. The bolters in convention met at Cleveland, Ohio, to rescue the country from the incubus of Abraham Lincoln. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, led. Mr. Hay says that when Lincoln was told of it he asked how many were present, and being told about four hundred, he picked up the bible close at hand and read 1 Samuel XXII 2.

"And every one that was in distress, and every one

that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men.”<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Lincoln was open and truthful. Of his re-election he was not confident and he expressed his lack of confidence. He was the reverse of the politicians of this period who are always cocksure of success or claim to be for effect with the voters.

This is a part of the President's response to the Maryland serenaders, October 20, 1864:

“I therefore say that, if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March, and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected therefor in November shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March and that in the interval I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the possible chance of saving the ship.”

Of the electoral vote Mr. Lincoln had 212: with Tennessee and Louisiana excluded. The electoral vote was far out of proportion to the popular vote. Mr. Lincoln had 2,213,665 to General McClellan's 1,802,237 or twelve per cent more. Without the soldiers' vote, Pennsylvania's electoral vote would have been cast for the General.

In the morning at half-past one, November 9th, at the window to the Pennsylvania serenaders, President Lincoln said:

“I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply gratified for this mark of confidence in me if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of anyone opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one. But I give

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<sup>1</sup> *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, March 16, 1925.

Executive Mansion

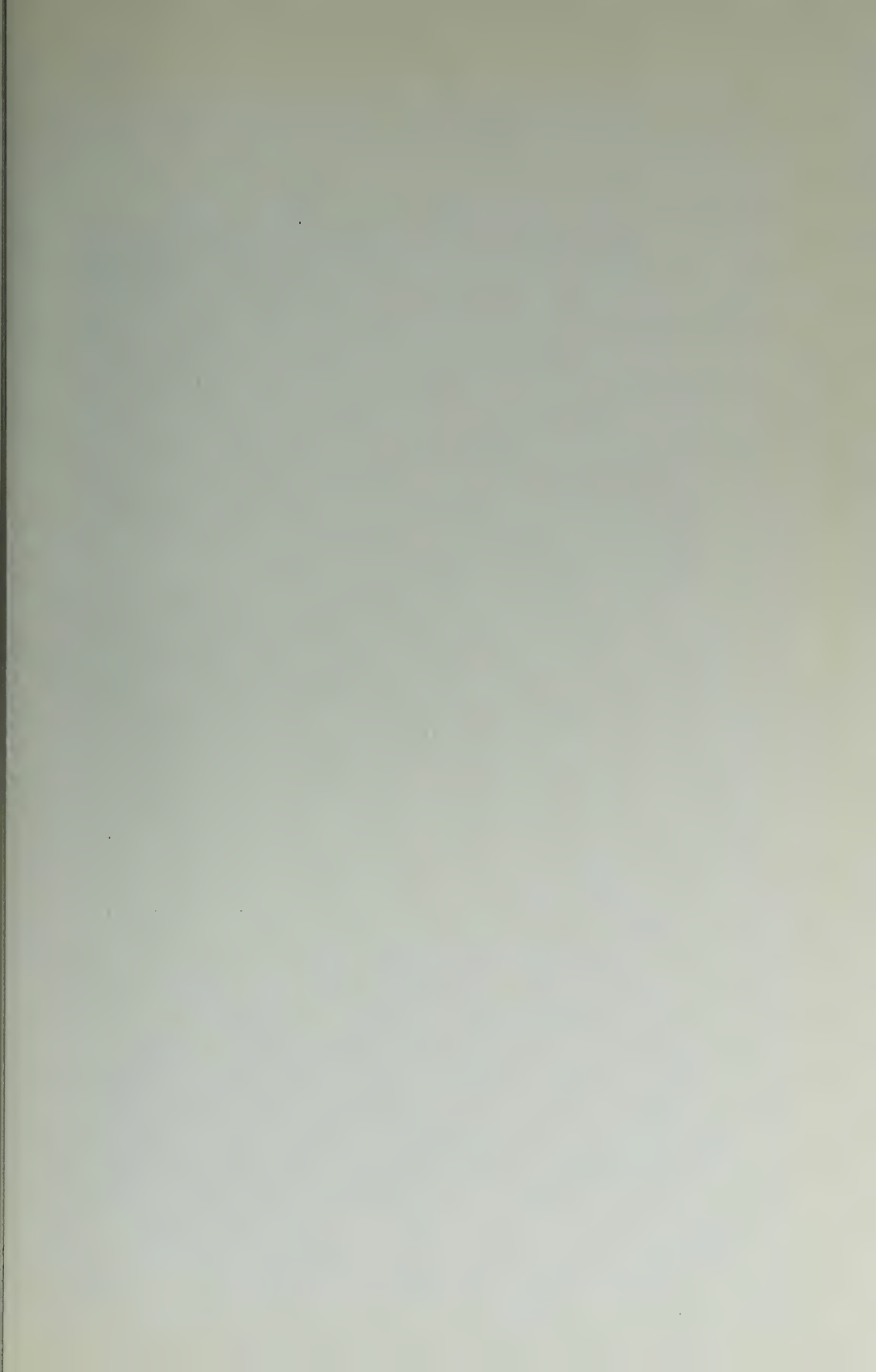
Washington, Aug. 23, 1864.

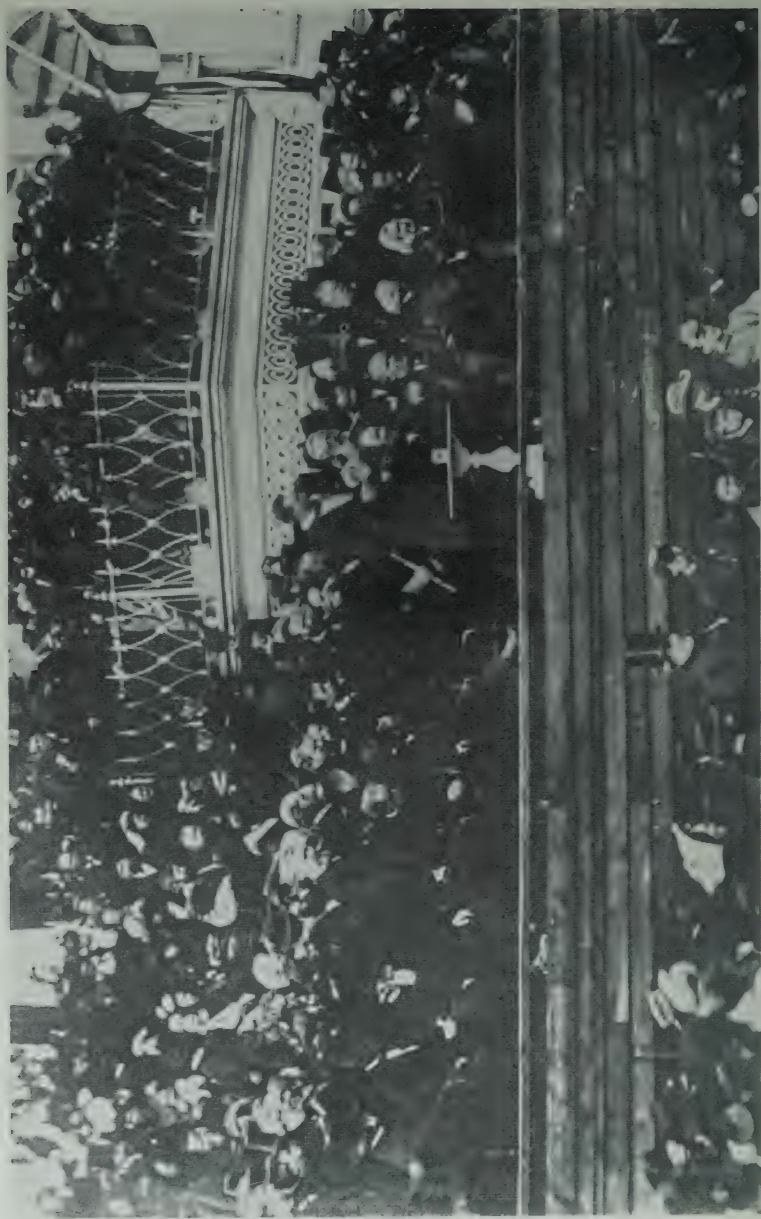
This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. When it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President elect, as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.

A. Lincoln









INAUGURATION—MARCH 4, 1865  
(Collection of L. C. Handy)

thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

The length of this paper is intentionally restricted and the restriction goes hard with the temptation to quote freely from Mr. Lincoln's speech, the next day on popular elections. Only a paragraph is taken:

"We cannot have free government without elections: and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men in this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good."

*The Evening Star*, March 6, 1865:

"Four years ago, on the occasion of the inauguration, the weather was dry, and tornadoes of dust swept through the streets. Commissioner Blake<sup>1</sup> then had a large force of men at work on the night preceding the inauguration removing the dust from the avenue between the White House and the Capitol. This year the streets were covered with a thick coating of mud, carrying out the saying that Washington alternates from dust to mud or *vice versa*."

Daniel R. Goodloe was the Marshal-in-Chief.

In the forenoon heavy clouds obscured the sky and at intervals rain was freely falling. When the President appeared on the platform before the multitude the clouds rolled off and the sun shone forth.

Chief Justice Chase administered the oath of office.

Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address had the conclusion:

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<sup>1</sup> John B. Blake, Commissioner of Public Buildings.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans: to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The memorable address has five hundred and eighty five words. Of it the *London Spectator* has:

"On the 4th instant, the day of inaugurating his second term, President Lincoln read a short state paper, which for political weight, moral dignity and unaffected solemnity has had no equal in our time. \* \* \* No statesman ever uttered words stamped at once with the seal of so deep a wisdom or so true a simplicity."

The inaugural ball was in the north hall of the Patent Office which previously had been used for fairs and other affairs of patriotic purpose. It was on Monday evening, March 6th. The President was accompanied by Speaker Colfax, and Mrs. Lincoln by Senator Sumner.

"A Day At The White House." The editor of the *Baltimore American* visited the Presidential Mansion, Tuesday, March 21, 1865, and graphically described what he saw after the doors had been thrown open to the public. That day, the days between and the day of the assassination make twenty-five days. No life of Lincoln which claims completeness should be published without that "A Day At The White House" is entirely embodied. It gives an *insight* into Lincoln's character—that is not the word—it gives an *exposition*. That at all times the President was merciful yet he never exercised mercy to defeat justice. He was prompt at decision. He was true to his convictions.

"All that remained in the ante-room were invited to enter and take seats. The President then commenced to dispose of them in his frank, cordial and candid



manner, the presence of a 'cloud of witnesses' enabling him to get through them much more rapidly than if each had been granted a private interview." His comment on each case was peculiar to himself. Nine cases are given in detail.

An old gentleman whose sons had been killed in battle had come to Washington for employment. The President said that Washington is the worst place in the country for anyone to better his condition and he advised him to go home by the next train. He wished some species of saffron tea could be administered to produce an eruption of those already in Washington, and make the migration fever strike out instead of strike in. The supplicant replied that he had no means to go and urged a note to the quartermaster. The President after thinking a minute, wrote something on a piece of paper. The old gentleman's countenance brightened and with profuse thanks he retired.

He informed petitioner number two "Under no circumstances will I interfere with the order of General Grant."

The third was an applicant for a small country post office accompanied by a Democrat member of Congress. The President read the application and responded at once, "You shall have it", and endorsed his approval on the back. The member remarked, "I presume, Mr. President, that it is because I trouble you so little that you so promptly grant my request." The President responded "That reminds me of my experience as an old Whig member of Congress, I was always in the opposition and I had no troubles of this kind at all. It was the easiest thing imaginable to be an opposition member—no running to the Department and the White House."

Fourth: An old man as intermediary sought to have pardoned from the penitentiary a man convicted of stealing two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes belonging to the government, from a box he was hauling in his dray. The State's Attorney admitted a witness testified he had sold the defendant a pair of shoes. Said the President: "Yes, so much for the shoes, but nothing about the pantaloons. The jury had the whole facts before them, and I am sorry for his wife and children, sir, but the man must be punished."

A deserter, technically that or not intentionally that, who had overstayed to see his dying sister, was promptly pardoned.

A young widow, the mother of three children, whose husband had been killed in battle presented an application for the appointment of herself as postmistress of a small town in Orange county, New York. The President received her kindly. He told her to leave all the papers with him, and that he would examine them thoroughly and do the best he could for her case. He advised her to return home and trust her case with him as he would attend to it as well in her absence as if she were present. "I cannot act on it at once; for although I am President, you must remember that I am but one horse in the team, and if the others pull in a different direction, it will be a hard matter for me to outpull them."

To the ninth case the President declared "I don't know why it is that I am troubled with these cases, but if I were, by interfering, to make a hole through which a kitten might pass it would soon be large enough for the old cat to get through also."

Mrs. Lincoln had her share of the perplexities and exigencies. The forenoon of that "A Day At The White

House," a young woman presented herself with three children, one, all but an infant. She asked to see the President and being told he was in cabinet session and could not be seen, she set the children on the floor of the East Room and declared her husband had been killed in the war and she brought the children to see the President and intended to leave them with him. The woman was deranged by affliction. Mrs. Lincoln gave humane directions.

The surrender at Appomattox was on Sunday, April 9th. The next day the citizens organized a parade and called upon the President. How he sidestepped a speech and at the same time made a happy hit, follows:

"I am very much rejoiced my friends, in the fact that an occasion so pleasurable that the people find it impossible to refrain from giving vent to their feelings, I suppose that arrangements are being made for a formal demonstration either this or tomorrow evening. Should such demonstration take place I, of course, will be expected to respond, if called upon, and if I permit you to dribble all out of me now, I will have nothing to say on that occasion.

"I observe that you have a band of music with you. I propose having this interview closed by the band performing a particular tune I shall name. Before this is done, however, I wish to mention one or two circumstances connected with it.

"I have always thought that 'Dixie' was one of the best tunes I had ever heard. Our adversaries over the way, I know, have attempted to appropriate it, but I insist that on yesterday we fairly captured it. I referred the question to the Attorney General and he gave it as his legal opinion that it is now our property. I now ask the band to favor us with its performance."

The *Intelligencer*, the next day, apropos, was moved to say:

"There is a world of significance in the characteristic speech made by Mr. Lincoln to the tune of Dixie. It is

one of the happiest things ever perpetrated by the President, and its utterance is the wisdom of statesmanship. May we soon hear the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle' borne from Southern lips to our borders. The President understands well the power of natural songs and what is better, he uses it in the right time and for a good purpose."

Elihu B. Washburne in the Introduction to *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* by Isaac N. Arnold says of Mr. Arnold, "It may be truly said that no man was better qualified to write a serious and authoritative life of Mr. Lincoln and to enlighten the public to the character, career and services of that illustrious man."

Mr. Arnold in the Life writes:

"His reception-room which he called his office was on the second floor on the south side of the White House, and the second apartment from the southeast corner, the corner room looking east towards the treasury being occupied by his private secretary. It was about twenty-five by forty feet in size. In the center, on the west, was a large white marble fire-place, with big old-fashioned brass andirons, and a large and high brass fender. A wood fire was burning in cool weather. The large windows opened on the beautiful lawn to the south with a view of the unfinished Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Institute, the Potomac, Alexandria, and down the river towards Mt. Vernon. Across the Potomac were Arlington Heights, and Arlington House, late the residence of Robert E. Lee. On the hills around during nearly all of his administration, were the white tents of soldiers, and field fortifications and camps, and in every direction, could be seen the brilliant colors of the national flag. The furniture of the room consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the Cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table, and between the windows, was another table, on the west side of which the President sat in a large arm chair, and at this table he



wrote. A tall desk with pigeon-holes for papers stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs, and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map frames, from which hung military maps on which the position and movements of the armies was traced. There was an old and discolored engraving of General Jackson on the mantel and later a photograph of John Bright. Doors opened into this room from the room of the secretary, and from the outside hall running east and west across the House. A bell cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger stood at the door opening from the hall who took in the cards and names of visitors. Here, in this room, Mr. Lincoln spent most of his time while President. Here he received every one from the Chief Justice and Lieutenant General to the private soldier and humblest citizen. Custom had fixed certain rules of precedence, and the order in which officials should be received. Members of the Cabinet and the high officers of the army and navy were generally promptly admitted. Senators and members of Congress were received in the order of their arrival. Sometimes there would be a crowd of senators and members of Congress waiting their turn. While thus waiting, the loud ringing laugh of Mr. Lincoln—in which he would be joined by those *inside*, but which was rather provoking to those *outside*—would be heard by the waiting and impatient crowd. Here, day after day, often from early morning to late at night, Lincoln sat, listened and decided. He was patient, just, considerate, and hopeful. The people came to him as to a father. He saw everyone, and many wasted his precious time. Governors, senators, congressmen, officers, clergymen, bankers, merchants—all classes approached him with familiarity. This incessant labor, the study of the great problems he had to decide, the worry of constant importunity, the quarrels of officers of the army, the care, anxiety, and responsibility of his position, wore upon his vigorous frame.

"His friends and his family, and especially Mrs. Lincoln, watched his careworn and anxious face with the greatest solicitude, she and they sometimes took him from his labors almost in spite of himself. He walked and rode about Washington and its picturesque surroundings. He visited the hospitals, and, with his friends, and in conversation, and visits to the theatre, he sought to divert his mind from the pressure upon it. He often rode with Secretary Seward, with Senator Sumner, and others. But his greatest relief was when he was visited by his old Illinois friends, and for a while, by anecdotes and reminiscences of the past, his mind was beguiled from the constant strain upon it. These old friends were sometimes shocked with the change in his appearance. They had known him at his home and at the courts in Illinois, with a frame of iron and nerves of steel; as a man who hardly knew what illness was, ever genial and sparkling with frolic and fun, nearly always cheery and bright. Now, as the months of the war went slowly on, they saw the wrinkles on his face and forehead deepen into furrows, the laugh of old days was less frequent, and it did not seem to come from the heart. Anxiety, responsibility, care, thought, disasters, defeats, the injustice of friends, wore upon his giant frame, and his nerves of steel became at times irritable. He said one day, with a pathos which language cannot describe: 'I feel as though I shall never be glad any more.'"

Mr. Lincoln's own estimate of the hardships of his presidency is the comparison he made to General Schenck:

"If to be the head of Hell is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself."<sup>1</sup>

President and Mrs. Lincoln were attendants of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and had a special pew. The pastor was the Rev. Phineas D. Gurley, D.D.

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<sup>1</sup> Helen Nicolay. *Our Capital on the Potomac.*

In the Oldroyd collection is the last writing by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Oldroyd says that when Mr. Lincoln was about to leave the Executive Mansion and enter the carriage for the theatre he was asked for passes. He wrote :

"No pass is necessary now to authorize any one to go to or return from Petersburg or Richmond.

"People go and return just as they did before the war.

"A. Lincoln."

#### IV. THE ASSASSINATION

Assassination was in the air. Thomas Clemons was apprehended on an affidavit that he made admission he came from Alexandria on the Inauguration Day, 1865, to kill the President and arrived one hour too late and asseverated he would be doing a national benefit to rid of such a tyrant.<sup>1</sup>

The Hon. Charles A. Dana, at the time Assistant Secretary of War, says that Mr. Lincoln received a great many communications bearing on assassination. That when he handed to Mr. Lincoln two letters picked up in a Third Avenue car, New York, he seemed to attach to them little importance. In fact, he attached special importance; and after the tragedy, in his desk was found an envelope marked in his own handwriting "Assassination," in which were the two letters.<sup>2</sup>

John Wilkes Booth starred in the City of Washington, April 11, 1863. He was the son of Junius Brutus Booth, accepted as the greatest of American tragedians. All the local newspapers gave him extravagant encomium. From the *Intelligencer*, May 8, 1863, is:

"This evening J. Wilkes Booth takes his farewell benefit and will appear in Shakespeare's great tragedy of Macbeth \* \* \* We have no hesitancy in pronouncing him the most promising actor of the age.

May 9. "We never witnessed a finer piece of acting than Booth's scene with the brilliant lady of his love \* \* \* In the poetical and Napoleonic character of Claude Melnotte we think Booth is the handsomest youthful figure on the American stage \* \* \* In

<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star*, March 8, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of a Military Commission.



conclusion, we have only to say that this young actor plays not from stage rule but from his soul, and his soul is inspired with genius. Genius is its own school-master; it can be cultivated but not created on earth."

This is a quotation from Thomas Seaton Donoho's poem on the Hundredth Night at Ford's, December 21, 1863.<sup>1</sup> In the poem two actors, Booth and Hackett, have mention.

"Yet other Stars—Stars masculine and great!  
One a light Star, one of amazing weight;  
One known as Booth, a synonym for fame—  
A rising star, that shall attain its aim.  
The other, Falstaff! lover he of 'sack';  
Valiant 'Sir John', and very merry 'Jack'.

Booth's last appearance was at Ford's, March 18, 1865, in *The Apostate* as Pescara. It was the benefit of John McCullough.

Booth had met with severe disappointment. His career as a theatrical manager was brief.<sup>2</sup> In a speculation in oil lands he had lost about all of his savings.<sup>3</sup> To these misfortunes affecting his mind, was the brooding over a cause that was losing and inevitably to be lost.

That Booth had in mind a crime is proven by the fact he had his friend John McCullough, spirit his trunk into Canada, where was a Confederate clique. That the crime intended was abduction appears from a signed paper in the packet left with his brother-in-law, the actor, John Sleeper Clarke.

"....., ..... 1864.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke

<sup>1</sup> Ford's New Theatre. Erected 1863; opened August 27, 1863.  
John T. Ford, Proprietor and Manager.

<sup>2</sup> Records of Columbia Historical Society, Vol. 21 p.217.

<sup>3</sup> Proceedings of a Military Commission.

plainly of war—war upon Southern rights and institutions.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My love (as things stand today) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much misery."

*The Evening Star*, April 14:

"Last night Washington was ablaze with glory, The heavens seemed to have come down, and the stars twinkled in a sort of faded way, as if the solar system was out of order, and earth had become the great luminary. Everybody illuminated. Every flag was flung out, windows were gay with many devices, and gorgeous lanterns danced on their ropes along the walls in a fantastic way, as if the fairies were holding holiday inside."

The illumination expressed the joy that the surrender to the people gave. It to Booth gave the chagrin of defeat. It wrought in Booth, the spirit which craved revenge. Booth was of a family of actors, tragedians. With the thought to assassinate came the whisper that on the enduring pages he might be a Brutus. "Beware the ides of March" ran in his mind before the murder; and he of it begins in his diary, "April 13-14, Friday The Ides."

Booth about to engage in an undertaking of desperate risk, as he could but know, at once put his house in order. That for him was a message, a farewell in all probability to his mother.

"Mrs. M. A. Booth.

"No. 28 East Nineteenth Street, New York, N. Y."

"April 14-2 A.M.

"Dearest Mother:

"I know you expect a letter from me, and am sure you will hardly forgive me. But indeed I have nothing to

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<sup>1</sup> In full in *Evening Star*, April 20, 1865.





FORD'S THEATRE—1865



write about. Everything is dull; that is, had been till last night. (The illumination) Everything was bright and splendid. More so in my eyes if it had been in a nobler cause. But so goes the world. Might makes right. I only drop you these few lines to let you know I am well, and to say I have not heard from you. Excuse brevity; am in haste. Had one from Rose.<sup>1</sup> With best love to you all, I am your affectionate son ever

"John."

Booth after the illumination did not return to his quarters says Walter Burton, the clerk of the National Hotel.<sup>2</sup>

The President had been invited to attend the theatre and on the forenoon of the 14th, at 10:30 o'clock, a messenger came with the information of his acceptance. Mr. Lincoln had previously seen Miss Keene in the American Cousin.<sup>3</sup> The business manager, James R. Ford, besides a Special Notice, had inserted in the *Evening Star* in the City Items:

"Ford's Theater. 'Honor to our Soldiers.' A new and Patriotic Song and Chorus has been written by Mr. H. B. Phillips<sup>4</sup> and will be sung this evening by the Entire Company to do honor to Lieutenant General Grant and President Lincoln and Lady, who visit the Theatre in compliment to Miss Laura Keene, whose benefit and

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<sup>1</sup> Rosalie Ann—maiden sister.

<sup>2</sup> *The Sunday Star*, January 24, 1909:

"Thursday night Washington was wild over Grant's coming. There were torchlight processions, bands, yelling, and singing and cheering and a general hurrah.

"Most people stayed up very late—many were up all night; I guess Davy Herold hadn't been to bed at all, for Friday morning as I was going off duty I met him in the hall. 'Going to see Booth?' I asked. He said he was. Well I don't believe he's in, I told him; he didn't come to the desk for his key. But I got a chambermaid to open the door of Booth's room—228—with a pass key. The bed was untouched. I never saw Booth again."

<sup>3</sup> Movements of Booth, April 14, 1865, in *New York Tribune*, April 17, 1865.

<sup>4</sup> February 9, 1864. Also in *Sea of Ice*. February 8, 1864.

<sup>5</sup> Quoted in Oldroyd's *Assassination of Lincoln*.

last appearance is announced in the bills of the day. The music of the above song is composed by Prof. W. Withers, Jr."

About half past eleven o'clock, April 14, James R. Ford, the brother of Harry Clay Ford, informed Booth that the President was coming that evening. About noon as he approached the theatre to get his mail a remark was made by Harry Clay Ford, "Here comes the handsomest man in the United States and one of the most lovable." Harry Chapman Ford, his son, says "During the colloquy when my father told Booth of the coming visit of the President to the evening performance, he, in jest, to tease Booth's ego, knowing his sympathies for the South, also mentioned that they would 'Have Jeff Davis and Bob Lee handcuffed and shackled in the opposite box.' My father always considered this thoughtless and boyish jest hurried Booth to a quicker line of action."<sup>1</sup>

Booth's letters went to Mr. Ford's P. O. box. This forenoon he read the letter received on the theatre steps. He remained there a short while in thought and then departed.

Booth strolled back and forth on the Avenue during the afternoon. He stopped at the Kirkwood House and sent a card to Vice President Johnson which was not delivered.

"Don't wish to disturb you; are you at home?  
J. Wilkes Booth."<sup>2</sup>

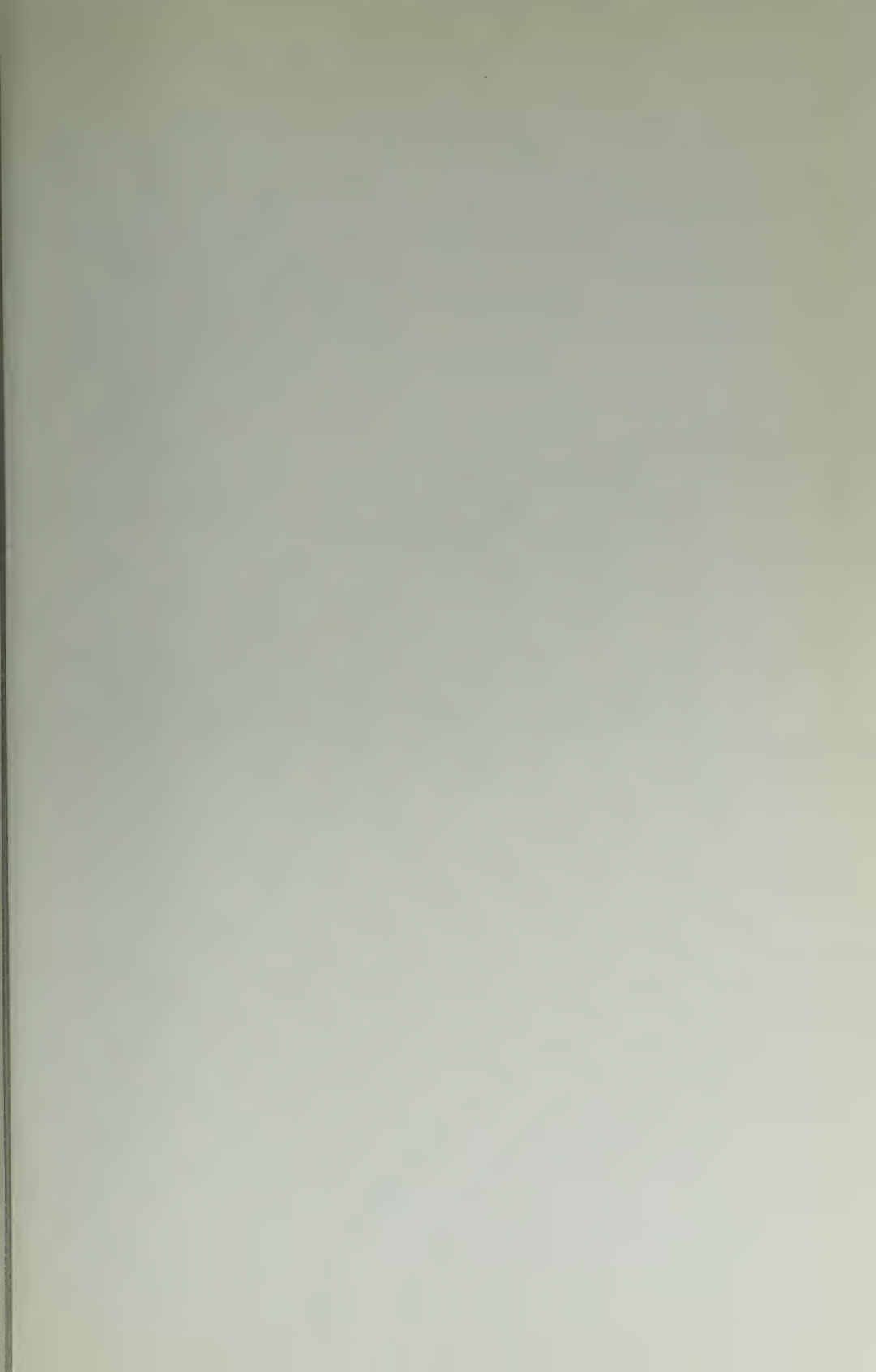
Later he met his acquaintance, John Mathews. While they talked Mathews called Booth's attention to the fact that General Grant was passing by.

The day previous to the assassination Booth came to

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<sup>1</sup> Harry Chapman Ford to the writer, March 10, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of a Military Commission.



## FORD'S THEATRE

Tenth Street, Above E.

SEASON II WEEK XXXI NIGHT 191

Whole Number of Nights, 495.

JOHN T. FORD . . . . . PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

(Also of Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy Music, Phila.)

Stage Manager . . . . J. R. WRIGHT | Treasurer . . . . . H. CLAY FORD

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1865

## THIS EVENING

The performance will be honored by the presence of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

BENEFIT AND LAST NIGHT OF

MISS LAURA KEENE

The distinguished Manageress, Authoress, and Actress. Supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT AND MR. HARRY HAWK

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her

UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS, ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD . . . . . MISS LAURA KEENE

(Her Original Character.)

ABEL MURCOTT, Clerk to Attorney

JOHN DYOTT

ASA TRENCHARD . . . HARRY HAWK

Sir Edward Trenchard . T. C. GOURLAY

Lord Dandridge . . . E. A. EMERSON

Mr. Gayle, Attorney . . J. MATTHEWS

Lieut. Vernon, R. N. . . W. J. FERGUSON

Captain De Bosta . . . C. BYRNES

Binney . . . . . G. G. SPEAR

Buddicombe, a valet . . J. H. EVANS

John Whicker, a gardener . J. L. DeBONAY

Rasper, a groom . . . . .

Bailiffs

G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON

Mary Trenchard . Miss J. L. GOURLAY

Mrs. Mountchessington . Mrs. H. HUZZY

Augusta . . . . . Miss H. TRUEMAN

Georgiana . . . . . Miss M. HART

Sharpe . . . . . Mrs. J. H. EVANS

Skillet . . . . . Miss M. GOURLAY

Saturday Evening, April 15,

BENEFIT OF MISS JENNIE GOURLAY

When will be presented BOUCICAULT'S Great Sensational Drama,

THE OCTOROON

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the

YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN

EDWIN ADAMS

For Twelve Nights only

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION:

ORCHESTRA . . . . . \$1 | FAMILY CIRCLE . . . . . 25  
DRESS CIRCLE AND PARQUETTE . . 75 | PRIVATE BOXES . . . . . \$6 and \$10

J. R. FORD, Business Manager.

H. Polkinhorn and Son, Printers, D Street, near 7th, Washington, D. C.



the Grover's<sup>1</sup> Theatre (now the National) while the manager, C. D. Hess, and the prompter were engaged in reading a manuscript. He took a seat and entered into conversation. He led to the subject of the intended illumination and then asked "Are you going to invite the President?" The manager replied "Yes; that reminds me I must send that invitation." And for the evening of the 14th, as customary, he sent an invitation to Mrs. Lincoln.<sup>2</sup>

General Grant left the city early in the evening. Mrs. Lincoln was indisposed, Mr. Lincoln was reluctant to go; and he and she went because the newspapers had so announced and they wished to save the audience entire disappointment. Schuyler Colfax was at the Executive Mansion when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started. He declined to accompany them.<sup>3</sup> Maj. Rathbone with Miss Harris went to the Executive Mansion. The Presidential party—Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Maj. Rathbone and Miss Harris—went in the President's carriage. It arrived late. Upon appearance of the party in the box, the performance was arrested; the band played Hail to the Chief!; the audience rose and cheered; Mr. Lincoln heartily bowed in acknowledgment.

Miss Clara H. Harris was the daughter of Hon. Ira Harris, U. S. Senator, N. Y. Senator Harris occupied the property, which he owned, at the corner of H and Fifteenth streets, where is the Woodward Building. Major Henry R. Rathbone married Miss Harris. Their son, the Hon. Henry R. Rathbone is at this writing a Representative at large for Illinois.

It is remarkable how closely Booth was watched, out

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<sup>1</sup> Leonard Grover.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of a Military Commission.

<sup>3</sup> L. A. Gobright.

and in the theatre, watched with curiosity verging on suspicion. Sergeant Joseph M. Dye, a military guard, writes:

Washington, D. C. April 15, 1865.

Dear Father:

"With sorrow I pen these lines. The death of President Lincoln has deeply affected me; and why shouldn't it, *when I might have saved his precious life?*"

"I was standing in front of the Theatre when two assassins were conversing. I heard part of their conversation; it was not sufficiently plain for an outsider to understand the true meaning of it; yet it apprised Sergt. Cooper and myself that they were anxious that the President should come out to his carriage which was standing just behind us. The second act would soon end and they expected he would come out then. I stood awhile between them and the carriage, with my revolvers ready for I began to suspect them. The act ended, but the President did not appear; so Booth went into a restaurant and took a drink; then came out and went into the alley where his horse was standing, though I did not know that any horse was there. He came back and whispered to the other rascal, then stepped into the Theatre!"<sup>1</sup>

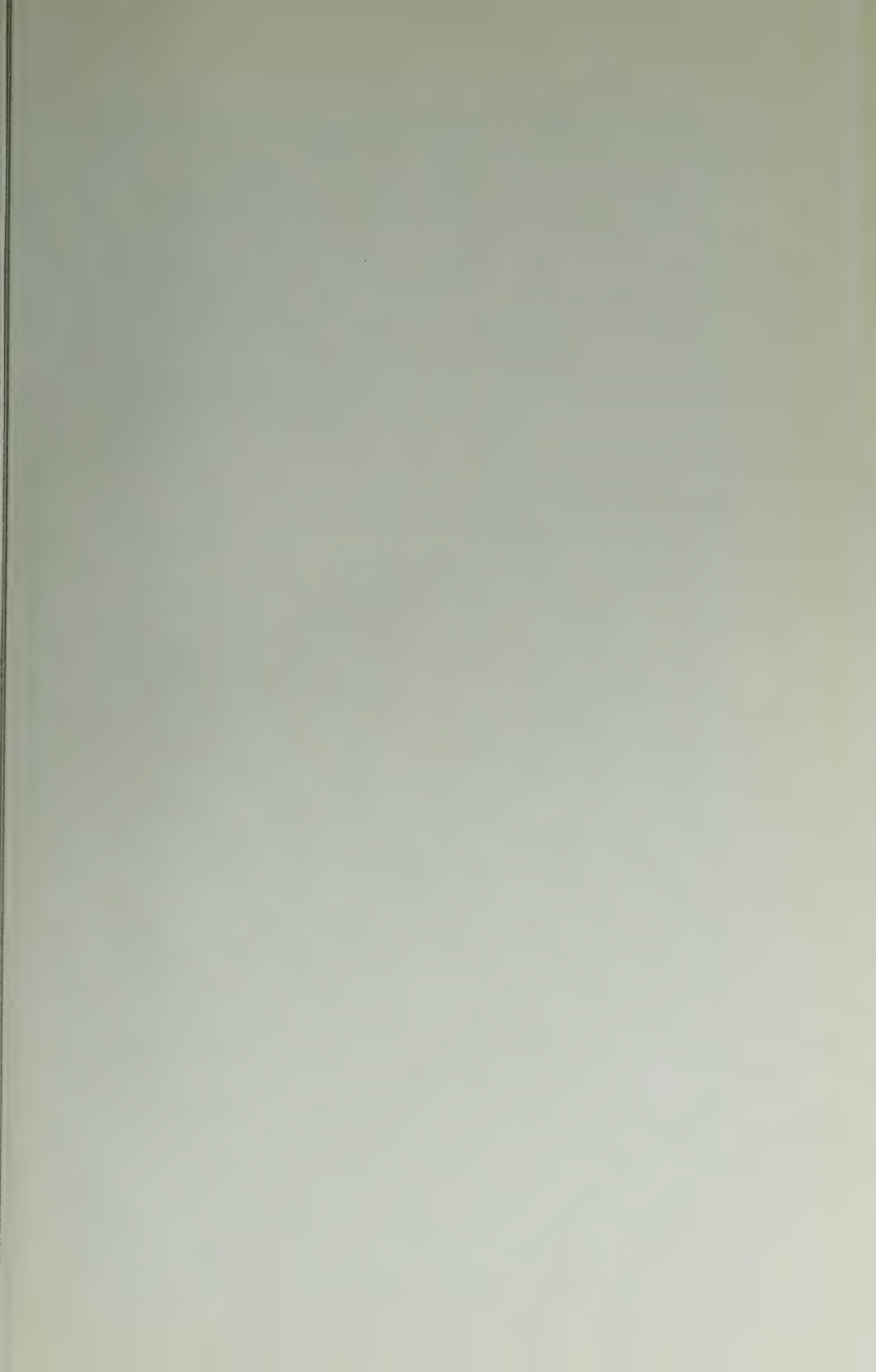
Interview with James P. Ferguson in the *Evening Star*, April 17, 1865:

"When the second scene of the third act of the play was reached, Mr. Ferguson saw (and recognized) John Wilkes Booth making his way along the dress circle to the President's box. Of this box Mr. Ferguson had an excellent view, being seated in the dress circle just opposite to it, next to the private boxes on the other side of the circle.

"Booth stopped two steps from the door, took off his hat, and holding it in his left hand leaned against the wall behind him. In this attitude he remained for half a minute; then, added Mr. Ferguson, he stepped

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<sup>1</sup> *The Richmond Whig*, April 25, 1865.



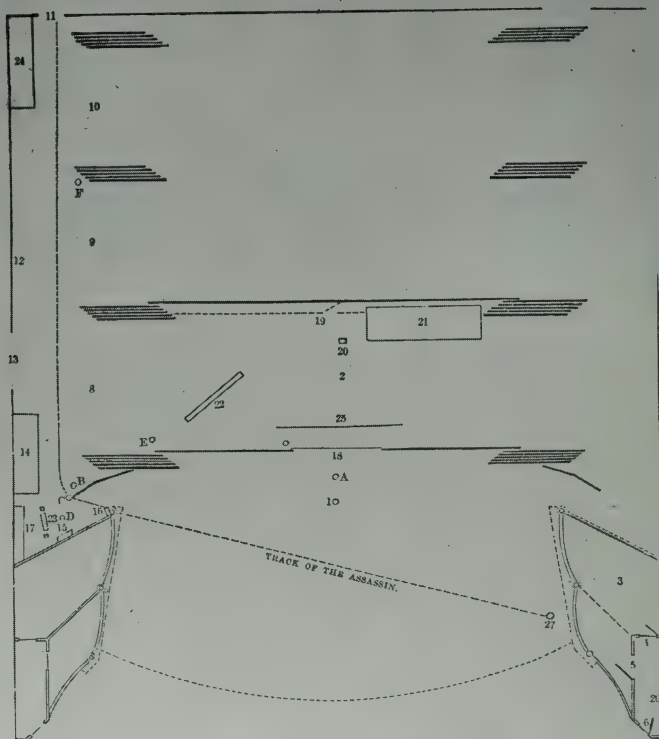


DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE.

The above is a diagram of the stage, with properties, as it stood at the time of the assassination.

The number of persons required upon the stage during the performance is as follows: 19 actors and actresses, 4 scene-shifters, 1 stage carpenter, 1 assistant stage carpenter, 1 property man, 1 gas man, 1 (back) door-keeper, 1 prompter, making a total of 29 persons passing and repassing upon the stage and through the passages and green-room which connects with the stage by the passage through which the assassin passed.

- A—"Asa Trenchard," (Mr. Harry Hawk.)
- B—Miss Anna Beebe.
- C—Mr. Ferguson.
- D—Miss Maud.
- E—Stage Manager, (Mr. Wright.)
- F—Mr. Wm. Withers, Jr., (Leader of Orchestra.)

- 1—First scene.
- 2—Second "
- 3—Box of President.
- 4—Door to box.
- 5—
- 6—Entrance to passage.
- 7—First entrance to right.
- 8—Second " "
- 9—Third " "
- 10—Fourth " "
- 11—Back door to alley.

- 12—Scenery in pile.
- 13—Door to dressing-rooms.
- 14—Scenery in pile.
- 15—Scenery to gas-lights.
- 16—Prompter's desk.
- 17—Scenery in pile.
- 18—Center door to scene.
- 19—Fence, with gate.
- 20—Marble house.
- 21—Set dairy, (12 ft. by 12 ft., 3 feet deep.)
- 22—Bench.
- 23—Small table and two chairs.
- 24—Covered stairway to basement.
- 25—Set piece, to mask center door.
- 26—Hole in the wall, to fasten door, (3 ft. 6 in. from corner.)
- 27—Torn place in carpet, (two feet from lower box.)

DIAGRAM OF STAGE AT TIME OF ASSASSINATION



down one step, put his hand on the door of the little corridor leading to the box, bent his knee against it, the door opened and Booth entered, and was for a time hidden from Mr. F's sight.

"Mr. F. watched for his appearance in the box, desiring to see who in *that* party the actor could be on such intimate terms with, as to feel warranted in taking such a liberty. Whether Booth shut the door of the little corridor or left it open behind him Mr. F. fears to state positively; but what he observed at the door and for reasons hereinafter stated, he believes he did shut it. The shot was the next thing Mr. F. remembers. He saw the smoke, then perceived Booth standing upright with both hands raised, but at that moment saw no weapon or anything else in either. Booth then sprang to the front of the box, laid his left hand on the railing in front, was checked an instant, evidently by his coat or pants being caught in something, or held back by somebody. (It was Major Rathbone.)

"A post in front obstructed the view of Mr. Ferguson, but Booth soon changed his position, and again was clearly seen by Mr. F. He now had a knife in his right hand which he also laid upon the railing, as he already had his left, and vaulted out. As his legs passed between the folds of the flags decorating the box, his spur, which he wore on his right heel, caught the drape and brought it down, tearing a strip with it. When he let go the railing, he still clutched the shining knife. He crouched as he fell, falling on one knee, and putting forth both hands to help himself to recover an erect position which he did with the rapidity and easy agility of an athlete.

"Having recovered his equilibrium, Booth strode across the stage to the first entrance, passing the actor on the stage, (Harry Hawk). When he reached the other side of the stage, just ere he became invisible by passing into the entrance, he looked up, and Mr. F. said he heard him say 'I have done it,' and then lost sight of him.

"When the shot had been fired, Miss Harris rose to her feet to call for water for Mr. Lincoln."<sup>1</sup>

Harry Hawk to his father, William J. Hawk, 254 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Washington, Sunday, April 16.

"This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since the assassination of our dear President on Friday night, as I have been in custody nearly ever since. I was one of the principal witnesses of that sad affair, being the only one on the stage at the time of the fatal shot.

"I was playing 'Asa Trenchard', in the American Cousin. The 'old lady' of the theatre had just gone off the stage, and I was answering her exit speech when I heard the shot fired. I turned, looked up at the President's box, heard the man exclaim, 'Sic semper tyrannis', saw him jump from the box, seize the flag on the staff and drop to the stage; he slipped when he gained the stage, but he got upon his feet in a moment, brandished a large knife, saying, 'The South shall be free!', turned his face in the direction I stood and I recognized him as John Wilkes Booth. He ran towards me, and I seeing the knife, thought I was the one he was after, ran off the stage and up a flight of stairs. He made his escaped out of a door, directly in the rear of the theatre, mounted a horse and rode off.

"The above all occurred in the space of a quarter of a minute, and at the time I did not know that the President was shot, although if I had tried to stop him he would have stabbed me.

"On that night the play was going off so well. Mr.

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<sup>1</sup> Other accounts:

Anonymous, *The Evening Star*, April 15, 1865.

Capt. Theodore McGowan, A. A. G., *New York Tribune*, April 17, 1865.

William Withers, *The Evening Star*, September 20, 1901.

Walter Burton, *The Sunday Star*, January 24, 1909.

Daniel Ballauf, *The Sunday Star*, November 5, 1911.

Myron M. Parker, *The Washington Post*, February 19, 1917.

W. J. Ferguson, *The Independent*, April 4, 1895.

Louis Kettler, *Atlantic Illustrated Service*, 1924.





STAGE OF FORD'S THEATRE

APRIL 14, 1865

(Collection of L. C. Handy)



and Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed it so much. She was laughing at my speech when the shot was fired. In fact it was one laugh from the time the curtain went up until it fell, and to think of such a sorrowful ending! It is an era in my life that I shall never forget. Inclosed is a piece of the fringe of the flag the President was holding when shot."

A resumé of the accounts of the witnesses follows. The witnesses saw from different directions. Seeming contradictions and inconsistencies in the accounts disappear when placed together in mosaic. In the resumé slight attempt is made to make a narrative of exact sequence.

The State Box was the upper box on the south side of the theatre. It was made of two boxes—the partition being movable. It fronted almost entirely on the side of the stage. The President sat in the left hand corner of the box, with Mrs. Lincoln at his right. Miss Harris was in the right hand corner, Major Rathbone sitting back at her left almost in the corner of the box.<sup>1</sup> Booth handed or showed his card to the President's messenger.<sup>2</sup> He entered the narrow passage at the rear of the box and adjusted the plank which prevented access from the outside. One end of which was secured in the wall and the other braced against the door. Booth quickly fired at the back of Mr. Lincoln's head; and exclaimed "Sic semper tyrannis!" At the moment the President was shot he was holding the flag which decorated the box aside, and between it and the post was looking down on General Burnside who was taking a seat in the orchestra. A witness saw the flash of the pistol in the back of the box.<sup>3</sup> Major Rathbone seized

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<sup>1</sup> Proceedings of a Military Commission.

<sup>2</sup> Capt. Theodore McGowan.

<sup>3</sup> James P. Ferguson.

Booth who wrested himself free and inflicted upon the Major a severe cut on the arm with a long knife. Booth dropped the pistol. Booth rushed to the front as Major Rathbone again attempted to seize him. As Booth vaulted over Major Rathbone cried, "Stop that man! Won't somebody stop that man!" A moment after Miss Harris heard from the stage "What is it? What is the matter?" to which she replied, "the President is shot." It is stated by a witness that he heard the exclamation "Sic semper tyrannis" before the appearance of the assassin.<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Mountchessington had left the stage with the rebuke to *Asa Trenchard* "You are not used to the manners of good society"; and the latter was soliloquizing "Well I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal—you sockdologizing old man-trap."

Booth crossed the stage some feet in front of Harry Hawk, passed between Miss Keene and W. J. Ferguson, standing in the passage near the prompt entrance; rushed past Withers, the orchestra leader, who was on his way to the stairs close by the back door; and as Withers stood, stock-still, Booth struck at him with the knife, knocking him down; made a rush for the door and was gone.<sup>2</sup>

Major Rathbone saw that Mr. Lincoln was unconscious and he supposed him to be mortally wounded. He hastened to the door for the purpose of calling for medical aid. It was with considerable effort that he removed the barrier to the door. At it were those clamoring to get in.<sup>3</sup>

Miss Keene made an attempt to calm the audience.

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Clara A. Harris.

<sup>2</sup> John Deveny.

<sup>3</sup> Daniel Miller DeWitt: *Assassination of Lincoln*.

<sup>4</sup> Clara E. Laughlin: *The Death of Lincoln*.

<sup>5</sup> *Proceedings of a Military Commission*.

Then she rushed to Mr. Lincoln. When the Major returned from the door, he found Miss Keene, supporting Mr. Lincoln's head;<sup>1</sup> Dr. Charles S. Taft, a druggist, a naval surgeon and a soldier of the Veteran Reserve Corps who had clambered from the stage—the latter two with the assistance of Miss Harris.

Joseph B. Stewart testified before the Military Commission. His account is graphic and particular. Booth came down with his back slightly turned toward the audience but rising and turning his face came in full view. Mr. Stewart who sat in the front row of the orchestra dashed upon the stage and pursued the assassin; three times calling out, "Stop that man!" Mr. Stewart was in the alley, all but up to the horse (with the rider) in its evolutions before starting; and he followed forty or fifty yards.<sup>2</sup>

Major Rathbone testified: "In a review of the transactions, it is my confident belief that the time which elapsed between the discharge of the pistol and the time when the assassin leaped from the box did not exceed thirty seconds."<sup>3</sup>

It is a contention whether Booth tripped on the flag or on the portrait. Mr. Gobright's explanation can please all contestants.

"It was subsequently ascertained that when the assassin (Booth) jumped from the theatre-box to the stage, his spur struck the frame of a portrait of

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<sup>1</sup> George Alfred Townsend: *The Life, Crime and Capture of John Wilkes Booth*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Stewart was a lawyer. He was a heavy man with a moustache. He looked good-natured and talked belligerently. My father took me with him to visit Mr. Stewart in the basement of the U. S. Capitol. He was incarcerated as a recalcitrant witness in a Congressional inquiry. He said he would not testify and he did not.

<sup>3</sup> *Proceedings of a Military Commission*.

Washington, used as a decoration beneath the balustrade of the box, and also tore the festooned flag. Lower down, his spur scraped the ledge of the stage box beneath."

The flag is encased in the corridor of the Treasury Department.

Mr. Lincoln was borne to a residence across the street. Major Rathbone at first, and after with the help of Major Porter, assisted Mrs. Lincoln to the same place.

Of those who witnessed the assassination and happily survive although nearly sixty years intervene are Colonel Otto J. Downing of Dixon, Ill.,—he was of the five who bore Mr. Lincoln across the street—Louis Kettler, Myron M. Parker, Henry B. Polkinhorn and Mrs. Beekman DuBarry, all of the City of Washington, D. C. Mr. Kettler is the sole survivor of the Lincoln bodyguard, March 4, 1861.

The more material parts of the letter of James Suydam Knox to his father here are given. It is nearly in full in the *Washington Post*, February 12, 1917. Young Knox was a graduate of the Princeton University and the letter is, or was, in its possession.

"Sunday, April 16—

"Dear Father:

"It is with sad feelings that I take up my pen to address you. Last Friday night at 10 o'clock I witnessed the saddest tragedy ever enacted in this country. Notwithstanding my promise to you not to visit the theater, I could not resist the temptation to see Gen. Grant and the President, and when the curtain at Ford's arose on the play of 'Our American Cousin' my roommate and I were seated in the second row of orchestra seats, just below the President's box. The President entered the theatre at 8.30 o'clock amid



deafening cheers and the rising of all. Everything was cheerful and never was our Magistrate more enthusiastically welcomed or more happy. Many pleasant allusions were made to him in the play, to which the audience gave deafening response, while Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily and bowed frequently to the gratified people. Just after the third act and before the scenes were shifted a muffled pistol shot was heard and a man sprung wildly from the national box, partially tearing down the flag, then shouting, 'Sic semper tyrannis! the South is avenged!' with brandished dagger rushed across the stage and disappeared. The whole theater was paralyzed.

"But two men sprang for the stage, a Mr. Stewart and myself. Both of us were familiar with the play and suspected the fearful tragedy. We rushed after the murderer, and Mr. Stewart, being familiar with the passages, reached the door in time to see him spring on his horse and ride off. I became lost amid the scenery and was obliged to return. My roommate had followed me and secured the murderer's hat. The shrill cry of 'Murder!' from Mrs. Lincoln first roused the terrified audience, and in an instant the uproar was terrible. The silence of death was broken by shouts of 'Kill him!' 'Hang him!' and strong men wept and cursed and tore the seats in the impotence of their anger, while Mrs. Lincoln, on her knees, uttered shriek after shriek at the feet of the dying President. Finally the theatre was cleared and the President removed.

"Until long after midnight I was detained at the police headquarters giving my evidence, and when I sought my rooms in a distant part of the city, dark clouds had gathered in the heavens and soldiers sternly passed their patrol."

Walt Whitman. Death of Abraham Lincoln. Lecture delivered in New York, April 14, 1879.

"Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions came the muffled sound of a pistol-shot, which not one-hundreth part

of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush somehow, surely, a vague startled thrill and then, through the ornamented, draperied, starr'd and striped spaceway of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man, raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage, (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet,) falls out of position, catching his boot heel in the copious drapery, (the American flag,) falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happen'd (he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then)—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dress'd in plain, black broadcloth, bareheaded, with full, glossy raven hair, and his eyes like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage and disappears.

“A moment's hush—a scream—the cry of ‘murder’—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, ‘*He has kill'd the President!*’ And still a moment's strange incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—(the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it, at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge—the

screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up—etc., etc.”

Jeannie Gourley

“April 28, 1923.

“L. T. McFadden, Member of Congress:

“Dear Sir:

“My reason for writing you is this: I played that night in Ford's Theater when Lincoln was assassinated. My father, Thomas C. Gourley, also played that night, and a sister, Margaret Gourley and I had two brothers in front in the parquet. I have always thought that John Wilkes Booth selected a certain part of the play in which I was most interested to assassinate Abraham Lincoln. The scene was between Asa Tranchard and Mary Meredith, the part I played. The time was about 10 o'clock. Lincoln's bodyguard had left the private box and was sitting in one of the orchestra chairs. When I came on the stage I saw Booth standing in the lobby. \* \* \* He had one of the scene shifters with him. Red Spangler, who was with Booth that day, preparing the box by making a bar of wood to place across the door of the box to prevent anyone from getting in after he was there. After my scene was over I went up the stage and it was closed in.

“I was standing in the entrance talking with Mr. Withers, the leader of the orchestra, when I heard the shot, not knowing what it was. Then I saw Booth coming from the first entrance with a large knife in his hand. Mr. Withers had his back to him and did not see him. Booth slashed him with the knife, pushed me aside and went out the back door into the alley and rode away. Then came a rush of the audience, which had jumped to the stage to follow Booth. I went to the first entrance and onto the stage to find that Lincoln had been shot. Everything was in confusion. There was a call for a doctor. Charles Taft was handed up from the stage to the box. There



was a call for water. My father took Laura Keene up to the box by a way known to the regular company. They were stripping Lincoln to find the wound. Laura Keene raised his head in her arms and found blood trickling down her dress. The bar from the door was removed and another doctor entered. My father, Thomas C. Gourley, helped to carry Lincoln from the theater to the house where he died next morning. I feel that where Lincoln gave his life that collection should remain. This is where I ask your help, if I don't presume too much.

"Very respectfully yours,  
"Jeannie Gourley Struthers."<sup>1</sup>

Of the company of that eventful night, Mrs. Struthers, September 17, 1924, says that Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Evans and one other survives; that Mrs. Evans resides in Chicago and the unnamed actor in Philadelphia;<sup>2</sup> and that Miss Trueman of Los Angeles died a few months since.

#### LAURA KEENE.

"Prominent among those mentioned in connection with the incidents of the late tragical death of our worthy President is the name of Miss Laura Keene, the actress. In order to place her right in the history the following facts will suffice:

"Miss Keene was behind the scenes at the precise time of the shooting, waiting to come on the stage. She was near the place theatrically known as the *tormentor*. She was on the northern side of the theatre, while the President's box was on the southern

<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star*, May 30, 1923. Mrs. Struthers lives at Milford, Pennsylvania.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Washington Times-Herald*, February 11, 1923, are reproduced photographs, belonging to Anton Heitmuller, of Laura Keene, Jeannie Gourley, Helen Trueman, T. C. Gourley and W. J. Ferguson.

<sup>3</sup> Jennie Anderson. Widow of Gen. W. E. W. Ross of Baltimore. Died in Philadelphia, Pa., December 27, 1924.





LAURA KEENE



side. Miss Keene's position was near the prompter's desk; but as that official was absent calling some of the actors she placed herself near the point where she could more readily enter upon her part. She was at the time expecting to see the ingress of Mr. Spear, whose part was at hand, and prepared herself to break his fall as he entered in a drunken scene; but instead of receiving Mr. Spear, Mr. Booth pushed his way suddenly through the side scene, striking Miss Keene on the hand with his own, in which he held the dagger. She for a second looked at him and saw it was another person from the one she expected, and instantaneously she heard the cry that the President was shot. The cry was spontaneous among the audience, and many of them were making for the stage. She then knew that something was occurring, as women were screaming, men hallooing and children crying, as if a fire panic had taken place. Miss Keene went to the front of the stage, and, addressing the bewildered audience, said 'For God's sake have presence of mind and keep your places and all will be well.' Notwithstanding this appeal the audience were boisterous, and while all seemed willing to detect the perpetrator of the great crime, but one made a move to this end. Scarcely had the perpetrator of the crime jumped from the President's box to the stage, than he was followed by Mr. Stewart, one of the auditors. \* \* \* Miss Keene, after momentarily arresting the panic and consternation in the audience, heard the cry of Miss Harris, saying 'Miss Keene, bring some water'. Miss Keene responding to the call, made her way, which was rather circuitous, through the dress circle to the President's box, and got there a few moments after the occurrence. There she saw Mrs. Lincoln, in the agony of a devoted wife, uttering the most piteous cries. Miss Keene attempted to pacify her, at the same time offering the good offices in her power; but she was convinced from her observation that human help was in vain. Miss Keene remained

with the President until he was taken from the theatre."<sup>1</sup>

"Miss Laura Keene, the actress, proved herself in this awful time as equal to sustain a part in real tragedy as to interpret that of the stage. Pausing one moment before the footlights to entreat the audience to be calm, she ascended the stairs in the rear of Mr. Lincoln's box, entered it, took the dying President's head in her lap, bathed it with water she had brought, and endeavored to force some of the liquid through the insensible lips. The locality of the wound was at first supposed to be in the breast. It was not until after the neck and shoulders had been bared, and no mark discovered, that the dress of Miss Keene stained with blood, revealed where the ball had penetrated."<sup>2</sup>

#### ACCOUNT OF SEATON MUNROE

"On the evening of the 14th of April 1865, a few minutes after 10 o'clock, I was in company with a friend walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, when a man running down 10th street approached us wildly exclaiming: 'My God, the President is killed at Ford's Theatre!' Calling to my friend to follow me I ran to the theatre, two blocks away, perceiving as I neared it increasing evidences of wildest excitement, which reached its climax in the auditorium. How it was that I worked my way through the shouting crowd that filled the house, and found myself over the footlights and on the stage I am unable to describe.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Excited crowds during the war were nothing new to me but I had never witnessed such a scene as was now presented. The seats, aisles, galleries, and stage were filled with shouting frenzied men and women, many running aimlessly over; a chaos of disorder beyond control. \* \* \* The spot upon which the eyes

<sup>1</sup> *The New York Herald*, April 17, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> George Alfred Townsend, *Life, Crime and Capture of John Wilkes Booth*.



of all would turn was the fatal upper stage box, opposite to which I now stood. Access to it was guarded, but presently a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was assisted by numerous arms and shoulders to climb into the box to join the medical men already there.

"I was told that Laura Keene, immediately after the shot was fired, had left the stage and gone to the assistance of Mrs. Lincoln, and I soon caught a glimpse of that unhappy lady who had apparently arisen from her husband's side. She stood in view for a moment, when throwing up her arms, with a mournful cry, she disappeared from the sight of the stage.

"I now made my way towards the box exit to await the descent of Miss Keene, hoping to learn from her the President's condition. I met her at the foot of the staircase leading from the box, and alone. Making a motion to arrest her progress, I begged her to tell me if Mr. Lincoln was still alive. 'God only knows!' she gasped, stopping for a moment's rest. The memory of that apparition will never leave me. Attired as I had so often seen her, in the costume of her part in 'Our American Cousin', her hair and dress were in disorder, and not only was her gown soaked in Mr. Lincoln's blood, but her hands, and even her cheeks where her fingers strayed, were bedaubed with the sorry stains! But lately the central figure in the scene of comedy, she now appeared the incarnation of tragedy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"His handsome presence and engaging manner at once captivated me, and during the hour I remained I had several chats with him, the beginning of a pleasant association of many weeks.' During this period he seemed to have been occasionally absent from town, but we frequently met and strolled on the Avenue, usually dropping into Hancock's.<sup>2</sup> The old

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<sup>1</sup> Dance at the National Hotel, where Booth was domiciled.

<sup>2</sup> 1234 Pennsylvania Avenue. John Hancock.

man, \* \* \* was then in the prime of his genial old age, and his mulatto assistant, 'Dick', was justly celebrated for his ministrations to the convivial frequenters of this unique old curiosity shop. Booth and I occasionally drifted into subjects theatrical, and I, but two or three years out of Harvard, had Warren, Davenport, Setchell, McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, the Mestayers, Westerns, and Fannie Clarke at my tongue's end. All of them were then becoming famous, none of them, alas! now living. Booth never spoke to me of the war or of national affairs with more than a passing word, and while it was plain to be seen that he was Southern in his feelings, I did not class him as a Secessionist. It was almost as difficult afterwards to realize, as then to dream, that the mind and heart clothed in such engaging presence was harboring a treasonable and murderous conspiracy, or that the hand lifting the friendly glass was to direct the fatal shot that awoke two hemispheres in horror!"<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>

That Booth exclaimed 'Sic semper tyrannis' in the box cannot well be doubted because of his own statement and of statements of witnesses. That he repeated the exclamation on the stage with the addition 'the South is avenged' appears to be equally proved.<sup>3</sup> The accounts of the witnesses given at the time, that is, a day or two days after the event, differ slightly. The disagreement as to the exclamation and other items, is in those accounts given many years after—indicating that the memory re-forms the scene.

It can be presumed that Booth had in mind a planned theatrical display, of which the unexpected encounter in the box and the jar by the fall did not disconcert him. Walt Whitman has the same idea "Had not all this

<sup>1</sup>Recollections of Lincoln's Assassination. *The North American Review*, April, 1896.

<sup>2</sup>Walter Burton—like experience with Booth—*The Sunday Star*, January 24, 1909.

<sup>3</sup>Dr. William Tindall. *The Evening Star*, May 11, 1923.





516 TENTH STREET



terrible scene—had it not all been rehears'd in blank, by Booth, beforehand."

The *American Historical Review*, April, 1924, published the letter of the Hon. James Tanner. From the letter is here made a liberal extract. Mr. Tanner is the Register of Wills of the District of Columbia and has been for twenty years.

"Ordnance Office, War Department,  
"Washington, April 17, 1865.

"Friend Walch:"

"Last Friday night a friend invited me to attend the theatre with him, which I did. I would have preferred the play at Ford's Theatre, where the President was shot, but my friend chose the play at Grover's which was 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp'. While sitting there witnessing the play about ten o'clock, or rather a little after, the entrance door was thrown open and a man exclaimed, 'President Lincoln is assassinated in his private box at Ford's!' Instantly all was excitement and a terrible rush commenced and someone cried out, 'Sit down, it is a ruse of the pickpockets.' The audience generally agreed to this, for the most of them sat down, and the play went on, soon, however, a gentleman came out from behind the scenes and informed us that the sad news was too true. We instantly dispersed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My boarding house is right opposite Ford's Theatre. We then got on the cars and went down to Tenth St., and up Tenth St., to Ford's and to my boarding house. There was an immense throng there, very quiet yet very much excited; the street was crowded and I only got across on account of my boarding there. The President had been carried into the adjoining house<sup>2</sup> to where I board; I went up to my room on the second floor and out on the balcony which nearly overhangs the

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<sup>1</sup> Henry F. Walch of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter is in the possession of his son, Hadley H. Walch, of the same place.

<sup>2</sup> House of William Peterson. Old number 453; present number 516.

door of Mr. Peterson's house. Members of the cabinet, the chief justice, Generals Halleck,<sup>1</sup> Meigs,<sup>2</sup> Augur,<sup>3</sup> and others were going in and out, all looking anxious and sorrow-stricken. By leaning over the railing I could learn from time to time of His Excellency's condition, and soon learned that there was no hope for him. Soon they commenced taking testimony in the room adjoining where he lay, before Chief Justice Cartter,<sup>4</sup> and General Halleck<sup>5</sup> called for a reporter: no one was on hand, but one of the head clerks in our office, who boarded there, knew I could write shorthand and he told the General so, and he bade him call me, so he came to the door and asked me to come down and report the testimony. I went down and the General passed me in, as the house was strictly guarded, of course. I went into a room between the rear room and the front room.<sup>6</sup> Mrs. Lincoln was in the front room weeping as though her heart would break. In the back room lay His Excellency breathing hard, and with every breath a groan. In the room where I was were Generals Halleck, Meigs, Augur and others, all of the cabinet excepting Mr. Seward, Chief Justice Chase and Chief Justice Cartter of the District of Columbia, Andrew Johnson and many other distinguished men. A solemn silence pervaded the whole throng, it was a terrible moment. Never in my life was I surrounded by half so impressive circumstances. Opposite me at the table where I sat writing sat Secretary Stanton writing dispatches to General Dix and others, and giving orders for the guarding at Ford's and the surrounding country. At the left of me was Judge Cartter propounding the questions to the witnesses whose answers I was jotting down in Standard Phonography. I was so excited when I commenced that I am

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<sup>1</sup> Henry W. Halleck, Major General, Chief of Staff.

<sup>2</sup> Montgomery C. Meigs, Brevet Major General and Q. M. General.

<sup>3</sup> Christopher C. Augur, Major General, Dept. of Washington.

<sup>4</sup> David K. Cartter, Chief Justice, Supreme Court of the D. C.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Tanner makes the correction. It was Major General C. C. Augur.

<sup>6</sup> The house was two rooms deep with an L. Mr. Lincoln was laid in the L room on the first floor.

afraid that it did not much resemble Standard Phonography or any other kind, but I could read it readily afterward, so what was the difference? In fifteen minutes I had testimony enough down to hang Wilkes Booth, the assassin, higher than ever Haman hung. I was writing shorthand for about an hour and a half, when I commenced transcribing it. I thought I had been writing about two hours when I looked at the clock and it marked half past four A.M. I commenced writing about 12 M. I could not believe that it was so late, but my watch corroborated it. The surrounding circumstances had so engrossed my attention that I had not noticed the flight of time. In the front room Mrs. Lincoln was uttering the most heartbroken exclamations all the night long. As she passed through the hall back to the parlor after she had taken leave of the President for the last time, as she went by my door I heard her moan, 'O, my God, and have I given my husband to die', and I tell you I never heard so much agony in a few words. The President was still alive but sinking fast. He had been utterly unconscious from the time the shot struck him and remained so until he breathed his last. At 6:45 Saturday morning I finished my notes and passed into the back room where the President lay; it was very evident that he could not last long. There was no crowd in the room, which was very small, but I approached quite near the bed on which so much greatness lay, fast losing its hold on this world. The head of the bed was toward the door; at the head stood Capt. Robert Lincoln weeping on the shoulder of Senator Sumner. General Halleck stood just behind Robert Lincoln and I stood just to the left of General Halleck and between him and General Meigs. Secretary Stanton was there trying every way to be calm and yet he was very much moved. The utmost silence pervaded, broken only by the sound of strong men's sobs. It was a solemn time, I assure you. The President breathed heavily until a few minutes before he breathed



his last, then his breath came easily and he passed off very quietly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Very truly your friend,  
"James Tanner."

The writer recommends that the student of history read the account of that night in the *Diary of Gideon Welles*; and *Men and Measures of Half a Century* by Hugh McCulloch.

Mr. Lincoln was shot April 14, 1865, 10:20 P.M.; he died on the ensuing morning at 7.22. Age: 56 years, 2 months and 3 days.

Immediately upon the death of Mr. Lincoln the church bells tolled. It was the first announcement that the Chief Magistrate is dead.

Although it was in his early youth the writer vividly remembers the lights in all the windows Thursday night; that on Saturday morning on every house and store and building somebody was busy placing the black cloth of mourning. It was a strange contrast even in the eyes of a boy of seven.

On Wednesday, the 19th, in funeral state was the body in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. The Guards of Honor were Major General Hitchcock<sup>1</sup> and Brevet Major General Eaton<sup>2</sup> and twenty-five or about that number of other officers. The public was admitted at half past nine in the forenoon and the number which passed by exceeded thirty thousand. At the services, Rev. Dr. Hall of the Episcopal Church,<sup>3</sup> Bishop Simpson of the Methodist<sup>4</sup> and Dr. Gray of the Baptist assisted.<sup>5</sup> Rev. Dr. Gurley delivered the discourse.

<sup>1</sup> General E. A. Hitchcock.

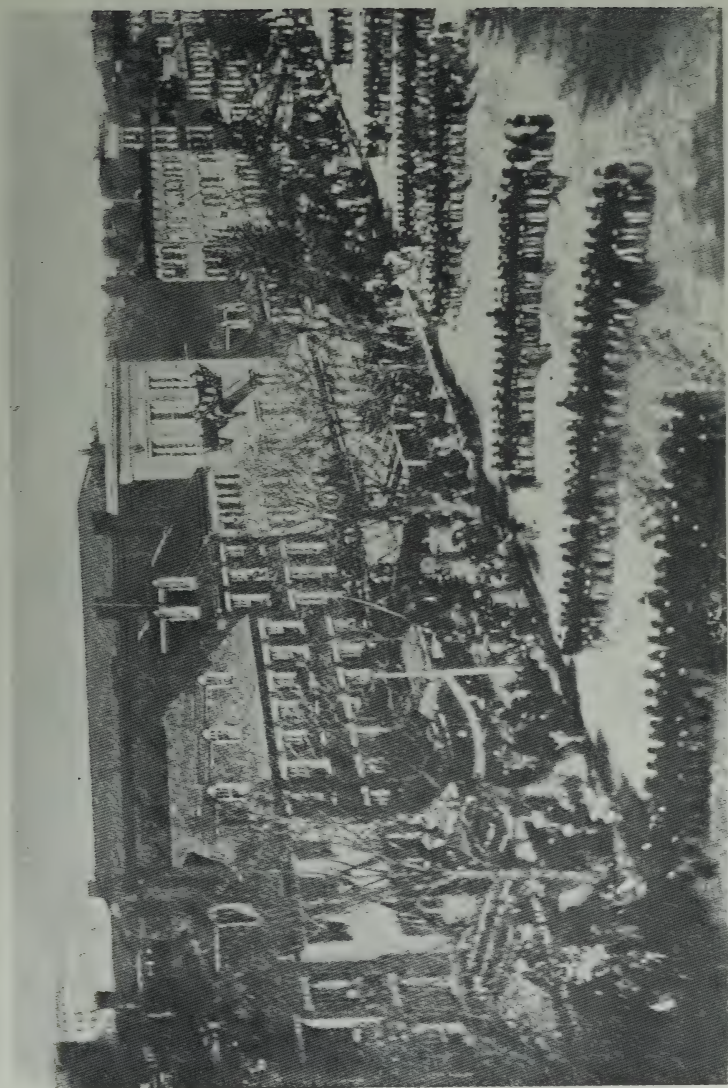
<sup>2</sup> General Amos B. Eaton.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Charles H. Hall, Pastor, Church of the Epiphany.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. Mathew Simpson, D.D., Bishop M. E. Church.

<sup>5</sup> Rev. Edgar H. Gray, Pastor E Street Baptist Church. Services fully reported in *Illustrated Life, Services, Martyrdom and Funeral of Abraham Lincoln*. Edited by D. B. Williamson.





PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LINCOLN



"The people confided in the late lamented President with a firm and loving confidence which no other man enjoyed since the days of Washington. He deserved it well and deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts and by the whole tenor and tone and spirit of his life."

As the services began was heard the bells in the city and the guns at the fortifications.

"Every window, housetop, balcony and every inch of the sidewalks on either side was densely crowded with a mournful throng to pay homage to departed worth. Despite the enormous crowd the silence was profound. It seemed akin to death it commemorated. If any conversation was indulged in, it was in suppressed tones, and only audible to the one spoken to. A solemn sadness reigned everywhere. Presently the monotonous thump of the funeral drum sounded in the street, and the military escort of the funeral car began to march past with solemn tread, muffled drum and arms reversed."

Col. B. B. French, Commissioner of Public Buildings, and James O. Clephane, a civic marshal led. The procession included three hundred marshals and assistant marshals, eleven Major-Generals, eighty-four Brigadier-Generals, twelve hundred other military officers, one hundred and fifty naval officers including Vice Admiral Farragut, and one hundred and eight Senators and members of Congress. In the procession were eighteen thousand. The witnesses were estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand.

The remains were placed in the rotunda and Rev. Dr. Gurley conducted a burial service. The next day, Thursday, the twentieth, all day the body was in state. Friday morning, early it was removed to the station

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<sup>1</sup> *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

General Robert E. Lee, the same day of the death, upon hearing the report at once said: "When I dispossessed myself of the command of the Confederate forces I kept in mind President Lincoln's benignity and surrendered as much to his goodness as to General Grant's artillery. I regret Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the North, and I believe him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith."<sup>1</sup>

Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia,<sup>2</sup> and perhaps other cities in the South were draped in mourning.

*The Richmond Whig*, April 25th:

"Therefore, we feel safe in asserting that the murder of the President was in no sense connived at or instigated by the people in this part of the country. On the contrary, we have heard nothing but denunciation of the deed on all sides, even from those who have been prominent Secessionists,—believing, as they do, that whatever may have been the political principles of Mr. Lincoln, he was nevertheless, a lenient and good-hearted man, a friend to the Southern people, and that his liberal course, already commenced, in the hour of triumph, would have entirely restored that fraternal feeling and harmony which heretofore characterized the American Union."

His two grand objects Abraham Lincoln accomplished, the preservation of the union and the abolition of slavery. To the human mind it is distressful that Lincoln was denied a wider retrospect of his accomplishments. God's ways man cannot fathom. Lincoln had a third grand purpose; it was from the consequence of the war to heal the scars, to restore friendship, to establish equilibrium. He put his purpose in train; without his presence it was accomplished. It is Disraeli's

<sup>1</sup> *The Evening Star*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Evening Star*.



epigram "Assassination has never changed the history of the world."

"Washington, July 17, 1867.

"Editors *Intelligencer* :

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was on the afternoon of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, at about 4 o'clock, that I met John Wilkes Booth (on horseback) on Pennsylvania avenue, at the triangular enclosure between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

\* \* \* Observing his paleness, nervousness, and agitation, I remarked, 'John, how nervous you are; what is the matter?' to which he replied, 'Oh, no it is nothing', and continued with, 'Johnny, I have a little favor to ask of you, will you grant it?' 'Why certainly, John,' I replied: 'What is it?' He then stated, 'Perhaps I may leave town tonight, and I have a letter here which I desire to be published in the *National Intelligencer*; please attend to it for me, unless I see you before ten o'clock tomorrow; in that case I will see to it myself.'

"Now for the contents of the letter. \* \* \* It was only at the concluding paragraph that anything was said bearing upon what had transpired which was to the effect and in these words:

"For a long time I have devoted my energies, my time, and money to the accomplishment of a certain end. I have been disappointed. The moment has now arrived when I must change my plans. Many will blame me for what I am about to do; but posterity, I am sure, will justify me.

"Men who love their country better than gold or life.  
John W. Booth, Payne, Herold, Atzerodt.

"Respectfully,  
"John Mathews."

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<sup>2</sup> Mathews was of the company at Ford's that evening. In putting on his coat quickly he dropped the paper. It came to his mind and he hastened back. The same evening he destroyed the paper and consulted Rev. Thomas Boyle who advised him to hurry on to Canada. He did.

"Franklin Square, Boston, April 15, 1865.

"Henry C. Jarrett, Esq.

"My Dear sir:

"With deepest sorrow and greatest agitation, I thank you for relieving me from my engagement with yourself and the public. The news of the morning has made me wretched indeed not only because I have received the unhappy tidings of the suspicions of a brother's crime, but because a good man, and a most justly honoured and patriotic ruler, has fallen in an hour of natural joy, by the hand of an assassin. The memory of the thousands who have fallen in the field in our country's defence during this struggle, cannot be forgotten by me, even in this, most distressing day of my life. And I most sincerely pray, that the victories we have already won may stay the brand of war and the tide of loyal blood. While mourning in common with all other loyal hearts, the death of the President, I am oppressed by the private woe not to be expressed in words. But whatever calamity may befall me and mine, my country, one and indivisible, has my warmest devotion.

"Edwin Booth."

"Extracts from Booth's Diary.

"Te Amo.

"April 13-14. Friday, The Ides.

"Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends; was stopped but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted sic semper tyrannis before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night, with a bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

"I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

"The country is not what it *was*. This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what *becomes* of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings.

Friday 21.

"After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods and last night being chased by gun-boats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself. The other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country groaned beneath this tyrant and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people."

Booth and Herold fled southward through Maryland. Near Port Tobacco on the Potomac they were in hiding with the assistance of Thomas A. Jones. He supplied them with food and newspapers. Booth from these learned of the denunciation of his act to which he refers in his diary. Saturday night, the 22d., Booth and Herold left the Potomac at Nanjemoy Creek and rowed down and across to Gambo Creek which enters a short distance north of Machodoc Creek on the Virginia side. On Monday evening, the 23d., they were driven to Port Conway on the Rappahannock and the same evening they crossed over to Port Royal. They took refuge in a barn of Richard H. Garrett, three miles south of

the town. The government came upon them early Wednesday morning, the 25th. Booth declined to come out. Booth said, "There is a man in here who wants to get out;" and added, "who had nothing to do with it." Herold surrendered. The barn was fired. By the light of the fire Booth could be seen. Boston Corbett, a soldier fired and mortally wounded him. Booth was laid on the grass under a cluster of locust trees. He faintly said "Tell mother I died for my country." He was finally removed to a porch where he repeated "kill me, kill me." He soon died.<sup>1</sup>

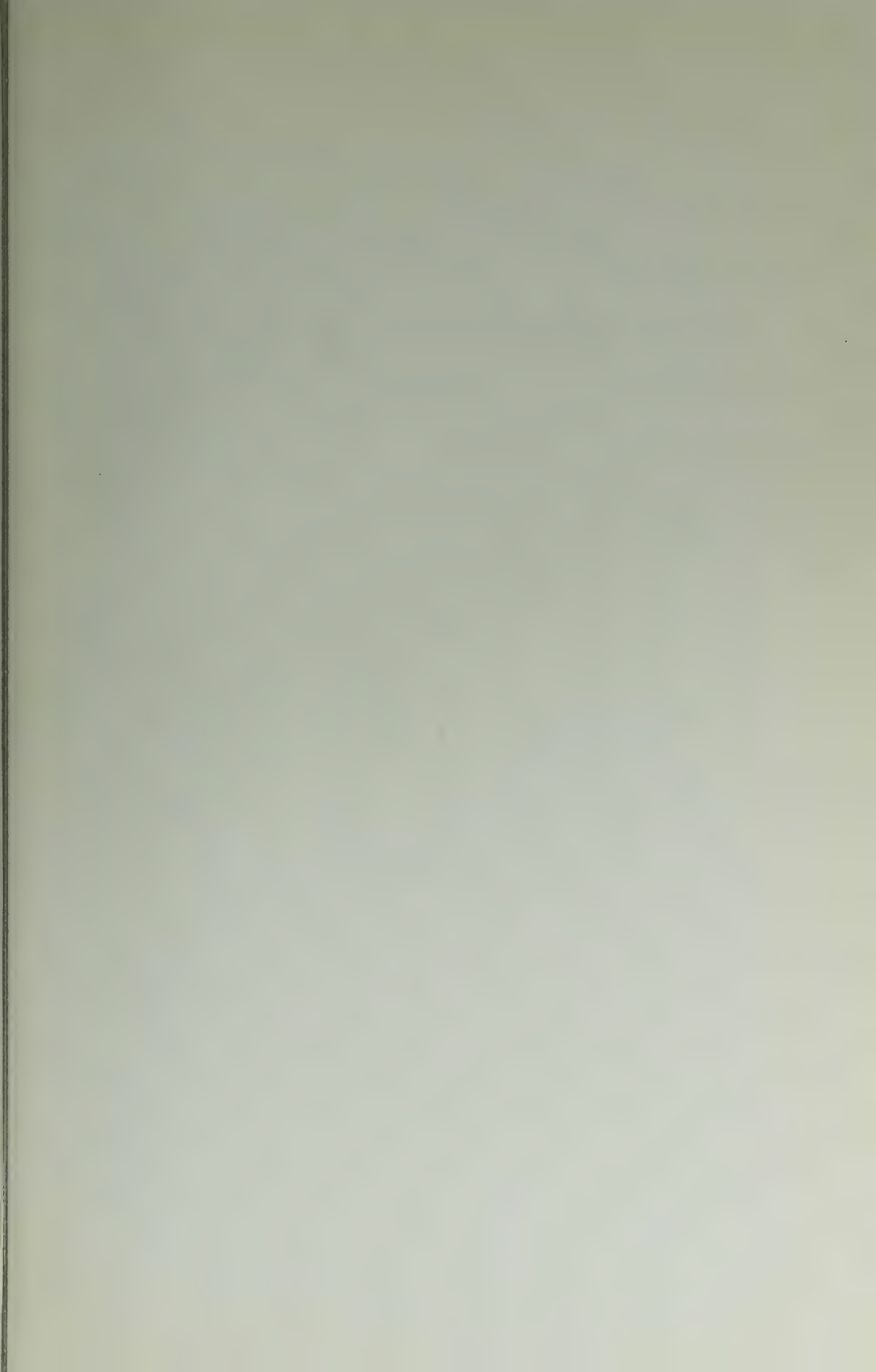
Lewis Payne, close to the same time of the assassination, made a murderous attack on Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. Payne discarded his family name Powell. He was twenty years of age; of striking looks and of herculean build.<sup>2</sup>

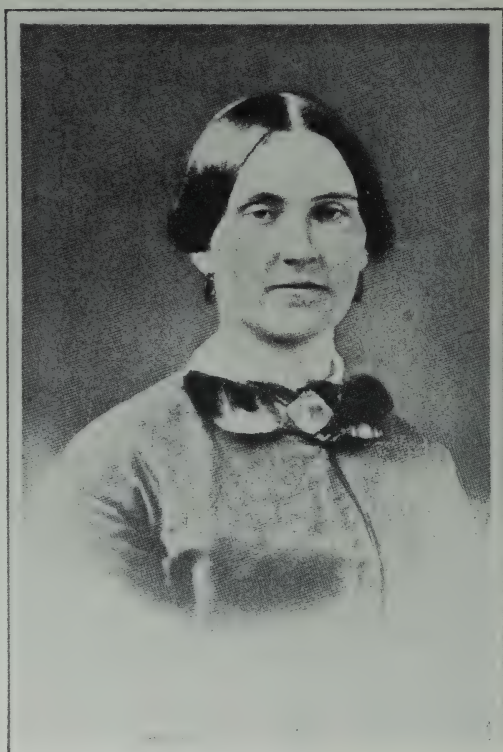
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<sup>1</sup> William Tindall: Booth's Escape from Washington. Records of the Columbia Historical Society. Vol. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Payne was the son of Rev. George C. Powell, a Baptist Minister—Osborne H. Oldroyd, Assassination of Lincoln.







MRS. SURRATT

## V. THE TRIAL

"A thirst for vengeance seemed to have taken possession of every soul. It was felt that some one ought to be hanged and there was a disposition to begin upon the first available person."—*New York Herald*.

"If the charge of her guilt were proven, she was the Lady Macbeth of the west."—George Alfred Townsend.

Mrs. Surratt was first confined in the Carroll Prison. On July 8, 1865, the day after the execution was published in the *Evening Star*:

"It is stated that Mrs. Surratt, before Booth was captured and while she was at the Carroll Prison, was offered a free and unconditional pardon, for herself and son, if she would accompany an officer in a buggy and point out the road which Booth had probably taken. She protested that she had no idea which road he took, and had no knowledge of his intention to assassinate the President when he visited her house and positively refused to accompany the officer as she could not be of any service."

A Military Commission was authorized by Executive order, May 1, 1865, with the Whereas:

"That persons implicated in the murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Honorable William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and an alleged conspiracy to assassinate other officers of the Federal Government at Washington City, and their aiders and abettors are subject to the jurisdiction of and lawfully triable before a Military Commission."

The Commission appointed the 6th, consisted of Major-Generals David Hunter and Lewis Wallace, Brevet Major-General August V. Kautz, Brigadier-

Generals Albion P. Howe, Robert S. Foster and Thomas M. Harris, Brevet Brigadier-General James A. Eakin, Brevet Colonel Charles H. Tompkins and Lieutenant-Colonel David R. Clendennin. Brigadier-General Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General, U. S. Army, was the Judge-Advocate and Recorder of the Commission, Judge John A. Bingham and Brevet Colonel Henry L. Burnett were Assistant or Special Judge Advocates, the former as active prosecuting officer, the latter as recorder.

Frederick A. Aiken and John W. Clampitt, the firm of Aiken and Clampitt, and the Hon. Reverdy Johnson represented Mary E. Surratt; William E. Doster, formerly Provost Marshal, represented George A. Atzerodt and Lewis Payne; and Frederick Stone of Port Tobacco, Md. represented David E. Herold.

The sessions were held in a room on the third floor of the penitentiary of the Arsenal, where is now the War College. The first session was on May 9th, the last, June 30th.

At the last session the defendants, Herold, Payne, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The President approved the sentences, July 5th, and fixed July 7th, between the hours 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. as the time for execution.

Upon the petition of Mrs. Surratt the writ of *habeas corpus* was granted by Andrew Wylie, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, returnable 10 A.M. July 7th. At 11.30 Major-General Hancock<sup>1</sup> appeared with Attorney General Speed before the Court and stated that he did not produce the petitioner because of a special order of the President of the United States suspending the writ. The Court yielded to the suspen-

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<sup>1</sup> Major General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. Volunteers.



sion. Mr. Doster applied for the writ on behalf of his clients. The Court denied it as it could be of no avail.

Herold was no more than an errand boy to Booth. Dr. Davis<sup>1</sup> before the Commission testified "From what I know of him, I should say he is very easily persuaded and led; I should think that nature had not endowed him with as much intellect as the generality of people possess. I should think his age is about twenty-two or twenty-three, but I consider him far more of a boy than a man." Dr. McKim testified: "I consider him a very light, trivial unreliable boy; so that I would never let him put up a prescription of mine if I could prevent it, feeling confident he would tamper with it if he thought he could play a joke on anybody. In mind I consider him about eleven years of age." At the wharf of Port Conway when in flight with Booth, he made the indiscreet remark to the ex-confederate, Willie S. Jett, embarrassing both to Booth and Jett, "We are the assassins of the President." Although he did assist Booth, as a servant, he had no part in a conspiracy notwithstanding the finding of the Commission.

Atzerodt upon being taken made a confession which was in writing. "Booth sent a messenger to the Oyster Bay, and I went."<sup>2</sup> "On the evening of the 14th of April I met Booth and Payne at the Herndon House<sup>3</sup>, in this city, at eight o'clock. He said he himself should murder Mr. Lincoln and General Grant; Payne should take Mr. Seward and I should take Mr. Johnson. I told him I would not do it; that I had gone into the thing to capture, but I was not going to kill. He told me I was a fool;

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Charles W. Davis.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Samuel A. H. McKim. Herold at various times and places was a drug clerk.

<sup>3</sup> 1216 Pennsylvania Avenue.

<sup>4</sup> S. W. Cor. F and 9th Streets; where is the Washington Loan and Trust Building.

that I would be hung anyhow, and that it was death for every man that backed out; and so we parted." At the Kirkwood House<sup>1</sup> on the morning of the 14th a room was taken in the name of Atzerodt. "The arms which were found in my room at the Kirkwood House, and a black coat, do not belong to me; neither were they left to be used by me." The confession was not admitted. The inquiry of Booth on his visit to Grover's Theatre, the 13th, is the first indication of a purpose to murder. The meeting of Booth and Payne and Atzerodt as stated in the confession, is the first mention of a conspiracy to murder.

Mr. Doster said:

"The prisoner desires to make a full statement of his guilt in this transaction if there is any guilt, and of his innocence, if there is any evidence of it. He asks his statement to be placed on record, because he has been debarred from calling any other prisoners who might be his witnesses, for the reason that they are co-defendants. He therefore asks that he may be allowed to speak through Captain Monroe, as he would otherwise speak through one of his co-defendants. I ask this as a matter of fairness and liberality at the hands of the Commission."

The Judge Advocate, Holt, before and after Mr. Doster's plea, in objection was obdurate. He insisted on the strict letter of the law on admissibility of evidence.

An author on the assassination has that everybody believed Atzerodt to be guilty. That included the Commission. That was sufficient for conviction.

Mrs. Surratt, the widow of John H. Surratt, had at Surrattsville, Md., with ample grounds, a building; one part her residence, the other, a tavern. She rented the entire property to John M. Lloyd and for herself rented

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<sup>1</sup> N. E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 12th St., where is the Raleigh.

premises 541 H street, N.W. (present number 604.) The change of residence was made by Mrs. Surratt, November 1, 1864. Then Louis J. Weichmann made his quarters with her. He with John Harrison Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt, studied 1859-'62, theology in the Catholic institution, St. Charles College, at Ellicott's Mills, Md. He was the prosecution's star witness. At the time he lived with Mrs. Surratt, he was a clerk in the office of the Commissary-General of Prisons.

Mr. Lloyd, the lessee, testified that five or six weeks before the assassination, Surratt, Herold and Atzerodt came to his place and that Surratt, apart from the others, asked him to take care of a rope, sixteen to twenty feet in length, a monkey wrench and two carbines, the carbines to be concealed. On Tuesday of the week of the assassination on the road at Uniontown, now Anacostia, he met Mrs. Surratt and she called attention to the "shooting irons" and said "they would be wanted soon." On the day of the assassination about five o'clock in the afternoon, at his place "She told me to have those shooting irons ready that night, there would be some parties who would call for them." She then left with him a pair of field glasses. Mr. Weichmann on both visits accompanied her, the conveyance being by buggy. On both visits she had business, the collection of a debt. These two meetings with the denial about Payne, it is generally presumed, were the grounds of her conviction.

On the night of April 17th, Mrs. Surratt with the feminine part of the household were by officers of the government arrested. Just before the arrested women were to be taken away, Payne appeared in a disguise with a pick-axe. His replies to Major Smith's<sup>1</sup> questions excited the suspicion of the Major and in his words:

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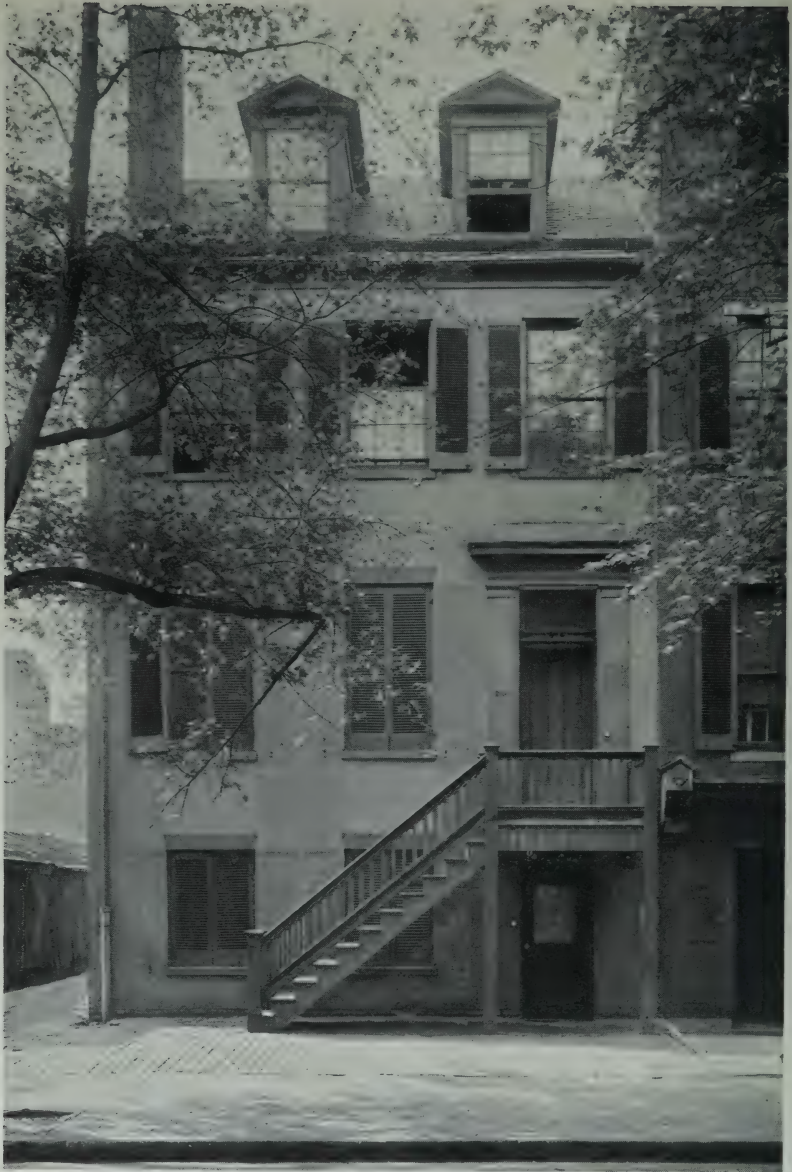
<sup>1</sup> Maj. Henry Warren Smith. Proceedings of a Military Commission.

"I went to the parlor door and said, Mrs. Surratt, will you step here a minute? She came out and I asked her, do you know this man, and did you hire him to come and dig a gutter for you? She answered, raising her right hand, 'Before God, sir, I do not know this man, and have never seen him, and I did not hire him to dig a gutter for me.' In defence of Mrs. Surratt, defective vision was given as the cause of her failure of recognition. That she had been arrested a few minutes before Payne's arrival and the consequent agitation interfered with the proper use of her wits, which would have been in the line of truth, can reasonably be claimed. It may have been her thought to protect Payne from something she knew not what. If Lloyd's and Weichmann's statements are accepted as true still it is not a certainty that Mrs. Surratt had been consulted on any other line than abduction. Lloyd might have testified as he did for self-protection and so Weichmann. The testimony of the latter suggests turning of State's evidence.

Weichmann testified that Herold called at the house once; that Atzerodt called ten or fifteen times, that Payne remained one night and at another time, three days; that Booth was a frequent caller. The air or the remarks at Mrs. Surratt's did not accord with conspiracy and plotting. One of the young ladies referred to Atzerodt as "a stick" and they called him "Port Tobacco" after the place from which he came. Payne claimed to be a Baptist preacher. The oddity of a Baptist preacher in a Catholic household gave some merriment. Mrs. Surratt, a good-natured woman, remarked "that he was a good-looking Baptist preacher;" while a young lady lodger "looked at him and remarked that he was a queer-looking Baptist preacher, and that he would not convert







SURRATT HOUSE  
604 H STREET

many souls.”<sup>1</sup> If those named in the alliterative specification did “on or before the 6th day of March, A.D. 1865, and on divers other days and times between that day and the 15th day of April, A.D. 1865, combine, confederate and conspire together, at Washington City, \* \* \* there being, unlawfully, maliciously, and traitoriously to kill and murder Abraham Lincoln, \* \* \* and Andrew Johnson,” Weichmann by his constant and intimate association, outside and inside of the house of conspiracy, with the conspirators, must have known of the conspiracy, if there was a conspiracy and by his knowledge a *particeps criminis* or otherwise he should have been in the institution for the keeping of imbeciles. Weichmann after the murder was, at once, arrested. He was confined in Carroll Prison, thirty days,<sup>2</sup> as was Lloyd. He was in the control of agitation and apprehension.

By the lead in cross-examination of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Weichmann testified:

“Mrs. Surratt rented her rooms and furnished board. Persons were in the habit of coming from the country and stopping at her house. Mrs. Surratt was always very hospitable, and had a great many acquaintances, and they could remain as long as they chose. During the whole time I have known her, her character, as far as I could judge, was exemplary and ladylike in every particular; and her conduct, in a religious and moral sense, altogether exemplary. She was a member of the Catholic Church, and a regular attendant on its services. I generally accompanied her to church on Sunday. She went to her religious duties at least every two weeks, sometimes early in the morning and sometimes at late mass, and was apparently doing all her duties to God and man up to the time of the assassination.”

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<sup>1</sup> Military Commission.

<sup>2</sup> Trial of John H. Surratt.

For the defense, J. Z. Jenkins, a brother of Mrs. Surratt, testified: "She has never to my knowledge, breathed a word that was disloyal to the Government; nor have I ever heard her make any remarks showing her to have knowledge of any plan or conspiracy to capture or assassinate the President or any member of the Government. I have known her frequently to give milk, tea and such refreshments as she had in her house, to Union troops, when they were passing \* \* \* I recollect when a large number of horses escaped from Giesboro, many of them were taken up and put on her premises. These horses were carefully kept and fed by her and afterward all were given up."

Major Smith gave to the commission an envelope he found at the Surratt house. It contained two photographs of General Beauregard, one of Jefferson Davis, one of Alexander H. Stephens and a card with the arms of the State of Virginia and two Confederate flags thereon and the incscription:

"Thus will it ever be with tyrants,  
Virginia the Mighty,  
*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"

Lieutenant Dempsey<sup>1</sup> found a photograph of J. Wilkes Booth, which was exhibited at the trial. Miss Surratt,<sup>2</sup> the daughter, explained that she bought photographs of Booth at a daguerrean gallery when she was there to get a daguerreotype of herself. That her father gave her the photographs with others of the leaders of the rebellion. Also at the house were photographs of Union Generals—Grant, McClellan and Hooker.

The long deliberations of the commission two days show dispute and debate. At any rate at the request of

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<sup>1</sup> John W. Dempsey.

<sup>2</sup> Anna E. Surratt.



one of the Commission, the prosecutor, Judge Bingham, drafted "the suggestion:"

"The undersigned, members of the Military Commission detailed to try Mary E. Surratt and others for the conspiracy and the murder of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, etc., respectfully pray the President, in consideration of the sex and age of the said Mary E. Surratt, if he can, upon all the facts in the case, find it consistent with his sense of duty to the country to commute the sentence of death which the Court have been constrained to pronounce, to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

Respectfully submitted,

D. Hunter,  
*Major General, President.*

August V. Kautz,  
*Brigadier and Brevet Major  
General*

R. S. Foster,  
*Brigadier and Brevet Major  
General*

James A. Ekin,  
*Brevet Brigadier General, Quartermaster General's Office.*

Chas. H. Tompkins,  
*Brevet Colonel and Assistant  
Quartermaster."*

General Ekin copied it on a half-sheet of legal-cap paper, and the five of the nine members signed the copy. General Ekin kept the original.

John P. Brophy made an address before the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at Delmonico's, New York, January 6, 1908, on the Assassination of President Lincoln. He said that Weichmann came to him and asked what effect his testimony had. He accused him of attempting to kill

an innocent woman. Weichmann admitted his belief in her innocence. He said a fellow clerk had reported his remarks to Secretary Stanton who decided Mrs. Surratt guilty and demanded that he turn State's evidence or take the consequence of being hanged. "I did not want to be hanged." Weichmann would not accede to his solicitation that he go to Stanton and correct the error. Holt would not permit him, Brophy, to testify and the *Intelligencer* declined to publish his statement.

*The Evening Star*  
Washington City  
Thursday, July 6, 1865.

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*EXTRA*  
The Conspiracy  
The Findings of the Court.  
*The Sentences Approved by the President.*

SECOND EDITION

5 O'Clock P. M.

"This morning General Hancock handed the death warrants to Major General Hartranft, in charge of prisoners, and they proceeded to the prison, where they informed the prisoners of their sentence. General Hartranft reading the warrants in each case.

"Payne showed no emotion as he expected no other sentence. Atzerodt tried to assume an indifferent air but vainly as shown by the tell-tale tremor of his extremities and ashy pallor of his face. The sentence was a thunderbolt to Herold, who had expected nothing more serious than a short term in the penitentiary. The frivolous simper deserted his face. Mrs. Surratt was completely unstrung."

John W. Clampitt in the *North American Review*, September, 1880.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of



WHERE THE TRIAL WAS HELD  
SECOND FLOOR, WINDOW AT LEFT  
(War College Grounds)





July, while sitting in our office<sup>1</sup> awaiting the findings of the Commission, we were suddenly startled by the cry of the newsboys on the street, "The execution of Mrs. Surratt!"

"We found to our dismay that, instead of an acquittal or at most a temporary confinement of our client, the judgment of the Military Commission had been death, and the President had signed her death-warrant. So sudden was the shock, so unexpected the result, amazed beyond expression at the celerity of the order of execution, we hardly knew how to proceed."

"Acting upon the first impulse, we went hastily to the White House and endeavored to have an interview with the President \* \* \* Attempting to pass inside of the main doors we were met by Preston King, of New York, who pointing to the guard of soldiers stationed at the foot of the staircase with fixed bayonets, informed us that it was 'useless to attempt an issue of that character.' As we could not obtain an audience with the President, the aid of distinguished gentlemen was sought. They, too, were foiled.

"It must not, however, be forgotten that a noble woman, pushing aside the bayonets of the soldiers, gained admission to the President. Alas! her burning words and queenly presence could make no impression for the innocent. I refer to Mrs. General Williams, at that time the Widow of Senator Douglas.<sup>2</sup>

"Our next movement was in company with the daughter to go to the Judge Advocate General and implore his services in her behalf. Notwithstanding he had conducted in chief the trial, we thought, touched by the unutterable woe of the poor girl, the pitying chords of sympathy might find a responsive echo in his heart. Our plea was in vain. His heart was chilled, his soul impassive as marble. Upon her bended knees, bathed in tears, the forlorn girl besought him to go to the President and beg a respite for three days—three days more of life for the mother about to be murdered by

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<sup>1</sup> National Intelligencer Building, N.W. Cor. 7th and D Streets.

<sup>2</sup> "The beautiful Addie Cutts", niece of Dolly Madison.

the strong arm of the Government. Finally, to close the scene, the Judge-Advocate General agreed to meet us at the Executive Mansion at a given hour. We reached there at the appointed time. He had gone before us, and was emerging as we came out.

"He said: 'I can do nothing. The President is immovable. He has carefully examined the findings of the Commission, and has no reason to change the date of execution, and you might as well attempt to overthrow this building as to alter his decision.'"

Mr. Brophy says that in this crisis he prepared an affidavit of Weichmann's admission but was frustrated in the presentation by the military guard. The attempts of intercession were incessant and in every conceivable form.

Mr. Clappitt in the *North American Review*.

"When the order came from the Provost-Marshal for her to ascend the scaffold, and after the sacrament of extreme unction had been granted by the priest, and he had showed her eternity, she said to him, 'Holy father, can I not tell these people before I die that I am innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned to death?' Father Walter replied: 'No, my child, the world and all that is in it has now receded forever. It would do no good, and it might disturb the serenity of your last moments.'"

General Hartranft on the morning of the day of execution dispatched to the President this letter:

"The prisoner Payne has just told me that Mrs. Surratt is entirely innocent of the assassination of President Lincoln, or of any knowledge thereof. He also states that she had no knowledge whatever of the abduction plot, that nothing was ever said to her about it, and that her name was never mentioned by the parties connected therewith.

"I believe that Payne has told the truth in this matter."

The condemned faltered except Payne who was stoical throughout. To the parting point, Miss Surratt remained with her mother and the seven sisters of Herold with him. Atzerodt made a statement reiterative of his confession besides he stated the abandoned scheme of abduction. Mrs. Surratt had the ministerial attendance of Fathers Walter and Wiget; Payne had Rev. Dr. Gillette, Atzerodt had Dr. Butler; and Herold had Rev. Dr. Olds.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Clappitt in the *North American Review*:

"It was alleged on the trial that this house was a secret rendezvous of those who plotted treason against the Government. If that be granted, still it can be asserted, that in all the pages of the record of that trial, there can be found no testimony to show that Mrs. Surratt was cognizant of the same, or even participated in a single meeting. The testimony of Weichmann—the one whom she had nurtured as a son, and who falsely swore her life away to save his own—nowhere reveals the fact that she ever participated in any plot, or was privy to the knowledge that in her house was planned the abduction and final assassination of that great man whose heart beat only with kindness and sympathy for all."

In the supplemental affidavit, Weichmann states that on the return of Mrs. Surratt and himself on the evening of the assassination, she said: "Yes, and Booth is crazy on *one subject*, and I am going to scold him the next time I see him." It is unreasonable that at the very moment she was condemning something she was in the act of furthering that something.

Payne while in prison chided himself for his untimely

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. Jacob A. Walter, Pastor St. Patrick's, Catholic; Rev. Bernardine Wiget, President, Gonzaga College; Rev. Abraham D. Gillette, Pastor, First Baptist; Rev. John George Butler, Pastor, St. Paul's Lutheran; Rev. Mark L. Olds, Rector, Christ Church, Episcopal.



return to the Surratt house which created an incident that upon Mrs. Surratt cast the appearance of guilt. Mr. Clampitt in the magazine article gives interesting items about Payne. J. Harry Shannon, "The Rambler," in the *Sunday Star*, May 9, 1915, says: Payne served in the Confederate army from the outbreak of the war until the battle of Gettysburg, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was sent to a military hospital in Baltimore and on recovering escaped, and reaching Virginia, re-entered the Confederate service. In January, 1865, he deserted and returned to Baltimore. He was without money or a place to sleep when Booth met him in Washington's sister city and enlisted him in the mad scheme to abduct President Lincoln, which scheme developed into the murder plot."

"By a Lady, who Enjoyed the Hospitalities of the Government for a 'Season' ", *The Old Capitol and its Inmates* was presented anonymously. The lady told her experiences in connection therewith by the pen of Mattie Virginia Sarah Lindsay who had the pen name, Virginia Lomax. The lady who by the recital applied to the Judge Advocate General for a permit to visit her cousin in the Carroll Prison received an arrest and remained for a while with the relative. The Carroll Prison was the row built by Daniel Carroll of Duddington which became known as the Duff Green Row. Where it was is the Library of Congress. All names have in the narrative had others substituted for them except Mrs. Surratt and Miss Surratt.<sup>1</sup> The parts that relate to the Surratts is distressful reading.

Mary<sup>1</sup> gave me the following account:

"I had just come from school, and father not keeping house himself, wished to place me in some nice quiet

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Honora Fitzpatrick.



family. A friend recommended Mrs. Surratt; he accordingly sent me there. It was at night that we were all arrested, taken to the Provost Marshal's office, and kept there until nearly morning.

To the question if she was frightened, Mary continued: "Yes, indeed we were. Anna Surratt was going to a little party, and had just begun to dress, and I was helping her, when we were sent for to come into the parlor, in which were Mrs. Surratt and several strange men, one of whom stepped up and said we were all arrested, and must go with them. Mrs. Surratt asked them to wait a few minutes, and she knelt down and prayed, the men taking off their hats while she did so. She then arose, saying she was ready. They put us in an ambulance and drove to the Provost Marshal's, as you know. There, poor Anna liked to have gone wild; her mother said all she could to calm her, but she is so excitable and hysterical that no one could do anything with her. She asked the officer how he *dare* accuse her mother of helping Booth? Just about day, they brought us here, and put us in the rooms up-stairs. We were there three days at the end of which time I was released.

Mary was re-arrested.

"At the Provost Marshal's they began to ask me all sorts of questions, about things of which I had never even heard, and finding I did not answer as they wished, an officer asked me, 'if Mrs Surratt had not made me take an oath not to tell anything?' Then they put me in an ambulance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. . . . . was weeping bitterly at the departure of her husband, when a lady entered the room. She was apparently about forty years of age, a tall commanding figure, rather stout, with brown hair, blue eyes, thin nose, and small well-shaped mouth, denoting great firmness. This lady was Mrs. Surratt.

"She took her seat beside my weeping cousin, put her arm around here and drew her head on her shoulder; then she talked to her in a most consoling manner, and though my cousin had never seen her before the imprison-

ment she was as tender and kind as if she had been an old friend. There was a calm, quiet dignity about the woman, which impressed me before I even knew who she was. She mingled very little with the other prisoners, unless they were sick or sorrowful, *then*, I may truly say, she was an angel of mercy. After that day I saw her often; she would come in and read the daily papers.

"On one occasion I remember, one of the papers contained an outrageous account of herself and household, aspersing both her character and reputation. We endeavored to withhold the paper from her but she insisted on reading it. I watched her closely while doing so, and for an instant a flush of womanly indignation overspread her pale countenance at the insult. After she had read it, she laid down the paper, and, clasping her hands, raised her eyes to Heaven and said, 'I suppose I shall *have* to bear it.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"I cannot omit relating one incident in connection with Mrs. Surratt. One day, a woman, apparently a prisoner, was brought in. She circulated freely among the inmates, and was very talkative, generally selecting the assassination as her subject. She was also very confidential and would relate marvellous conversations which she had with H. and other officials, under the seal of secrecy. After a while the woman was taken very sick, and kind Mrs. Surratt, as usual, took charge of her, and ministered to her necessities. The woman recovered, and one day, in a moment of impulse, when her heart was filled with gratitude, she threw herself on her knees before Mrs. Surratt and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Surratt when they offered me the twenty-five hundred dollars to find out I did not know what to do. I was penniless, and—'

"Never mind now,' said Mrs. Surratt, interrupting and raising her from her knees, 'we will talk of something else.'

"The woman made no further allusion to the matter, and shortly after left the prison.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nelson appeared with a soldier and said.

"Mrs. Surratt, you are wanted. You will put on your bonnet and cloak, if you please, and follow me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nelson then stepped forward and gently disengaging the weeping girl who clung so tenaciously to her mother, took Mrs. Surratt by the arm and led her down stairs, out of the door and into the carriage \* \* \*  
We never saw Mrs. Surratt again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"None of us thought that Mrs. Surratt had been taken away to remain, and we sat up the entire night, watching and waiting for her return—Mary and myself in our room, our faces as near to the window as we dared, straining our eyes to see the entrance to the yard, hoping to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Surratt should she be brought back and confined in another part of the prison, which we deemed likely. As one would become tired, the other would take her place, and so we watched until day dawned.

\* \* \* \* \*

"After a week had elapsed \* \* \* He told us that Mrs. Surratt had been taken on board of a gunboat, lying in front of the arsenal, in the hold of which she, and the other prisoners implicated in the assassination, were confined in perfect darkness and solitude. \* \*

\* That was the first intimation we had that Mrs. Surratt's life was endangered. We had supposed that she might be sentenced to the penitentiary for life, or something similar, but we did not realize that she was doomed to a violent death."

The President of Mrs. Surratt said, so it is reported, "She kept the nest that hatched the egg." Mr. Burton of the National Hotel, says: "Booth asked me if I could let him have a vacant room to 'hold a meeting.' I said he could; if he would tell me a few hours in advance, anytime I would have a fire made and a room put in read-

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<sup>1</sup> Of those mentioned:

"Reverend Father W.—the kind, truly Catholic clergyman"—was Rev. Jacob A. Walter. Miss Lewis was Mary J. Windle, the author of *Life in Washington, etc.*



iness for him. But he never asked it. I suppose if I had given him the room, I would have been hanged in Mrs. Surratt's stead—that it would have been of me not of her President Johnson would have said, 'he kept the nest that hatched the egg.'"<sup>1</sup>

The extracts from the *Diary of Gideon Welles*, Secretary of the Navy, indicate that the President had been too ill to attend the Cabinet until Friday, the day of the execution. The Secretary makes no mention of the consideration of the findings of the Commission which likely he would have had there been any. The diary corresponds exactly with the daily newspaper reports. Between the President and the Secretary, and their families, were intimacy and friendship.

"1865, July 8, Saturday. The week has been one of intense heat, and I have been both busy and indolent. Incidents have passed without daily record. The President has been ill. On Friday I met him at the Cabinet. He has been threatened, Dennison tells me, with apoplexy. So the President informed him.

"July 9th. I yesterday proposed to the President to take a short excursion down the river. He is pale and languid. It is a month since he came to the Executive Mansion and he has never yet gone outside the doors. I told him this would not answer, that no constitution would endure such labor and close confinement."

That day the President and his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, her two children, the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Welles and their two sons, with others, proceeded down the Potomac below Aquia Creek.

Some of the books on the assassination state that the Cabinet in full session approved the sentences. There was *no* submission to the Cabinet or action by it. The

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<sup>1</sup> Walter Burton, *The Sunday Star*, January 24, 1909.



one paragraph which contains the sentences of all is in the handwriting of Holt.<sup>1</sup>

The Civil War was closed. The federal and the confederate soldiers were returning to their homes and to their business life. The President had removed the commercial restrictions for the States east of the Mississippi. A civil court would have had a spirit of nearer approach to calmness and better judgment than a military court. The defendants had not a presentment or indictment by a grand jury; they were not of the land and naval forces, nor of the militia when in actual service, in time of war; they had not a trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed—and therefore, their conviction by a military commission was in violation of the Constitution of the United States.<sup>2</sup> The Attorney General, Mr. Speed, in an opinion of the indefinite date, "July. . . , 1865," assured the President the military tribunal was the proper one. The Attorney General says he gave the question the patient and earnest consideration its magnitude and importance require which may not be doubted and also that the patience and consideration as the date seems to indicate even if it had resulted in a different conclusion could have been of no benefit to the vitally concerned because they were already dead.

The military tribunals, organized to convict, already condemned by public opinion, were by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Ex Parte Milligan*<sup>3</sup>, at the December term, 1866, declared unconstitutional for the reasons partially stated in a preceding paragraph; and the case involved the identical issues as the alleged conspirators'

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<sup>1</sup> DeWitt: Assassination. Holt papers, Library of Congress, MSS. Div.

<sup>2</sup> Amendments. Articles V and VI.

<sup>3</sup> *Lambdin P. Milligan*.

case and the denial to the defendants in the latter of the right of hearing under the writ of *habeas corpus* as in the former was an error.

The testimony of Weichmann at the John H. Surratt trial amplified that given before the Commission. His statements have not the consonance of human nature and truth. Some of his odd statements are repeated. "I was under a police officer all the time but never considered myself arrested." He claimed loyalty and "I have talked secesh very often in my life for buncombe." He excused his association with Booth: "Anyone, before the assassination, would have been glad to associate with Mr. Booth. He was an accomplished gentleman, and moved in good society." He denied the claimed confessions to Brophy and Carland.

Two witnesses testified at this trial that at the Carroll Prison they overheard the officers there say to Weichmann, "Unless you testify to more I will hang you." These witnesses, James J. Gifford and James L. Maddox, were being held in the prison as witnesses in the conspiracy case.

Lewis J. Carland at the same trial:

"Witness knows Lewis J. Weichmann. He took a walk with him in the spring of 1865, and called on Mr. Brophy. Weichmann said he was much troubled about the testimony he had given on the conspiracy trial. He said he was going to confession, and wanted to relieve his conscience. Witness advised him to go to a magistrate and make an affidavit. He said that if he had been let alone it would have been different with Mrs. Surratt; that he was forced to swear as he had and he had sworn to a paper under threats of being charged with being one of the conspirators. He said also that a man told him that he had been talking in his sleep and had written out his statements and he must swear to it."

Mr. Brophy was at the time connected with Gonzaga

College. Mr. Merrick,<sup>1</sup> counsel for Surratt, in his closing argument, August 1, 1867, said:

"Where is your record of that Military Commission at the Arsenal? Why did you not bring it in? Did you find anything at the end of it you did not like? We would not have objected. We would like to know all about those secrets. Did you find at the end of that record a recommendation to mercy for Mrs. Surratt, which the President never saw? Who of you forget the day when those people were hung, and your honor, be it said to your credit, raised your judicial hand to prevent that murder, a heart stricken daughter went to the Executive Mansion to seek for respite for that poor mother. Why did she not get to the President? Why did you not prove it? Oh, my God, that my country should come to this! Who stood between her and the seat of mercy? Does memory haunt the Secretary of War? Or is it true that one who stood between her and the President now sleeps in the dark waters of the Hudson, Whilst another died by his own wretched hand in Kansas? You know that accusations have been brought against Judge Holt, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Bingham, in the lower House of Congress."

The two who guarded from approach to the President were Preston King of New York and General James Henry Lane of Kansas. Shortly after the execution, November 13, 1865, Mr. King weighted his body with shot and jumped to death in the Hudson. General Lane cut his throat, July 11, 1866.

Judge Pierrepont<sup>2</sup>, August 3, with a show of temper, produced the recommendation.

The *Evening Star*, August 5, 1867:

"Mrs. Surratt. The Washington Agent for the Associated Press telegraphs as follows:

"Judge Pierrepont, in his address to the jury yesterday, said:—'When it was suggested by some of the members

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<sup>1</sup> Richard T. Merrick.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Pierrepont.



of the Military Commission that in consequence of the age and sex of Mrs. Surratt it might possibly be right to change her sentence to imprisonment for life, he signed the warrant for her death with the paper right before his eyes.' Judge P. must have been misinformed, as the President was not aware until two months ago, through a private source, that any of the members of the Military Commission joined in a recommendation or suggestion that the sentence of death passed upon Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment. This information was privately given to him before the trial of John H. Surratt. He then denied, as he now denies, that the recommendation or suggestion was ever officially brought to his attention."

Notes of Colonel W. G. Moore, Private Secretary to President Johnson.

"August 5, 1867. Mrs. Surratt.

"The President, having heard that there was a recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt, sent today for the papers upon which was endorsed his approval of the finding and sentence of the Military Commission for the trial of the assassination conspirators. Forwarded with the papers was a recommendation of the Court for a commutation of the sentence in the case of Mrs. Surratt from hanging to imprisonment for life. The President very emphatically declared that he had never before seen the recommendation. He was positive that it had never before been brought to his knowledge or notice, and explained to me the circumstances attending the signing of the order to carry into effect the sentence of the commission. He distinctly remembered the great reluctance with which he approved the death warrant of a woman of Mrs. Surratt's age, and that he asked Judge Advocate General Holt, who originally brought to him the papers, many questions, but that nothing whatever was said to him respecting the recommendations of the Commission for clemency in her case. He had been sick, but when he signed the papers his mind was as clear as it had ever been. Besides, the recommendation did not appear in the published proceedings of the trial, by Benn



Pitman, prepared and issued by the authority of the Secretary of War, and he felt satisfied that it had been designedly withheld from his (the President's) knowledge."

The same day Mr. Moore made the note above quoted he delivered to Mr. Stanton the letter which the President directed him to write in these terms:

"August 1, 1867.

"Sir: Public considerations of a high character constrain me to say that your resignation as Secretary of War will be accepted.

Very respectfully yours,  
Andrew Johnson."

"To the Honorable Edwin M. Stanton, etc."

David Miller DeWitt is the author of *The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and its Expiation*. It deals with the so-called conspiracy and the sacrifice of an alleged conspirator with directness. The statements are fortified by facts. The facts are the result of research of the original records—not book repetition.

"If among those drawn into the whirlpool set up by so sudden a subversion of the current of human affairs, there were any suffered an unjust doom, their innocence should be made clear beyond further question."

In an ironical interchange in the House of Representa-

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<sup>1</sup>"William George Moore was born November 30, 1829, and died July 22, 1898. He served as a private, corporal and sergeant in the National Rifles, District of Columbia Volunteers, April 15 to July 15, 1861. From May 1, 1865 to November 5, 1866, he was assistant adjutant-general of volunteers, with the rank of major. November 14, 1866 he was appointed paymaster with the rank of major, but his testimony at the impeachment trial showed that his real function was that of private secretary to the President. December 2, 1865, he was commissioned brevet lieutenant-colonel and colonel of volunteers, and March 2, 1867, lieutenant-colonel in the U. S. Army for faithful and meritorious service. He resigned April 12, 1870. In December, 1886, he was appointed major and superintendent of police of the District of Columbia and retained this office until the time of his death."—St. George L. Sioussat of Vanderbilt University in the *American Historical Review*, October, 1913.

tives, March 21, 1867, Judge Bingham to General Butler made the reference:

"I repel with scorn and contempt any utterance of that sort from any man, whether he be the hero of Fort Fisher not taken, or of Fort Fisher taken."

The Judge made a mistake by the reference for he received in exchange the severe retort from the General:

"The gentleman has the bad taste to attack me for the reason that I could not do any more injury to the enemies of my country. I agree to that. I did all I could, the best I could \* \* \* But the only victim of the gentleman's prowess that I know of was an innocent woman hung upon the scaffold, one Mrs. Surratt. And I can sustain the memory of Fort Fisher if he and his present associates can sustain him in shedding the blood of a woman tried by a military commission and convicted without sufficient evidence in my judgment."

Replied the Judge:

"I \* \* \* acted as the advocate of the United States. \* \* \* What does the gentleman know of the evidence in the case and what does he care for the evidence when he thus assails the official conduct of the men who constituted the court?"

The Judge in his reply fell into the General's trap.

March 26, 1867,—"I hold in my hand the evidence as reported under the gentleman's official sanction \* \*

\* The statement I made the other day was not sporadic thought with me; it was the result of a careful examination of the case for another and a different purpose, in the endeavor to ascertain who were concerned in fact in the great conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln.

"The gentleman says he was 'the advocate of the United States only'. Sir, he makes a wide mistake as to his official position. He was the special judge advocate whose duty it was to protect the rights of the prisoner as well as the rights of the United States, and to sum up the evidence and state the law as would a judge on the bench. Certainly, it was his duty to present to the commission all the evidence bearing upon the case.

"Now there was a piece of evidence within the knowledge of the special judge advocate and in his possession which he did not produce on this most momentous trial

\* \* \* That diary, as now produced has eighteen pages cut out, the pages prior to the time when Lincoln was massacred, although the edges as yet show they had all been written over. Now, what I want to know is this: was that diary whole when it came into the hands of the Government? Second, if it was good judgment on the part of the gentlemen prosecuting the assassins of the President to put in evidence the tobacco-pipe which was found in Booth's pocket, why was not the diary, in his own handwriting put in evidence, and wherein he himself had detailed the particulars of that crime?

"And therefore I did not charge the able and gallant soldiers who sat in that court with having done any wrong. They did not see the diary. They did not know of the diary. If they had they might have given a different finding upon the matter of the conspiracy.

"Who spoliated that book? Who suppressed that evidence? Who caused an innocent woman to be hung when he had in his pocket the diary which stated at least what was the idea and purpose of the main conspirator in the case.

"I will state here \* \* \* that I understand the theory to be that that evidence was not produced lest Booth's glorification of himself, as found in his diary, should go before the country. I think that a lame excuse. If an assassin can glorify himself let him do so \* \* \* I believe that piece of evidence would have shown what the whole case, in my judgment, now shows: that up to a certain hour Booth contemplated to capture and abduction, and that he afterward changed his purpose to assassination on consultation with the conspirators about him.

"Mrs. Surratt may or may not have known of that purpose from abduction to assassination. Now, what I find fault with in the judge advocate, who did not sum up for the prisoner, is that in his very able and bitter argument against the prisoners no notice is taken \* \*



\* of this change of purpose and brought to the attention of the men who composed that military tribunal. And if Mrs. Surratt did not know of this change of purpose there is no evidence that she knew in any way of the assassination, and ought not, in my judgment, to have been convicted of taking part in it.

"How clear himself?" By disclosing his accomplices? Who were they? \* \* \* If we had only the advantage of all the testimony Mr. Speaker, we might have been able \* \* \* to find who, indeed, were the accomplices of Booth; to find who it was that changed Booth's purpose from capture to assassination; who it was that could profit by assassination who could not profit by capture and abduction of the President; who it was expected by Booth would succeed to Lincoln if the knife made a vacancy.

"Although in some aspects of the case it might not have been legal evidence, yet in all aspects it is moral evidence, carrying conviction to the moral sense. It is the dying declaration of a man, assassin though he be, who was speaking the truth probably to himself, as between himself and his God."

Lafayette C. Baker in his *History of the Secret Service* mentions Booth's diary and a direful experience of the fugitive it contained. At the Johnson Impeachment Investigation, he testified that it had been delivered to Stanton; that at the time of the delivery no leaves were missing; there were no stubs; the book was intact.<sup>3</sup>

*Diary of Gideon Welles:*

"1867, May 16. The President submitted to us the letters of Judge Holt and Stanton in regard to Booth's diary and a copy of the contents, and inquired what we thought of its publication. I asked what objections there could be. It was a great mystery and was construed to

<sup>1</sup> "I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do." Booth's Diary.

<sup>2</sup> Congressional Globe 1st Sess. 40th Congress pp. 263, 363-4.

<sup>3</sup> Impeachment Investigation, 1867, pp. 449 et seq. 458.



mean whatever diseased imagination might conceive. Randall<sup>1</sup> thought as I did. The President said Stanton was violently opposed to its publication."

At the date, August 7th, the same year, Mr. Welles, after writing that Stanton could no more become President of the United States than the Sultan of Turkey, wrote some criticisms: "After the others had gone out, I had half an hour with the President, who requested me to stay. Advised him to remove Holt with Stanton. It would be more effective and proper to remove the two together. I looked upon both as conspirators, as having contributed more than any others to the embarrassment of the Administration. They had each a personal interest in preventing a restoration of the Union, for, having been associated in Buchanan's Cabinet, where one played, to say the least an equivocal and the other a treacherous game towards the South, they dread a reconciled Union."

"No tortures which the poets feign  
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain  
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest  
Carries his own accuser in his breast."

—Gifford.

"Doth protest too much, methinks."

—Shakespeare.

Not so many years since the writer heard it said that the unbidden spirit of Mrs. Surratt was Judge Holt's frequent guest and was as much a plague to him as Banquo's ghost was to Macbeth at the latter's feast. Long since when the writer was a youth of thirteen he often saw Judge Holt. He was a massive man with a wealth of grayish-white hair and with shaggy eyebrows. In the recess or in the shade of the roofed portico along-

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<sup>1</sup> Alexander W. Randall.

side of the L of his residence<sup>1</sup> he sat—silent, solemn, sombre. He looked the personification of gloom. He was disturbed. He would

“Rase out the written troubles of the brain.”  
—Shakespeare.

He prepared an elaborate vindication. It appeared in the *Daily Morning Chronicle*; it bore date, August 25, 1873; it was written on paper which had the heading:

“War Department,  
Bureau of Military Justice.”

“I beg the privilege of your columns for the purpose of laying before the loyal public the subjoined letter by myself to the Hon. Secretary of War, with its accompanying papers, and the Secretary’s reply thereto. The correspondence relates to a slander which had its origin and fulfilled its base mission years ago; having claimed, in its circulation, the authority of the then acting President of the United States. I am well assured that it lingers yet in certain unfriendly circles, where it still find a blind or a malignant support. Since the day of my communication to the Secretary of War I have received a letter from General Mussey, full of extracts from which are appended. It will be seen that he entirely substantiates the position maintained throughout my defense, that President Johnson had knowledge of, considered, and commented on the recommendation of Mrs. Surratt in clemency by the members of the court before her execution. Inviting a candid and careful scrutiny of the evidence now produced in my exoneration I leave this aspersion for such judgment as those who love the truth and do justice may think proper to pronounce upon it.”

“J. Holt.”

*Daily Morning Chronicle.* November 12, 1873.

“To the Editor of the Chronicle:

“In your paper of the 26th August last, Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General of the Army, lays before the ‘loyal public’ certain correspondence with respect to the

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<sup>1</sup> Allen C. Clark: *Greenleaf and Law in the Federal City*, p. 251.

case of Mary E. Surratt, executed on the 7th day of July 1865, as one of the assassins of President Lincoln. Judge Holt's so-called vindication did not reach me until some weeks after its publication, and a reply on my part has been delayed by sickness and other causes, which need not here be mentioned.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The record of the court was submitted to me by Judge Holt in the afternoon of the 5th day of July, 1865. Instead of entering the Executive Mansion by the usual way, he gained admission by the private or family entrance to the Executive office. The examination of the papers took place in the library, and he and I alone were present. The sentences of the court in the cases of Herold, Atzerodt, and Payne were considered in the order named, and then the sentence in the case of Mrs. Surratt. In acting upon her case no recommendation for a commutation of her punishment was mentioned or submitted to me; but the question of her sex which had already been adverted to and discussed in the newspaper columns presented itself and was commented upon both by Judge Holt and myself. With peculiar force and solemnity he urged that the fact that the criminal was a woman was in itself no excuse or palliation, that when a woman 'unsexed herself' and entered the arena of crime, it was rather an aggravation than a mitigation of the offense; that the law was not made to punish men only, but all without regard to sex, who violated its provisions; that to discriminate in favor of Mrs. Surratt and against Herold, Atzerodt and Payne, who were sentenced by the same court at the same time to suffer the penalty of death, would be to offer a premium to the female sex to engage in crime and become principal actors in its commission; that since the rebellion began, in some portions of the country, females had been prominent in aiding and abetting traitors, and he thought the time had come when it was absolutely necessary, in a case so clearly and conclusively established, to set an example which would have a salutary influence. He was not only in favor of

the approval of the sentence, but of its execution at the earliest practicable day.

"Upon the termination of our consultation Judge Holt wrote the order approving the sentences of the court, I affixed my name to it, and, rolling up the papers, he took his leave, carrying the record with him, and departing, as he had come, through the family or private entrance.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

"It being absolutely certain that if the petition was attached to the original record before it was submitted to the President, it is not to be found in the printed record authorized by Judge Holt and certified by Colonel Burnett, Special Judge Advocate of the commission, the question arises, which of the two is authentic and genuine? If the record in possession of the Judge Advocate General is true, then that is false which he has given to the public. If, on the other hand, the record published with his official sanction is true, then that in his bureau is false necessarily. Judge Holt is at liberty to accept either alternative, and to escape as he may the inevitable conclusion that he did not only fail to submit the petition to the President, but suppressed and withheld it from the official history of the most important trial in the annals of the nation.

"Andrew Johnson."

"Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1873."

Memory and veracity are involved in the controversy.

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<sup>1</sup>1865. "July 6. \* \* \* The President having nearly recovered from his indisposition, yesterday invited Judge Advocate General to the White House, and after mature deliberation, the President approved the findings and sentences in each case as rendered by the Commission." *Trial of the Assassins and Conspirators*. T. B. Peterson and Brothers, p. 205.

The above publication of 1865 from the reports of the special correspondent of the *Philadelphia Daily Inquirer* give more than any other the details, generally gruesome, of the execution. From the publication it appears in the brief time the President sent out to all the petitioners and supplicants reference to Judge Holt with the inference he would abide by his decision. In the *habeas corpus* hearing to a reluctant court, Attorney General Speed gave as an excuse for the violation of the constitutional law, the untruth, "the country is now in the midst of a great war." Nothing appears of the suppressed suggestion of a change of sentence.



The conference was between the two without witnesses. The absolute truth was known only to the two and with their burial was buried the knowledge. The evidence is with the President's contention. The vindication included letters in reply to Judge Holt by Judge Bingham and two of the Cabinet, Mr. Speed and Mr. Harlan and the Rev. Dr. Butler. None of these letters support Holt's contention—that he saw the suggestion before action and that the Cabinet approved his action—and the letter of Mr. Harlan proves the reverse.<sup>1</sup> To the vindication is also the letter of General Reuben D. Mussey, a military secretary to the President. It does not support "absolutely" Holt's contention as to the suggestion—it is the only supporting letter he ever received.

"The pot calls the kettle black."—Cervantes.

"Thou canst not say I did it"—is the gist of the

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<sup>1</sup> Washington, D. C., May 27, 1873.

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After the sentence and before the execution of Mrs. Surratt I remember distinctly the discussion of the question of the commutation of the sentence of death pronounced on her by the Court to imprisonment for life had by members of the Cabinet, in the presence of President Johnson. I can not state positively whether this occurred at a regular or called meeting, or whether it was at an accidental meeting of several members, each calling on the President in relation to the business of his own Department. The impression on my mind is that the only discussion of the subject by members of the Cabinet which I ever heard occurred in the last-made mode, there being not more than three or four members present—Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and myself, and possibly Attorney General Speed, and others—but I distinctly remember only the first two. When I entered the room one of these was addressing the President in an earnest conversation on the question whether the sentence ought to be modified on account of the sex of the condemned.

\* \* \* \* \*

No part of the record of the trial, the decision of the Court or the recommendation of clemency was at that time or ever at any time, read in my presence. \* \* \* The question, however, was never submitted when I was present to the Cabinet for a formal vote.

\* \* \* \* \*

James Harlan.

Hon. J. Holt,  
Judge Advocate General, U. S. A.

recriminatory correspondence. To the student of the controversy, the conclusion is likely to be—both were guilty. It is an extenuation that at the time Mr. Johnson was weakened by illness and his mind had not unimpaired resisting strength. Of his illness were in the newspapers daily bulletins. The delay in the presentation of the findings was due to the illness. In Mr. Johnson's own words, it was "the most important trial in the annals of the nation" and that he ignored the full reports in the newspapers is to be doubted. And, if he read he could but know the conspiracy as charged was utterly unproven; and that the proof against Mrs. Surratt was of a flimsy character. Mr. Johnson, for the time, had naught of the quality that "droppeth as the gentle rain." He signed the warrants, the horrible warrants, that consigned to eternity in twenty odd hours. Three of the four victims had no suspicion of such an extreme. To shield a misgiving of weakness he had the entrance guarded by the military. He was deaf to appeals. He had, while yet there was time for a reprieve, the letter of General Hartranft that he believed Mrs. Surratt was guiltless. That Mr. Johnson would have acquiesced in the suggestion of clemency is beyond knowing.

Judge Holt made a rejoinder some months later, through the same channel—the *Chronicle*. In the rejoinder he contends that the suggestion is not a part of the record. Which contention differs with his idea when on his copy he wrote at the end:

"Official

J. Holt.

Judge Adv-Genl."<sup>1</sup>

Holt, it is very evident, suffered intensely from the

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<sup>1</sup> Library of Congress. Manuscript Division.

unfavorable opinion of the public; which opinion, his conscience, perhaps, greatly magnified. He grasped for something as a basis of vindication. He plead with Mr. Speed, who was of his own State, Kentucky, to say something. Nothing was there for Mr. Speed to say for such a basis. In a correspondence between Holt and Speed, the latter used all sorts of excuses, some verging on the humorous "I lost my spectacles"; "the son who writes for me was necessarily absent all day." Mr. Speed besides excuses resorted to delay. The correspondence is between April 18 and December 26, 1883. Mr. Speed, October 25, wrote: "After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said"; and, December 26, "I had hoped that my letter of October 25, 1883, would be regarded by you as a finality, and put an end to all correspondence between us upon the subject thereof." Holt, exactly, twenty three years from the time of the part he took, gave the correspondence with his own notes to *The North American Review*, July, 1888.

"Only spoil it by trying to explain it."—Sheridan.

On the Holt-Johnson controversy, General Henry L. Burnett at a meeting of the Commandery, State of New York, April 3, 1889, read a paper. The paper can properly be called a vindication on behalf of its author. "The suggestion" is omitted from "The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators. Compiled and Arranged by Benn Pittman, Recorder to the Commission, 1865." It contains the certificate of General Burnett, dated October 2, 1865, of faithfulness and accuracy.

Says General Burnett:

"When I reached my office at the War Department on the 30th, possibly on the morning of the 1st of July—I attached the petition or recommendation to mercy of Mrs. Surratt to the findings and sentence, and at the end of them, and then directed some one probably Mr. Pittman—to carry the record of the evidence to the Judge Advocate-General's office. I carried the findings and sentences and the petition or recommendation and delivered them to the Judge Advocate General in person or to the clerk in charge of court-martial records. Before leaving the War Department I may have attached these findings and sentences and petition to the last few days of testimony, and carried that to the Judge Advocate-General's office. \* \* \* I left Washington several days before, and was not there on the day of the execution."

The suggestion is not attached "to the last few days of testimony" yet on the last page of the appendix of Pittman's compilation are the ex-parte affidavits of Louis J. Weichmann and Captain George W. Dutton, made after Mrs. Surratt's mortal remains were deposited in the ground, that is August 11, 1865.

Why the affidavits of Weichmann and Dutton were allowed to be attached to the record, General Burnett could have answered, for he forwarded them from Cincinnati, Ohio. Weichmann evidently in a state of disquietude—could think of something supportive and in a note to the unsolicited affidavit says: "I remained at home during the evenings, and consequently I heard many things which were then intended to blind me, but which now are as clear as daylight. The following facts, which have come to my recollection since the rendition of my testimony may be of interest."

"The cold neutrality of an impartial judge."—*Burke*.

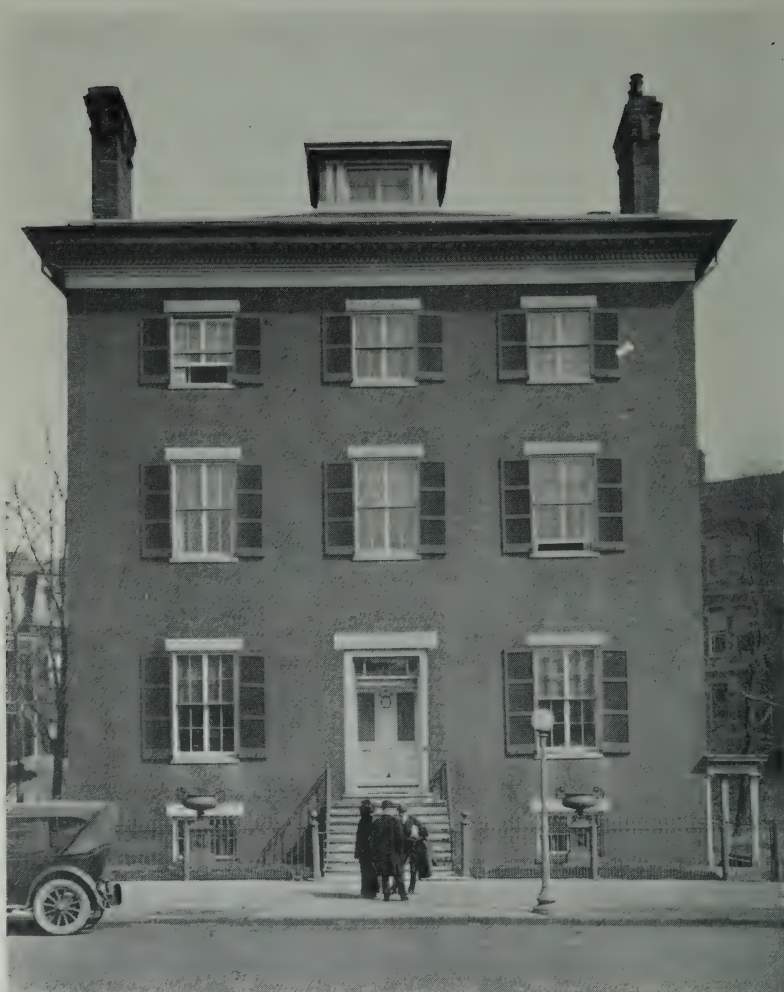
General Harris<sup>1</sup> had not the neutrality for he had not

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Mealey Harris.







WYLIE MANSION  
1205 VERMONT AVENUE

impartiality. He was by temperament unsuited to be of the commission. It was he who objected to the Honorable Reverdy Johnson appearing for Mrs. Surratt. He has written a book; *The Assassination, A History of the Great Conspiracy*. Its title is a misnomer. It should have been *A Vindication of the Commission*. To prove that the verdict was warranted—not that it does—does not hesitate to quote the supplemental affidavit of Weichmann made *after* Mrs. Surratt was executed. It has a chapter, "Father Walter." It is a chapter of villification of that good man. Writes the General:

"Will Father Walter deny that under the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church he had an absolute right, with her consent, to make her confession public on this point? Nay more, could not Mrs. Surratt have compelled him to do so in vindication of her own good name, and of the honor of the church of which she was a member? And having this consent, was it not his most solemn duty to proclaim her confessed innocence in every public way, through the press, and even from the very steps of the gallows?"

This is only an extract from a production of which the mildest criticism is—unfair. In the pittance of time, the evening of one day to the noon of the next, Father Walter made two attempts to see the President in vain. The admission of a confession by Mrs. Surratt favorable to herself would have had the same fate as the confessions of Atzerodt and Weichmann.

From the article of Mr. Clappitt, "The Trial of Mrs. Surratt" are now given some of the parts relating to the bias of the Commission and the *habeas corpus* proceedings.

"Instead of the Commission permitting the defense to establish these facts by competent testimony, and place the brand of infamy upon a perjured wretch, one of the

members of the Commission, General Lewis Wallace, with much warmth of speech denounced the attempt of counsel to impeach the testimony of Government witnesses.

"We replied that such a speech came with bad grace from a member of the Commission who was presumed to be sitting as an impartial judge; that we were standing within the portals of a *constituted* temple of justice, and defending the citadel of life, and that it was our bounden duty, and an obligation we owed our oath of office, as well as our client, to impeach the testimony of each and every Government witness that could be properly impeached with the forms of law that obtained in a civil court of justice. It was, however, of no avail, and on motion of the Judge-Advocate, our whole impeachment was stricken from the record. It does not therefore appear in the printed proceedings of the trial, but can be found in the files of the '*National Intelligencer*' of May 31, 1865.

"In further illustration of the animus of the Commission, one other case will be cited. Near the close of the trial, and after the testimony of the heartless and perjured Weichmann had been given, stung by feelings of remorse, Weichmann called at the rooms of a young man, now connected with one of the Catholic institutions of learning, but at that time a resident of Washington with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and, during an earnest conversation, admitted that he had sworn falsely with regard to the connection of Mrs. Surratt with the murder of the President; that having been an inmate of her home during the formation of the conspiracy he was himself suspicioned and was threatened by the authorities of the War Department, in which for some time he had been a clerk, with arrest and trial with the other prisoners, unless he made a statement implicating Mrs. Surratt; that upon such demand he prepared a statement, which was rejected by the Judge-Advocate General with the remark that 'it was not strong enough'; that his life being threatened he made out another statement which was in accordance with their wishes and demands, and this



'statement' he swore to on the witness-stand, falsely implicating Mrs. Surratt, in the conspiracy. The young man to whom Weichmann made this confession communicated it to the counsel of Mrs. Surratt, and offered to go on the witness-stand and swear to the same. We took the proper steps to have him called as a witness, but the Commission, taking advantage of a technical ground, refused to permit him to testify on this all-important point. How well this speaks for justice! Can anyone deny that the Commission was organized to convict?

"We telegraphed the situation to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, requesting his immediate presence. He was at his home in Baltimore City, and telegraphed the following reply: 'It is very late. There are no trains to carry me to Washington City. Apply for a writ of habeas corpus and take her body from the custody of the military authorities. We are now in a state of peace—not war.' It was now nearly midnight, and this was our last hope. But to whom should we apply for the writ? What judge was bold enough to assert the sanctity of his ermine, and preserve it pure in the face of the popular clamor and the well-known spirit of lawlessness that characterized those in authority? We determined, nevertheless, to make the attempt, and, although past midnight, proceeded to prepare the petition, upon which, as we supposed, hung the life or death of our client. We never for a moment doubted the efficacy of the writ, could we prevail upon its issue.

"Completing our labor, we drove immediately to the residence<sup>1</sup> of the Hon. Andrew Wylie, and, just as the clock tolled the hour of two in the morning, rung the front-door bell. A window above us was raised, and the well-known voice of the Judge greeted us with the query, 'What do you want?' We answered, 'Important business of a judicial character, upon which hangs life or death.' The window closed and in a few moments the Judge admitted us into his study, clad only in his

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<sup>1</sup> 1205 Vermont Avenue.

dressing-gown, the weather being warm. The Judge listened attentively to each sentence of our petition, which was of some length, immovable, sitting like a statue in the glimmer of the gas-light overhead, not interrupting us once during the whole of the reading, and the brief argument that followed. At its conclusion he took the papers, and quietly remarking, 'Please excuse me, gentlemen,' retired to his chamber.

"Our hearts fell within us as he closed the door behind him, as we conceived the idea that he was about to reject the petition and, being in an unclad condition, had gone to put on his clothes. In a few moments, however, he returned with the papers in his hand, remarking: 'Gentlemen, my mind is made up. I have always endeavored to perform my duty fearlessly, as I understand it. I am constrained to decide the points in your petition well taken. I am about to perform an act which before tomorrow's sun goes down may consign me to the old Capitol Prison. I believe it to be my duty, as a judge, to order the writ to issue; and (taking up his pen) I shall so order it.' With many thanks we received back the papers, and carried them in person to the clerk of the court, who made out the writ in accordance with the order of Judge Wylie, and at four o'clock in the morning we placed it in the hands of the United States Marshal, with the request that it be served immediately upon General Hancock, the commandant of the military district in which the body of Mrs. Surratt was confined.

"The judicial act of Judge Wylie, performed in the face of reckless passion which in that sanguinary hour would have swept away all forms of law, remains fadeless in its luster, and, touched with the mellow hues of time, stands brightly forth, crowning with garlands the closing years of that brave man who, in the face of bayonets, 'dared to perform his duty as he knew it.'

"Ah! well would it have been for the judicial history of this country had that 'writ of writs' been obeyed and the sacred majesty of the law maintained!'"

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<sup>1</sup> *North American Review*, September, 1880.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch was the Secretary of the Treasury during the entire administration of President Johnson. He was in that high capacity in the administration of Presidents Lincoln and Arthur. His *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, with a preface dated November, 1887, has a Surratt page.

"The finding of the court was approved by the President, on the sixth of July, and those who were condemned to die were executed the very next day, Mrs. Surratt having pleaded in vain for a respite of a few days. After her execution, there was a general feeling of regret that her punishment had not been commuted from death to imprisonment. The evidence on which she was convicted would not have satisfied an impartial jury. Her complicity was not clearly proven and the sternest justice in her case would have been satisfied with a lesser punishment. The most pitiful object that I ever beheld was the prostrate form of Miss Surratt (who was said to be an amiable and accomplished young lady), upon the main staircase of the Executive Mansion, in the morning of the day of her mother's execution. She had come to plead for her mother's life, and having failed to obtain admission to the President, she had fainted in descending the stairs. There was, I am sure, no foundation for the report, which many believed, that Mr. Stanton's life was shortened by remorse for his agency in the prosecution and execution of Mrs. Surratt; but I know that President Johnson deeply regretted that he did not favorably consider the petitions that were made for a commutation of her punishment, and that he especially regretted that he ordered the writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by Judge Wylie, on the morning of her execution, to be disregarded. The facts that the trial was before a military commission, months after the war was ended; that the male criminals were manacled during the trial; that from those (with the exception of Mrs. Surratt) upon whom sentence of death was pronounced the shackles were not removed when they were executed indicated how justice



could be strained and humanity deadened when public vengeance was thoroughly aroused."

Judge Holt died, August 1, 1894; aged eighty-seven. His estate was large. At the time of his death no will was found. On August 26, 1895, the Register of Wills received by mail from an unidentified source in a disguised handwriting a will of the Judge, burnt and torn. It was executed February 7, 1873; and was witnessed by President Grant and General and Mrs. Sherman. Luke Devlin was named executor. Mr. Devlin at one time was a messenger in Judge Holt's office. The beneficiaries of the will were two Misses, a god-child and a cousin by marriage. It was contested by the heirs-at-law, a son and a daughter. The trial began May 18 and ended June 25, 1896. The jury decided the paper to be a forgery.

Weichmann died June 5, 1896 in Anderson, Ind. at the age of sixty years.<sup>1</sup>

The Washington Post, October 10, 1909:

"A monument to Mrs. Surratt! The idea at first seems too fantastic to be conceivable and yet if a census of the views of Washingtonians were taken today the suggestion would find favor and warm support in many hearts, for there are thousands, not only in the Capital, but throughout the nation, who believe that the one woman who was executed as having had a hand in the conspiracy resulting in the assassination of President Lincoln was more sinned against than sinning.

"Mrs. Surratt is described by those who knew her as being a buxom-looking woman; her hair was brown and worn parted in the middle and combed down over the ears. She had feline gray eyes that seemed to search the very thoughts of those she regarded. By nature she was kind and thoughtful of others, and her

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<sup>1</sup> Osborne H. Oldroyd. *The Assassination of Lincoln*.



home was known throughout the countryside for Southern hospitality.

"Among her neighbors she was noted for her sympathetic kindness to those in distress or sickness. Oftentimes during the war, when many soldiers on both sides passed her door, she fed, sheltered, and clothed them as often as she was able, many times going without comforts herself in order that they might be satisfied. On one occasion she is said to have cut up the last ham on the place for a crowd of starving Union soldiers, and that there were no more attainable until someone could go to town."

Booth is interred in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, Atzerodt in Glenwood; Herold in Congressional. Payne was interred in Holmead since cleared. Mrs. Surratt was forty-five years of age.<sup>1</sup>

A genial afternoon in August (1924), the writer visited Mount Olivet. The obliging caretaker<sup>2</sup> ceased to draw the sharpening blade over the scythe, the drawing of which has a rhythmic sound like music as it reverberates through the still aisles and groves; and he took him to the Surratt plot. Said the caretaker, "I have been here fifty-four years. I knew the Surratts. John Harry who jumped from the great rock and died nine years ago. And near here are buried the families of the Presidents, Washington, Madison and Harrison. And right there is the grave of Mrs. Douglas, the widow of the Senator. She was a beautiful woman." Odd, thought the writer that the beautiful woman who made the heroic effort at rescue should be so near a neighbor in the ground. Near by is the grave of the architect of the President's House, the grave of a brave general, the grave of a great banker. Not all of the graves are taken by the great; some are by inte-

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<sup>1</sup> Osborne H. Oldroyd. *The Assassination of Lincoln*.

<sup>2</sup> Michael J. Broderick.

grals not so widely known; but all alike in rest blended lie. The grave of Mrs. Surratt has a modest upright tablet on which is carved

MRS. SURRATT

And it stands in the protection of an ancient box bush.

Mrs. Surratt was a martyr to public indignation. She was no heroine. It is not the intent to make her one. She was a worthy woman. She was in humble station. She was made prominent by being disgraced before the nation. She was guiltless. The wrong cannot be adequately righted. That the truth be stated is the best that can be in that direction. She is entitled to that in the fullest measure.

## VI. MRS. LINCOLN.

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

"Springfield, Ill., July 16 (1882).—Mrs. Lincoln breathed her last at the residence of the Hon. Ninian Edwards, her brother-in-law, this evening at 8:15 o'clock.

"Mary Lincoln was the daughter of the Hon. R. S. Todd, and was born in Lexington, Ky., in December, 1818. She came to this city in 1839, and was married Nov. 2, 1842, to Abraham Lincoln, at the residence of the Hon. Ninian W. Edwards, where tonight she died. \* \* \* During most of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in this city they occupied the two-story frame dwelling at the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets which is generally pointed out as, "Lincoln Home."

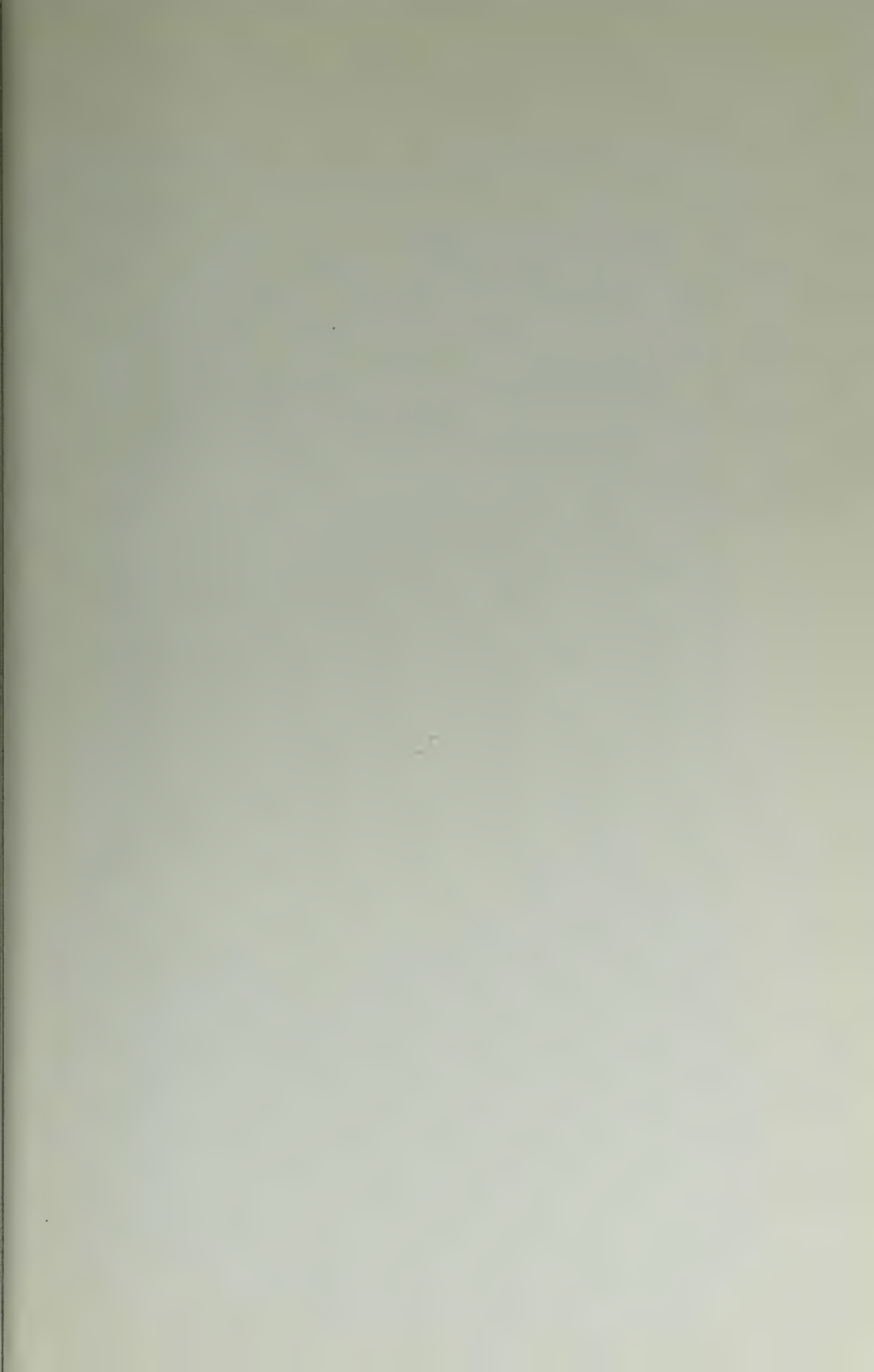
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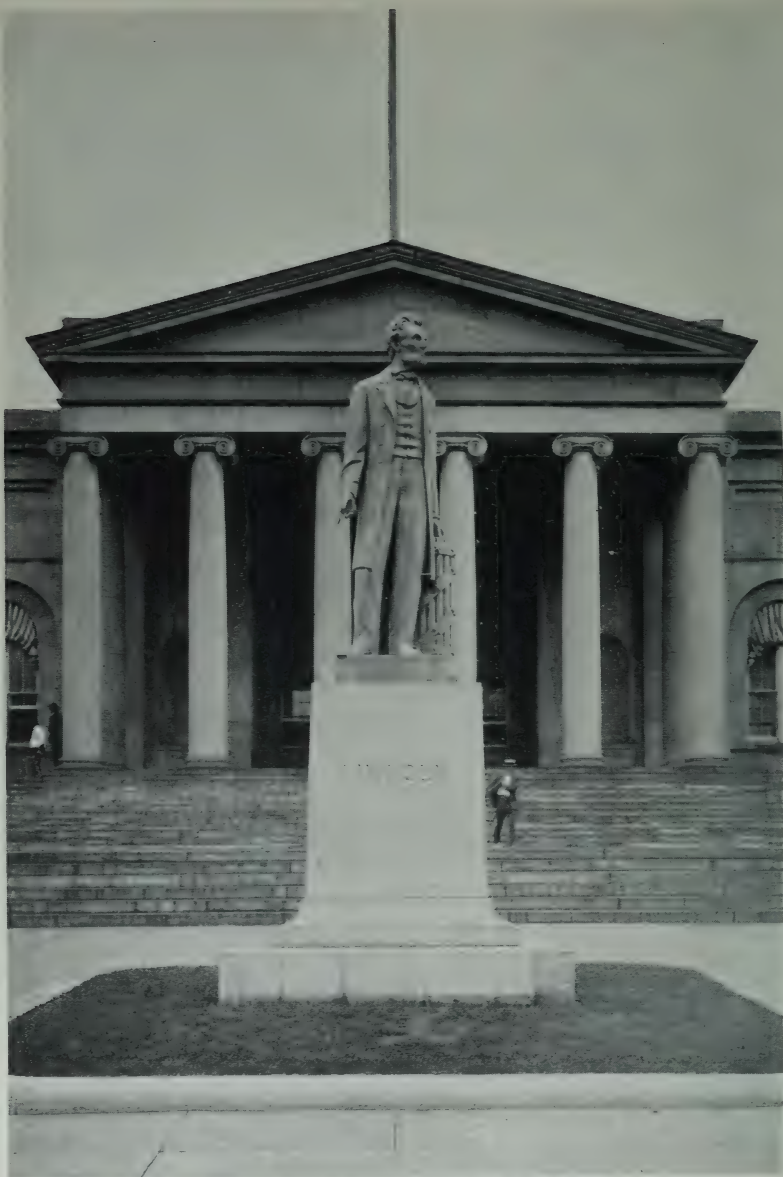
"Mrs. Lincoln continued to reside in Washington for some time after the tragic death of her husband, but she subsequently removed to Chicago, where she purchased property and resided for several years in comfortable circumstances. It was apparent to her friends that the terrible ordeal through which she had passed had left a depression on her mind, from which she had not recovered and she was accordingly put under medical treatment at Batavia for treatment of her infirmity. Though she never recovered completely, Mrs. Lincoln was soon considered as sufficiently improved to be relieved of restraint, and she went abroad, remaining about three years at Pau, a noted watering place in the South of France. While there she received injuries from a fall, from the effects of which she never fully recovered.

"After her return to this country Mrs. Lincoln made her home in this city until last fall, when she went to

New York City and underwent treatment for a disease of the eyes and for diabetes returning here, as before stated, during March. Mrs. Lincoln was a woman of many peculiarities, which were intensified by the mental strain to which she was subjected by \* \* \* but she had many warm friends who will deeply mourn her loss. Her position as the honored and respected wife of such a man as President Abraham Lincoln was a prominent one, difficult to fill, in which she won friends who will extend to her bereaved relatives boundless sympathy."







LINCOLN MONUMENT  
IN FRONT OF COURT HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## VII. MEMORIALS.

In the City Councils, the 24th of the month of the tragedy Joseph F. Brown in the Board of Aldermen and Noble D. Larner in the Board of the Common Council offered a joint resolution for the appointment of a committee to act on the erection of a monument to Lincoln in the city. The committee formed from the two Boards met in the Mayor's office the 28th inst. and formed an organization called the Lincoln National Monument Association. The officers were Richard Wallach, the Mayor, President; Joseph F. Brown, Vice President; Crosby S. Noyes, Secretary; George W. Riggs, Treasurer. It was announced in the Evening Star, May 2: "It is proposed to raise for the purpose the sum of at least \$100,000 by subscriptions, to be limited in amount from one dollar to ten per individual contributor."

The first response, to the information of the writer, was that from Baltimore. John T. Ford, in his theatre there, gave a benefit performance, which netted about eighteen hundred dollars. The tickets were almost all sold by the police under the direction of Marshal Carmichael.

This was the only outside contribution. What was to be national was local. What was intended to be the outlay was reduced to a quarter of the amount. Other communities had their own memorials.

Lot Flannery was the sculptor. He knew Mr. Lincoln personally. Of the designs Flannery's was unanimously accepted because of fidelity to feature. Lincoln is in

a speaking attitude with his hand resting upon the Roman emblem of union. The pedestal, tall and slender, was like those in the European Capitals.

On the third anniversary of the death of the martyr, April 15, 1868, were the dedicatory exercises. The witnesses were fifteen to twenty thousand. Although it rained, no diminution of ardor was apparent. The colored people ranged in the rear of the platform. On it were the invited four hundred. There, the diplomatic corps had Baron Gerolt, the German Minister; the army, Major General Winfield S. Hancock and General Oliver O. Howard; the navy, Admiral Radford. General Grant insisted on remaining where he was, on the pavement in front of the ancient Masonic Hall. General Grant's stand on the sidewalk may not have had any reference to President Johnson's presence on the platform. At the time, the impeachment proceedings were in progress.

From the oration of Benjamin B. French:

"It does not require any monument or any words to perpetuate the memory of that great and good and pure man. Monumental marble may crumble into dust; bronze may melt away; granite may perish from the earth; but the memory of Abraham Lincoln shall live in human bosoms, and be perpetuated on the living pages of history as long as any nation or people shall exist on earth.

"The kindness of his disposition and his readiness to indulge his children, may be illustrated by two occurrences that fell under my own observations. The preparations had all been made for the family to leave the city house, and establish themselves, for the summer, at the Soldiers' Home. The carriage was at the door and Mr. Lincoln and Tad were in it. The President came out to join them, when Tad said: 'I have not got my cat.' The President replied, 'You shall have your cat', and







LINCOLN MONUMENT  
LINCOLN SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

he went into the house and returned in a few minutes with Tad's cat in his arms.

"At another time when I was with him in his office, conversing on official business, one of the servants came in and spoke to him. He at once turned to me and asked me to excuse him for a short time, as he must go and give Tad his medicine, which he would take from no one else.

"Such acts as these do honor to human nature, no matter whether done by President or peasants, every one who has a soul, will appreciate them, and I have thought a thousand times, as I have seen the evidences of the minute attention given by the great and good Washington, to the smallest matters that concerned his household and his home, while leading the armies of the United States, or exercising the high functions of President of the infant Republic, how like, in many particulars, were those two truly great Presidents."

Edward B. Olmstead recited his original poem.

The President pulled the cord and the statue was uncovered as the crowd cheered.

The sculptor then appeared and received the plaudits.

The orator also said: "Here it stands, as it were, in the plaza of the city, and here it will stand, we hope, to be seen by generations long hence to come." However, the statue was removed when the Court House was enlarged, that it might not obstruct the view. The strong protest of the citizens caused Congress to replace the statue but in a lower position—and for itself and the surroundings more satisfactory.

The statute of Lincoln by Vinnie Ream in the Rotunda of the Capitol, was there unveiled January 25, 1871.

On the platform were President Grant, Vice-President Colfax and many others, highly distinguished. Senator Morrill, Vt., chairman of the committee of arrange-

ments, after music by the Marine Band, came forward and said:

"Four years ago a little girl from Wisconsin occupied a little place in the Post Office Department at \$600 a year. She had faith she could do something better. Congress, with almost equal faith and liberality, gave her an order for the statue of the late deceased President Lincoln. That statute and the artist are now before you. Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, will now unveil the statue."

The silk flag, the national colors, which covered the statue was a testimonial by the weavers of Lyons, France, by subscription limited to two sous per individual. It bore: "*Subscription populaire la Republique Etats Unis offerte en memoire d'Abraham Lincoln, Lyons, 1865.*"

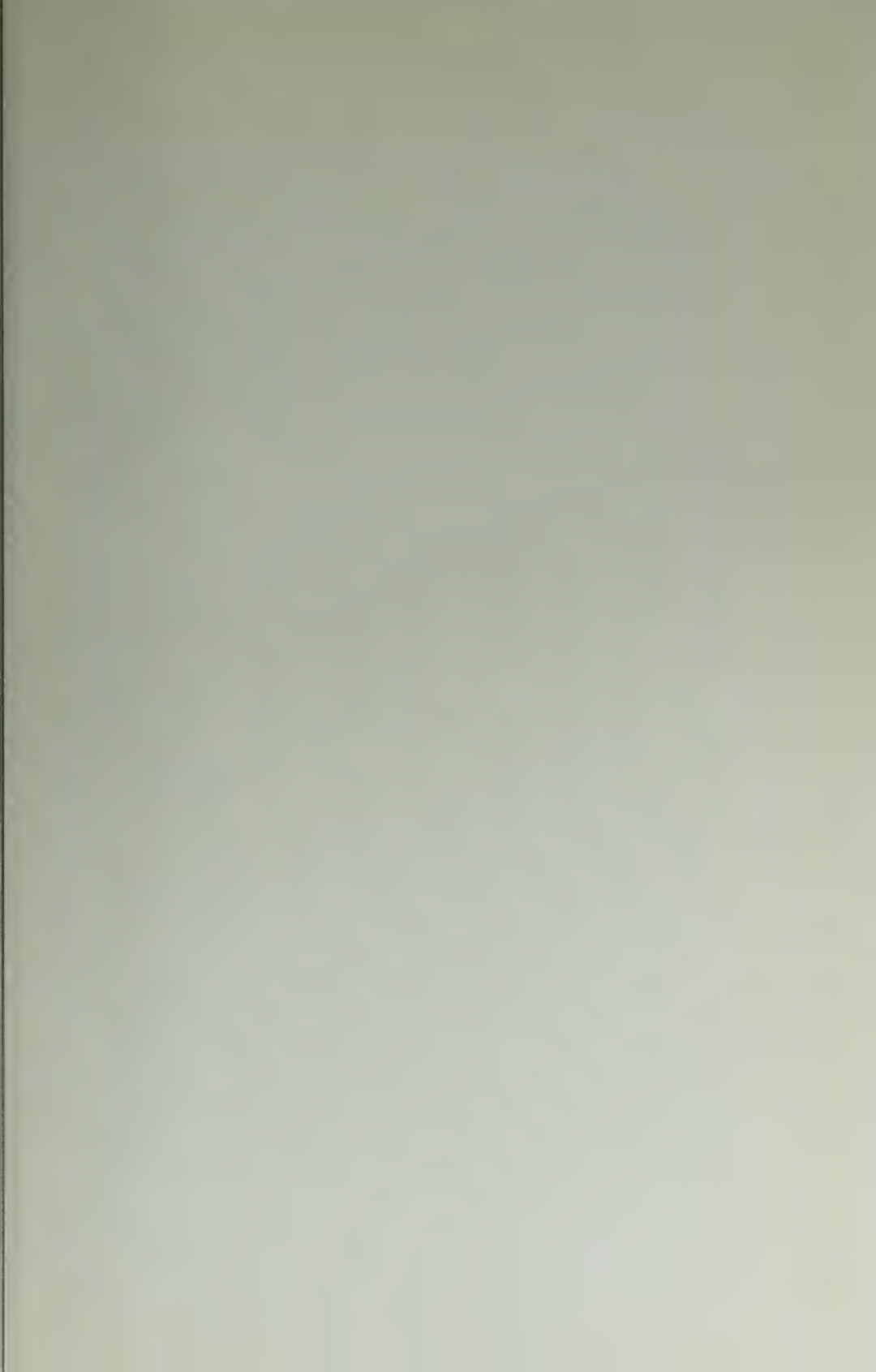
Addresses were made by Senators Trumbull, Ill., Patterson, N. H., and Carpenter, Wis., and Representatives Cullom, Ill., Banks, Mass. and Brooks, N. Y.

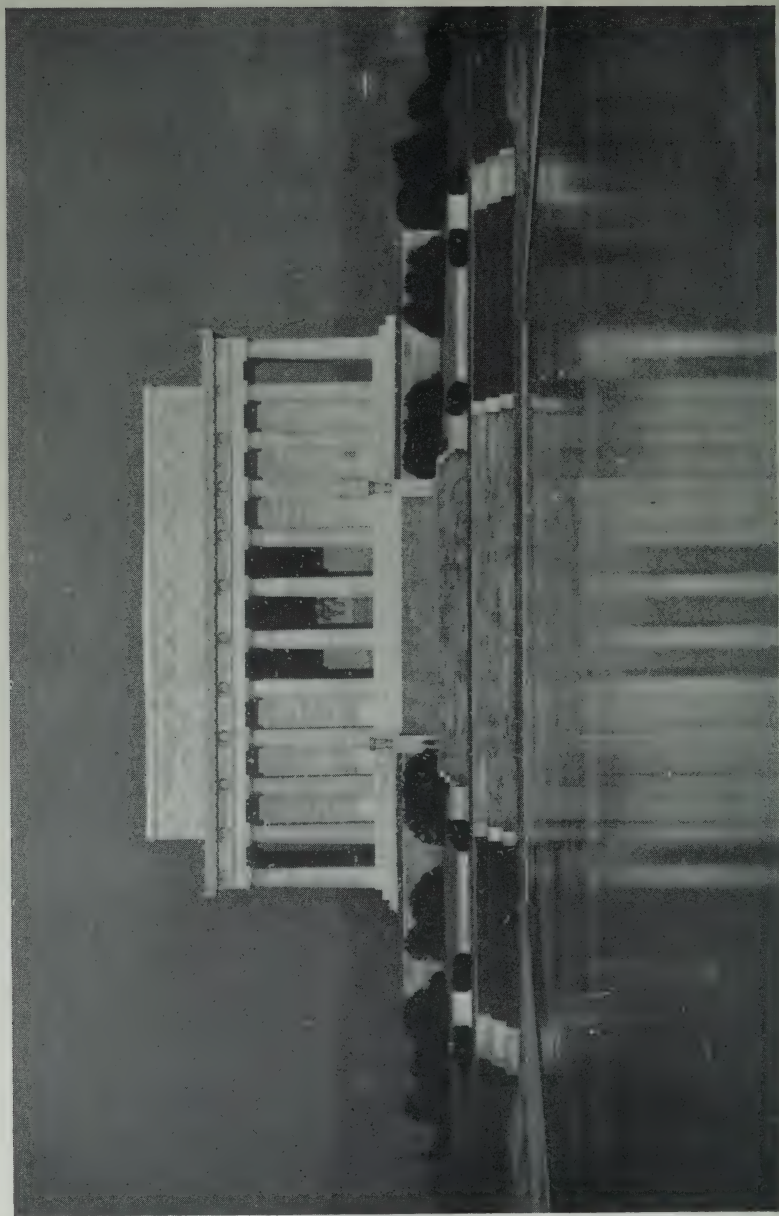
Miss Ream married Gen. Richard L. Hoxie, U.S.A. She resided and died in Washington, D. C.

On Friday, April 14, 1876, the eleventh anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln were the dedicatory exercises of the Lincoln Monument in Lincoln Park.

The monument, in bronze, is the work of Thomas Ball, an American sculptor, who resided in Rome. On the base of the monument is "Emancipation." An inscription on the pedestal states that the monument was erected by the Western Sanitary Commission of St. Louis, Mo., with funds contributed solely by the emancipated citizens; that the first contribution, five dollars, was made by Charlotte Scott, a freed woman of Virginia who made it upon hearing of the death of the President.







LINCOLN MEMORIAL

President Grant was present as were members of the Cabinet, Senators and Representatives.

Prof. John M. Langston spoke, and drew the cords which uncovered the monument.

An original poem by Miss H. Cordelia Ray of New York was read. Frederick Douglas made an eloquent oration which in the newspapers was reported in full.

The Lincoln Memorial is a marble temple with Doric columns in the Potomac Park. It is built on an eminence and has an unbroken view from all directions. Henry Bacon, architect, designed it. The hall is sixty feet wide, seventy feet long and sixty feet high. Opposite the entrance and against the west wall is the colossal marble statue of Lincoln in sitting position. It is the creation of Daniel Chester French. Over the statue and on the wall is the legend:

In This Temple  
As In The Hearts Of The People  
For Whom He Saved the Union  
The Memory Of Abraham Lincoln  
Is Enshrined Forever.

On the north wall is graven the second inaugural address and on the south wall, the Gettysburg address. Over the addresses are idealistic paintings by Jules Guerin. On the exterior frieze are names of the forty-eight States in existence when the Memorial was erected. A lagoon reflects both the Monument and Memorial. The Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial with their diversity of form, with their beauty and simplicity and their adjuncts of landscape garden and water view make a scene of unsurpassed impressiveness.

The Lincoln Memorial was opened to the public June 22, 1921.

The dedicatory exercises were on May 30, 1922.

Were present Hon. Robert T. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln, Henry Bacon, Daniel Chester French and Jules Guerin. Rev. Wallace Radcliffe made the invocation. Chief Justice Taft gave the history of the building of the memorial. Dr. Robert R. Moton, President of Tuskegee Institute, spoke for the colored people. Edwin Markham read a revision of his poem *Lincoln, the Man of the People*. President Harding delivered the oration:

"His work was so colossal, in the face of such discouragement, that none will dispute that he was incomparably the greatest of our Presidents. He came to authority when the Republic was beset by foes at home and abroad, and re-established union and security. He made gesture of his surpassing generosity which began reunion.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

"Today American gratitude, love and appreciation, gave to Abraham Lincoln this lone white temple, a parthenon for him alone."

#### TABLETS.

Congress appropriated funds, February 28, 1923, "For erection of suitable tablets to mark historical places in the District of Columbia". The appropriation was asked by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia. Hon. Cuno H. Rudolph, the President of the Commission, has been strongly in favor of historic marking. A general committee on Historic Sites was appointed with William Van Zandt Cox, as chairman. The Executive Committee from it was appointed: Allen C. Clark, chairman, Dr. Marcus Benjamin, Frederick L. Fishback, Miss Maud Burr Morris, Dr. William Tindall, John Clagett Proctor and Washington Topham. Mr. Cox gave enthusiastic and efficient service. He died and Allen C. Clark succeeded to the general chairmanship.



The Lincoln tablets were unveiled April 29, 1924: the exercises began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The invocation was by the Rt. Rev. Mongr. Cornelius F. Thomas. A History of the Ford Theatre Site was presented by Allen C. Clark. Eloquent addresses were made by the Hon. Henry R. Rathbone and by Frederick L. Fishback, Esq., of the Washington Bar. Mr. Rathbone vividly described and minutely, the scene of assassination. Mr. Fishback touchingly told of the last hours and of the funeral journey to Springfield. The tablet on the Ford Theatre site was revealed by Miss Maud Burr Morris; and Mrs. Osborne H. Oldroyd drew the cord which held the drapery to the tablet on the house where Lincoln died. It was the American flag which draped the tablets. The band from the Military School under the direction of Prof. W. J. Stannard interspersed selections. Frederick D. Owen was in charge of arrangements. Allen C. Clark presided.

Abraham Lincoln  
Was Assassinated  
In This Building April 14, 1865  
Ford Theatre 1862-1865  
Now Owned And Occupied By  
The United States.

Abraham Lincoln  
Died In This House  
April 15, 1865, at 7:22 A.M.  
Purchased By  
The United States.  
in 1896.

## THE OLDROYD LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION.

An organization, the Washington Memorial Association, secured an appropriation by Congress to acquire the house where Lincoln passed away.

Osborne H. Oldroyd in the house has the Oldroyd Lincoln Memorial Collection. Mr. Oldroyd has with enthusiasm, energy, industry and intelligence gathered a Lincoln museum which is no less than marvellous. It contains three thousand articles. The articles include furniture, household goods, likenesses, cartoons, advertisements, books, manuscripts, everything which can appertain. The collection should belong to the people of the nation and forever be preserved with greatest appropriateness in the national city and where the martyr was in life the last. Mr. Oldroyd has offered the collection to the people, to remain where it is, upon terms of remarkable liberality. Yet Congress is strangely laggard in action.

The collection should always carry the name, Oldroyd, for him, who created it. So praiseworthy is Mr. Oldroyd's creation, that adequate words of praise do not come to the writer and the line of the poet, he takes

"In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd."

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